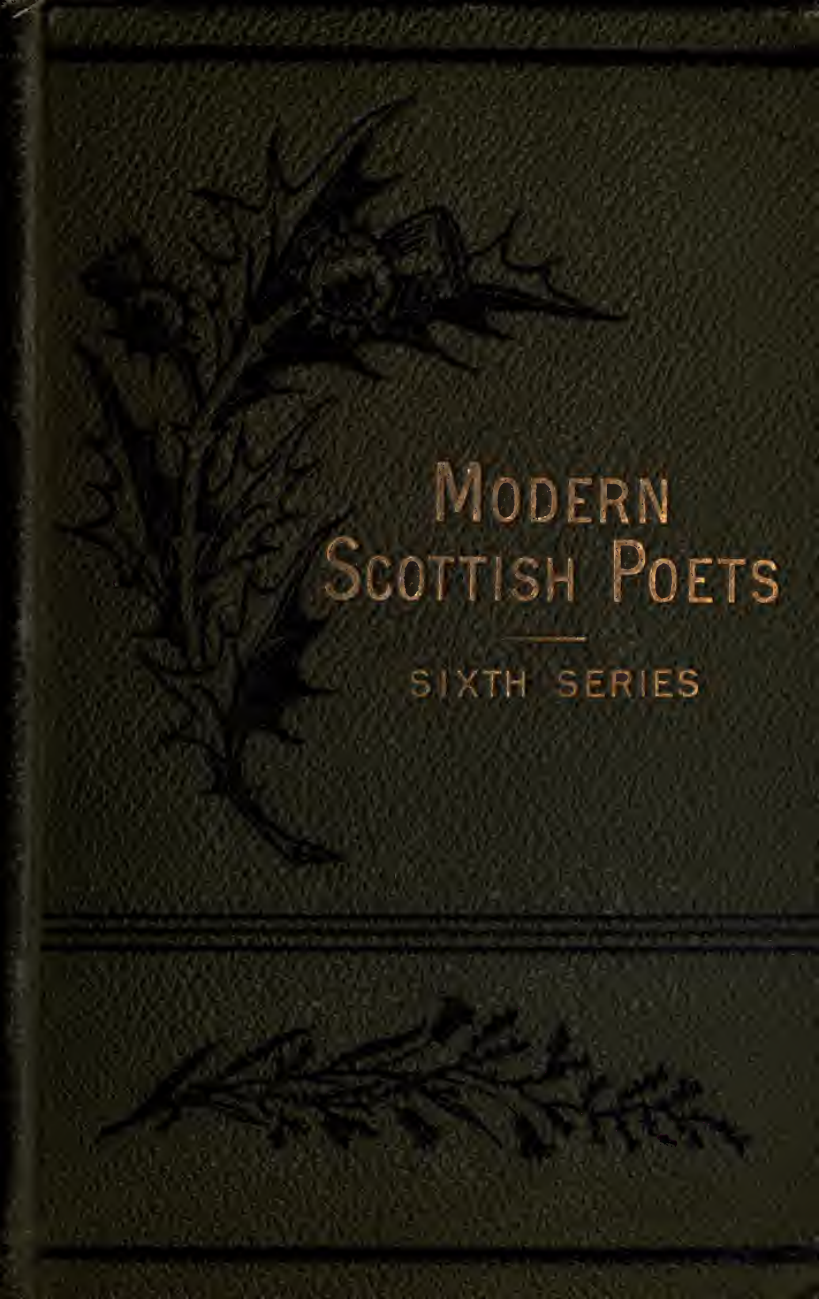
MODERN
SCOTTISH POETS
SIXTH SERIES

Z Edwards, David Herschell
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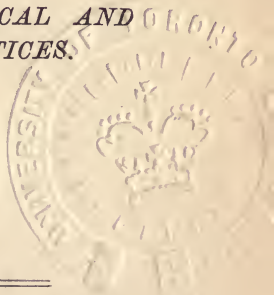
Sixth Series.

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.



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D. H. EDWARDS.
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PREFATORY NOTE.

WHEN entering on the present work, with the idea that we could exhaust the subject in a volume, entitled "One Hundred Modern Scottish Poets," we must have had a very imperfect idea of Scotland's fertility in poetic writers, and we might now well feel the result of our temerity in announcing the *last* volume on two different occasions. Without much investigation being required, every series has brought forth hosts of new aspirants, and our chief difficulty has been to succeed in making the best selection from the increasing mass of material. After exercising due discrimination, and rejecting unworthy contributions as tenderly as possible, we have yet matter of much merit from poets whose careers, briefly and concisely narrated, cannot fail to be interesting, to make another volume—and *positively* the last—of sweet and tuneful *makkers*. This we announce with "fear and trembling" —fearing lest we might be accused of mere book-making, and trembling lest we should weary our friends and supporters. Feeling confident that a Supplemental Volume will exhaust the poetical stream for a number of years, and, encouraged by many warm letters from literary friends and competent critics, we have thus resolved to complete the labour we have undertaken. In the concluding volume we will give a general index to the complete work, an essay on "Modern Poets and Poetry," with a portrait of the Editor, drawn by Mr A. C. M'Bryde,

grand-nephew of Allan Cunningham, and engraved by Dalziel Brothers. Amongst the kind communications we have received is one by a gifted poet—Mr Gavin Greig, a descendant of James Burns, great-grandfather of Burns—who will appear in the concluding volume. As it is in excellent rhyme, we may be excused for giving it here :—

My honoured frien', I pray, excuse
The freedom o' my auld Scotch Muse,
Wha lifts your *sanctum* sneck, and sues
Amo' the rest,
Hopin' ye'll maybe nae refuse
Her sma' request.

To hain your precious time,—I hear
You've poets hidden in the rear,
Worthy 'mang ithers to appear
And tune their reed ;
But that the reader's wrath ye fear,
Should ye proceed.

Your bonnie volumes number sax ;
Yet, if it winna overtax,
Your ill-advised intent relax ;
And, since your tether
Will freely thole a wee bit rax,
Just gie's anither.

Grant it a trespass, to begin :
The Bible says our erring kin,
Though seventy times seven times they sin,
Maun be forgiven ;
Then wherefore raise sae muckle din
For ae sma' seven?

But faut apart : in Holy writ
Ye find that chiels o' worth and wit
Did ne'er their efforts intermit,
But aye repeat,
To reach that number fair and fit,
Final, complete.

The seventh did aye the cycle close,
And Heaven's own mystic mark impose ;
So, be it rhyme, or be it prose,
The project bright
Its full-orbed glory only knows,
Septempartite.

Nor only so ; but see, once more,
Even as the Persian king of yore,
Throned on the Hellespontine shore
In god-like state,
Viewed his vast armament pass o'er
The boat-bridged strait ;*

So, brooding o'er "her much-loved isle,"
Fair Scotia marks with beaming smile
In grand review her minstrel file
Go harping past,
And waits with patient pride the while
To bless the last.

Obsequious, then to her command,
Lead forth entire the laurelled band,
From Pentland's surge to Solway's sand,
From Mull to Mearns,—
Home of heroic Bruce, and land
Of bardic Burns !

Go seek them too where'er they stray ;—
To climes that woo the virgin day,
Or regions where the rosy ray
Dies, zephyr-blown :—
Be their heart leal, and true their lay,
They are her own !

And lengthen out the roll of fame,
Till each aspirant, who can claim
Clear contact with the furcate flame,—
Baptism divine,
May there behold his honoured name,
Emblazoned, shine !

So shall the envious nations own
That Scotia claims her ancient throne ;
And stands on starry heights alone,
Belustred rare,—
Song-queen of every dazzled zone,
Peerlessly fair !

And thine shall be the fair reward—
A grateful country's high regard ;
While nobly linked with Scottish bard
And Scottish lay,
Shall Edwards' name and fame be heard
For many a day !

* Xeres, King of Persia, invaded Greece with an enormous force, and from a marble throne feasted his pride with a view of it crossing the Hellespont by a bridge of boats constructed for its passage.

In the present volume we have been able to reveal the anonymity of several popular authors whose productions have hitherto been known only by *noms-de-plume*, and also to give sketches of a number of Scottish-American poets, who, it will be evident to our readers, are still Scotch at heart. The Supplementary Volume will tell of several others in various climes whose nationality has never left them, and some of whom have recently re-visited the old country. We think nothing ever more plainly showed the deep-rooted and undying love of country than the saying of the warm-hearted Irishman who, after an absence of full fifty years, was asked what it was that had brought him back to his native land, seeing that all the friends he once had there were now sleeping the sleep of death. "I came home," was his reply, "to see once more the glorious old hills of Ireland before I die!" It is one of the most notable things about Scotchmen that they are to be found in almost every country, yet evermore with an inextinguishable love for the land of their birth. As a people, too, the Scotch are noted for the depth and endurance of their filial affection, so that, however far they may be severed from their parents, their attachments and their devoted love still reach back to the homes of their youth, and to the dear ones upon whose knees they were dandled in infancy. In the words of Mr A. B. Todd, the accomplished Ayrshire *litterateur* and sweet and tender poet of nature, to whom we have been indebted for much and valuable information in the course of our labours:—"Much as they may admire, and high as may be their hopes for the future of the country of their adoption, and prosperous also as may be their lot, still, as the years pass over and the seasons steal away on the unstaying wings of time, and as their thoughts, feelings, and affections (like that of every other man when the evening of life has been reached) begin to revert more and more to the scenes of

their youth, we can fancy them saying, in the words, or at least feeling like this pathetic breathing, of one of Henry Scott Riddell's deathless lyrics :—

'I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where the wild thistles wave o'er the beds o' the brave,
And the graves are the graves o' our ain folk.
But happy gae lucky, we'll trudge on our way,
Till the arm waxes weak, and the haffet grows grey ;
And though in this warl' our ain still we miss,
We'll meet them again in a warl' o' bless.
And then we'll be hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where far yont the moon, in the heaven aboon,
The hames are the hames o' our ain folk.'"

While again thanking many literary friends for their kindly interest, and expressing gratitude for the encouraging reception our efforts have met with from the public and the press, we cannot allow this opportunity to pass without referring to the loss we have sustained in the death of one who aided us very materially, and took a substantial and deep interest in this work. We refer to the late Rev. William Cousin, the husband of the amiable and accomplished authoress of "The Sands of Time are Sinking," and other beautiful hymns. The early associate of M'Cheyne and the Bonars, he joined with them in evangelist effort, and was deeply imbued with the same fervour of spirit. With exact and refined literary tastes, cordial geniality of manner, and consistency of character, he possessed a highly cultivated intellect and a rich and powerful imagination.

D. H. EDWARDS.

Advertiser Office,
BRECHIN, *December, 1883.*

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MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.

WILLIAM CROSS,

THE well-known and talented author of "The Disruption: a Tale," and other works, was born in the "Parnassian town of Paisley," in 1804. His father was a handloom weaver in humble circumstances, and could afford him little or no school education—indeed he was taught nothing at school but reading and spelling. When in his eighth year, it was found necessary to put him to work, although his teacher, Mr Barr, a remarkable man, who anticipated some of the improved methods of the present day, was urgent that he should be left at school, and generously offered to impart to him all he knew without payment. To this his father, both from a feeling of independence, and the need for his services, could not consent. His first employment was to act as what was called "draw-boy," when figured fabrics were woven which required a juvenile assistant to carry on the work. The labour was slavish, and consisted of heavy and constant tugging at hard

cords, which often blistered and bled the tender hands engaged in it. Girls as well as boys were so employed, and he did not think himself exceedingly unfortunate. Improved laws and machinery have put an end to such hardships for children, which prevented their education, and embittered their early happiness.

Meanwhile his education was not being neglected at home. His father was a man of refined taste, and the "fireside training" of our poet was exceptionally extensive and stimulating. His father took a lively interest in, and gave much thought to matters which few people in his position think of. From his conversation, Mr Cross learned to know something of history, astronomy, and, valuable to him above all, *poetry*. His library was small, but choice, and from the home lessons William imbibed a keen relish for our native poetry, and gained a general knowledge of the great facts of history and science. But his father's tuition did not stop here. In his youth he had practised drawing, and even in old age retained his taste for it, and for all the branches of art. From him his son derived the same intellectual bent, and it eventually enabled him to struggle out of his depressed position. By the time he became a "draw-boy" shawl manufacturing was rising into importance, and although he never was a weaver, his employment as an assistant at the loom gave him opportunities of seeing and studying the patterns, and even trying his hand at "designing." His efforts were encouraged by friendly neighbours, and when several of his designs were brought into use his joy was unbounded. At an early age he became an apprentice pattern-drawer, and at the end of five years attained considerable proficiency in the art. In course of time he was admitted into partnership with a shawl manufacturing firm, and the business prospered so well that when the agreement came to an

end he was in possession of several hundred pounds, and started business as a manufacturer on his own account.

Such was his position from 1832 till 1839, but in that year a great depression of trade took place, and he felt it impossible to continue in the same line without loss. One of his early associates in pattern-drawing, Mr Alex. Colquhoun, was a person of great parts and excellent character. He had betaken himself to the study of languages and political questions, and in both departments had gained much credit. He acquired a name as a teacher of French and Italian, and was a valued contributor to newspapers and magazines, which led to his appointment to the editorship of a provincial newspaper. In this capacity he became known to many influential people connected with the press—amongst others the Messrs Chambers and Mr Tait, of Edinburgh. This encouraged him to aim at obtaining a footing in a wider and more remunerative field. On this subject he often spoke to Mr Cross, who regretted to see him spending his valuable talents without adequate reward. Mr Cross, though never a keen politician, and though shrinking from controversy and personal discussions, had a decided taste for literary composition, and had early been a contributor to several local publications. On the "shawl trade" failing, the two friends resolved to unite their efforts in a newspaper venture. They purchased the copyright and plant of an Edinburgh weekly newspaper—the price almost absorbing their little capital. Mr Cross was to be business manager, and his friend the editor. It was soon found that the copyright was worthless—they had made a bad bargain; the paper was old, but had no standing. However, some progress might have been made, but unfortunately Mr Colquhoun was in delicate health, and before he had been many weeks engaged in his

new duties was suddenly cut off. This was a serious calamity to Mr Cross. The entire burden was left on his own shoulders, and after a fair trial he gave up the undertaking — losing all his hard-earned savings, and after a struggle of six years' duration he left Edinburgh penniless.

A slight gleam of success attended one of Mr Cross' efforts in the press before his final severance from it—viz., the publication by weekly instalments in his paper of what he called an *impromptu* fiction—his long popular work "The Disruption." It was originally written as a mere recreation, and had no serious bearing on the great event of the time which split up the Church. The tale was well received in this form, and raised the circulation of the paper considerably. After it had been for more than thirty years before the public, the proprietors of one of the most widely circulated Glasgow papers paid a large sum for the copyright, and they had no reason to regret the purchase. Had he received such encouragement earlier, he might probably have continued his connection with the press. But circumstances decided otherwise, and left him no choice.

On returning to the west, where he had many true friends who stood by him through all his reverses, Mr Cross resumed business as a manufacturer, but this time in Glasgow, and in, to him, a new branch of the trade—tartans. For thirty years he applied his undivided attention to business — holding in abeyance his natural inclination to literary pursuits —and, fortunately, a few years ago he found himself able to retire.

So recently as in 1882 Mr Cross published a volume of verses entitled "Songs and Miscellaneous Poems written in rare intervals of leisure in the course of a busy life," (Kerr & Richardson, Glasgow), and it is remarkable that the first poem in the volume bears the date 1822. Referring to this significant fact, the

Christian Leader, in a critical notice, says—"The Horatian rule involved but a trifle in the way of waiting compared with the rule which Mr Cross has imposed upon himself. He has certainly had a self-command—and shall we say a delicacy of feeling respecting his own poetical wares—not too common among verse-writers; it would have been a great pity, however, had he not favoured us with this volume. 'The Canting Auld Kimmer,' for perfect verbal felicity has no match in the language; and when we say this we do not forget the Doric master-pieces of Burns, the Baroness Nairne, and Hew Ainslie." "Twilight Musings" opens up a different vein. It is an argument in support of the doctrine of man's immortality. To the reality of this the author finds all nature testifying:—

> The water-violet
> Grows, till its flowering-time, beneath the pool,
> Then lifts its head into the air to bloom.
> Even so in this prolific pool of time
> Man has his root and vegetates awhile,
> To rise into a higher place, and there
> Unfold his powers. God has not formed a flower
> Of upward growth, and nature needing room,
> Never to let it rise. Nor has He framed
> A winged creature and denied it flight.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Every fragrant plant,
> While rich in verdure, and with flowers ablow,
> Secretes its pure aroma as a soul.
> The essence lives. O why, then, may not man
> Deem his ethereal nature as ordained
> To lasting life, and his corporeal frame,
> Creation's acme, a mind-bearing tree,
> Whose fruitage is undying consciousness!"

We feel that it is not necessary to add much to the above. The lyrics of Mr Cross possess much pathetic grace, quiet humour, and gentle melody, while his more reflective musings appeal to the heart and mind through their subdued and suggestive thought, and

pleasing and perfect phrase. Altogether our esteemed "late flowering" poet has by his productions secured not only a right to occupy a prominent place among our Scottish poets, but also a warm place in many a Scottish heart.

THE CANTING AULD KIMMER.

"How happy a wife am I,"
In her pride said a canting auld kimmer,
"To think that my dochter's to lie
In a pious man's bosom gin simmer.
We'll a' sing thegither,
We'll a' rejoice thegither,
That sic a bricht sant's to become
In our family a son and a brither.

"I'm tauld he's a stoop o' a kirk,
And has riches baith here and in Zion;
And the hingings are turk-upon-turk,
O' the bed that my dochter's to lie on.
We'll a' be gude thegither,
We'll a' be grand thegither,
Hech! winna a godly gudeson
Gree weel wi' a godly gudemither!

"He is clad in the garments o' faith;—
His speeritual man—for his body
Is buskit wi' bonnie braid claith,
And he often comes here in a noddy.
We'll a' pray thegither,
We'll a' be earnest thegither,
That the gentleman never may gang
A bellwavering after anither.

"It's true that a weel-behaved lad
Has got the begunk frae my dochter;
But how was the bargain to haud,
When a far grander gentleman socht her?
We'll a be grand thegither,
We'll a' flee up thegither,
How proud I'll be hearing the folk
Saying, There goes the grand lady's mither!

"Douce Davit's a' man o' his word,
A vera respectable creatur;
But a braw house and gooseberry yaird,
To refuse them is no human nature.
We've a' agreet thegither,
The aunties, and faither and mither,
To swap the puir chiel for a laird;
And Lizzie, she ne'er had a swither.

"The letters between them that pass'd,
The best thing to do is to burn them;
And his presents to her first and last,
It wadna be kind to return them.
We a' think thegither
The twa may cry clear wi' ilk ither,
For in locks o' her hair he has mair
Than wad make a braw wig to her faither.

"His bread has a' bakit to be,
The never a farl is ready;
He might as weel offer to flee
As to make ony woman a lady.
Its a' stuff thegither,
Blawfum and nonsense thegither
To think that the saft tow o' love
Can ever do weel for a tether.

"But Lizzie to fortune was born,
The plough has been aye coming till her,
And brawly she kens caff frae corn,
As weel as the craws or the miller.
We'll a' thrive thegither,
We'll a' colleague thegither;
Sic a prospect o' gudeness and gear
Wad mak ony head licht as a feather.

"It behoves us a' hooly to walk;
The fu' cup's no easily carried;
And Lizzie maun bridle her talk,
And keep hersel' mim till she's married.
We'll a' keep wheesht thegither,
We'll a' be close gabbit thegither;
If some neighbours stood in our shoon,
Preserve us a' how they wad blether!"

AMANG THE HEATHER.

Amang the braes aboon Dunoon,
In vernal May's delightfu' weather,
I met at e'en a bonnie lass
Alane amang the blooming heather.

A hame-spun gown and westlan' plaid
Was dress enough—she had nae ither—
But blythe and comely was her face,
And licht her step amang the heather.

I spak her fair, and speert her name,
To tell me true she didna swither;
But modestly she hung her head,
And blushed as red's the blooming heather.

A bonnie lass and love-struck lad
Maun hae a crack when they forgather ;
Sae doon we sat beside a burn
That wimpled through the blooming heather.

Our words were neither saft nor sweet
But came frae hearts as licht's a feather ;
And O ! how fast the time flew bye
Wi' heedless talk amang the heather.

We spak o' kirks, we spak o' fairs,
The sprouting corn, the bonnie weather ;
O' everything we spak but love,
Though love was a' our thought thegither.

Could I keep still my beating heart,
Or ae word richt put to anither,
When for my ain I tried to win
The bonnie lass amang the heather?

Ah, no ! though lang I ettled sair,
My tongue could hardly slip the tether ;
But weel the lassie guess'd my mind,
That happy night amang the heather.

The balmy air, the glowing sky,
The thymy sod, the blooming heather ;
And sic an angel smiling by,
I trow 'twas heaven a' thegither.

The nicht grew late before we wist,
It took us hours to part wi' ither ;
And now she's mine, the bonnie lass
I woo'd amang the blooming heather.

THE LAIRD'S AWA'.

Now summer decks the Glenfield braes
With brightest flowers and freshest green,
On velvet sward the lambkin plays,
The laverock sings o'erhead unseen.
But the Laird's awa', the kind auld Laird,
Wi' a' his sense and drollerie ;
His cheery voice nae mair is heard—
His like again we ne'er shall see.

Frae muirland hills the crystal burn
Comes down wi' merry gurgling din ;
It laughs in mony a wimpling turn,
And sings o'er mony a rocky linn.
But the Laird's awa', the blythe auld Laird,
Frae a' he liked sae weel to see—
Awa' frae a' the joys he shared
Wi' high and low richt heartily.

When winter bares the fields again,
Or buries them in drifted snaw,
Or drearily wi' sleet an' rain
The face o' nature darkens a'.
We'll miss the Laird, we'll miss him sair—
He aye brought summer in his smile;
His presence made foul weather fair,
And halved the length o' mony a mile.

THE DAINTY BIT PLAN.

Our May had an e'e to a man,
Nae less than the newly-placed preacher;
Sae we plotit a dainty bit plan,
For trappin' oor spiritual teacher.

For, oh! we were sly, sly:
Oh! we were sly and sleekit;
But ne'er say a herrin' is dry
Until it's baith reisted and reekit.

We flatter'd young Maister MacGock,
We plied him wi' tea an' wi' toddy,
And we praised every word that he spoke,
Till we maist put him oot o' the body.
For, oh! we were sly, sly, &c.

Frae the kirk we were never awa,
Unless when frae hame he was helpin';
When May, or the rest o' us a',
Ran far an' near after him skelpin'.
For, oh! we were sly, sly, &c.

But, to come to the "heart o' the nit,"
The dainty bit plan that we plotit,
Was to get a subscription a-fit,
An' a watch to the minister votit.
For, oh! we were sly, sly, &c.

The young women-folk o' the kirk,
By turns took a hand at collectin';
But May took the *feck* o' the wark,
And the trouble the rest o' direckin'.
For, oh! she was sly, sly, &c.

A gran' watch was gotten belyve,
An' May wi' sma' priggin' consentit
To be ane o' a party o' five
To gang to the manse and present it.
For, oh! she was sly, sly, &c.

Takin' present and speech baith in han'
She deliver'd a bonnie palaver,
To let Maister MacGock understan'
How zealous she was in his favour.
For, oh ! she was sly, sly, &c.

She said "That the gift was to prove
That his female frien's valued him highly ;
But it couldna express half their love"—
And she glintit her e'e on him slily.
For, oh ! she was sly, sly, &c.

He put the goold watch in his fab,
"An' proudly," he said, "he wad wear it ;"
Then, after some flatterin' gab,
Tauld May "he was gaun to be marrit !"

Oh ! we were sly, sly ;
Oh ! we were sly an' sleekit ;
But Mr MacGock was nae gowk
Wi' oor dainty bit plan to be cleekit.

May cam hame wi' her heart in her mouth,
An' frae that day became a "Dissenter,"
An' noo she's renewin' her youth
Wi' some hopes o' the Burgher precentor.

Oh ! but she's sly, sly :
Oh ! she is sly and sleekit ;
An' cleverly opens ae door
As soon as anither is steekit.

WEE PEGGIE.

Wee Peggie is a darling,
She's everybody's pet,
And fules she makes o' ane an' a'.
To think the warld never saw
A bairn sae sweet and winsome—
She's just a fairy queen !
And gaily hauds a court o' luve
Wherever she is seen.

Wee Peggie came to cheer us
When days were dark and cauld,
Before the silver snowdrop came,
Or golden crocus raised its flame.
Wee Peggie came to cheer us,
Her sunny infant smile
Made glints o' heaven come through the gloom,
Our sorrows to beguile.

Her een outshine the violet
Wet wi' the morning dew ;
In her bright face the Graces meet,
Nae rosebud ere was half sae sweet.
Wee Peggie's kiss o' fondness
Delights baith auld and young,
And charming are the cooing notes
That warble from her tongue.

A cherub is wee Peggie,
A messenger of joy,
Her innocence and gladsome glee
Gar clouds o' care and sadness flee.
To see her joyous as the birds,
And bonnie as the flowers,
Sheds happiness on a' around,
Like balmy summer showers !

THE DYING WIDOW'S REQUEST.

Lay me at last in William's grave,
My long-lost lover, still my own ;
My rightful place still let me have
Upon his faithful breast alone.

Oh ! let no stranger dust repose
His dear remains and mine between,
The narrow house let us enclose
Together, who but one have been.

Since the dark day that overcast
My happy lot in cheerless gloom,
My joys have all been of the past,
And all my hopes beyond the tomb.

O happy past ! when I recall
Thy vanished joys, entranced I rove
By shady wood and waterfall,
And all the dear resorts of love.

Remembrance brings the days again
When, shining in my Willie's smile,
Our home was heaven, and care and pain
Were all unknown to us the while.

Ah me ! how changed, and yet the same
Is all the world to me ; and I—
How altered since my sorrow came,
My life a load, my breath a sigh.

Kind friends are mine—but what are friends
To stricken heart and 'wilder'd brain ?
Death is the friend who sorrow ends,
And joins divided souls again.

They told me time would heal my woe,
And change of scene bring sweet relief;
Alas! how little do they know,
Who thus can speak of hopeless grief.

Time only rends the blasted tree,
And rots the dead wood to the core;
The wreck that drifts from sea to sea
Is wreck'd anew on every shore.

The clinging ivy needs must fall
Bereft of its sustaining tree;
So with my William perished all
The worth of everything to me.

Then lay me in my William's grave,
There mingled let our ashes be;
My rightful place still let me have
Till time merge in eternity.

WILLIAM LYLE.

THROUGHOUT this work we have given numerous proofs of the saying that Scotsmen who emigrate to other lands are apt to be even more Scottish than Scotsmen who live at home. "Absence," it appears, "makes the heart grow fonder." Many of the old traditional observances which, truth to tell, seem to have fallen very much into abeyance in the "old country," are annually engaged in with much spirit by "Caledonian" and "St Andrews" Associations. Patriotic orations, brimming over with the *perfervidum igenium Scotorum*, are delivered, and Burns' songs are sung, and Scotch music indulged in *ad libitum*. Long may the feeling continue that prompts patriotic outbursts among Scotsmen across the Atlantic. In the present volume we are to introduce several noble examples of our countrymen who have gone abroad, but who also continue to

love, and write, and sing about the tartan and the heather, the broomy brae and the birken shaw.

Mr Lyle, of Rochester, New York, is a striking example of our sweet and tender Scottish-American poets. He was born in Edinburgh, in 1822. While he was yet young his father died, and the care of his "upbringing" devolved upon his mother, who, without a great show of the "world's gear," nobly performed her duty. The rudiments of his education were obtained at the Lancasterian School in the Scottish metropolis, and somewhere about the age of twelve his mother took him to Glasgow, where the night school and his own hard application "finished" his education.

Mr Lyle was apprenticed to a potter in Glasgow, and while an apprentice he courted the Muse. He says, "I was rude, and she was shy, but I would not be denied." After "serving his time" and getting married he went to England, and was there at the time of the great Barnsley mine disaster. On that sad occasion he wrote his first lengthy poem—"The Grave of the Three Hundred," which was noticed very favourably by the press. In the course of a few years afterwards Mr Lyle left England for America —"the land of gold." He says that he "did not find any of it on the streets," nor did he find much of it anywhere for some time, even though he worked hard. For fourteen years he has acted very efficiently, and is much esteemed, as manager of the "Rochester Sewer Pipe Company," and has "been able to live decently—a Scotchman's pride." He still keeps to the Muse, and his productions are warmly welcomed in many of the American newspapers and magazines.

Mr Lyle has a warm regard for all mankind, but he loves the very name of his native land, and he still cherishes the hope that he will one day look upon her hills. He has not only got a musical name,

but all his verses have a fine Scotch ring that entitles him to a high place in our valhalla. His poems and songs display ease and sprightliness of versification, simple pathos, and pleasing humour. Several of his ballads and domestic pieces are delicately touching.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

My heart is lane and weary,
And the sea is moaning sair,
And every night comes Jamie
Wi' the sea-weeds in his hair.
He stauns before my window,
Wi' his white face to the pane.
And beckons me to follow
When my heart is a' alane.

I was na' kind to Jamie,
Tho' he loo'd me warm and true.
I smiled upon anither,
But I wadna do sae noo.
His ring is on my finger,
But his corpse is in the sea—
His mither's heart is breaking,
And he died for love o' me.

I'll tak' the ring he gied me,
An' I'll sink it in the deep
Whaur Jamie rows sae cauldly,
Tho' his ghaist it canna' keep.
And maybe sae content him
That he'll come nae mair to me—
Wi' a' his weird locks dripping
Frae the myst'ry o' the sea.

And if nae peace comes to him,
I'll gang an' be his bride,
Aneath the angry surges
I will lay me by his side.
I canna bide his comin'
Wi' his blue lips to the pane;
My een are red wi' greetin',
And my heart is like a stane.

Oh, loud the wind is blawin'
Owre the heidland at the cape,
The leaden clouds o' winter
Tak' mony an' eerie shape;

And far doon i' the darkness,
Whaur the fishes gang to hide,
Twa bodies rock in silence—
Jamie an' his bonny bride.

DAISY BUDS.

Hae ye seen the daisy buds
Hanging wet wi' dew, lassie,
Langin' for the mornin' sun?
Sae wait I for you, lassie.
Ilka sunny smile ye gie
Warms my heart, an' glads my e'e—
Lang may ye be true, lassie.

Ken ye how the ivy clings
To the stalwart tree, lassie?
I wad hae yer honest love,
Sae keep close to me lassie.
When the aik-tree fails its trust—
When the warl' is mair than just,
Then I'll be fause to thee, lassie.

No ae daisy on the brae,
But wants a smile to cheer, lassie,
No ae slender ivy twig
But needs a stout branch near, lassie.
Cheer me wi' yer gowden smiles—
I'll shield ye frae the warl's wiles,
An' haud ye ever dear, lassie.

OUR TAM.

Purring at the fireside,
Blinking at the lowe,
Saucy as a lord's son—
Wagging his auld pow;
Saft as mither's new muff,
Blacker than my hat,
To a' folks a wunner—
Is our Tam, the cat.

When set by the ingle
The winter nicht lang,
He climbs o'er my shouther,
An' sings me his sang.
He's like a spoiled bairnie,
Sae sonsy an' fat,
He's ower muckle made o',
Is our Tam, the cat.

Content as a crowned king,
Tam has nae care,
He tak's what the rest tak's,
An' looks for nae mair.

Some folks die wi' worry—
Tam's no sic a flat,
For a' things come easy
To our Tam, the cat.

He has white velvet paws,
And mony a man
Canna keep his paws white,
Do a' that he can.
Just gi'e him a tussle
Wi' mousie or rat—
That's life's highest pleasure
To our Tam, the cat.

Tam sleeps whar he likes best,
And cares na a pin
For gentle or simple—
Wha's out or wha's in.
But when the doug snaps him,
Tam gies tit for tat—
Ye canna weel blame him—
He's only a cat.

Richt aften I've pondered,
While stroking Tam's hair,
How he does a' his duty,
And wha could ask mair?
In strivin's o' mortals,
If ilk ane did that,
He could rank as a brither
To our Tam, the cat.

THE LAND OF THE HEATHER.

Come sing me the songs of old Scotland,
If ye would be merry a while,
And strike the wild harp of her minstrels,
If ye would my sorrow beguile.
O chant the proud lays of her heroes,
Whose blood has baptised every vale,
And sing me the songs of her martyrs,
That oft lent a joy to the gale.
Hurrah for the land of the heather,
The dear little land of the north,
Where true hearts and brave ones together
Tell mankind what freedom is worth.

The earth is enriched with her lessons,
And time is embalming her name,
Disgrace never tarnished her tartans,
Or mantled a brow with its shame.

Bright gold may not burst from her valleys,
Nor silver be washed from her streams,
But there is a gold in her glory—
Her valour all silver outgleams.
Then cheers for the land of the heather,
The dear little land of the north,
Where true hearts and brave ones together
Tell mankind what freedom is worth.

Through all the archives of the nations,
'Tis writ how her fame has been bought,
Still wearing the chaplet of honour,
Wherever her claymore has fought.
Oh hearts from the birthplace of freedom,
Forget not the soil ye have trod—
Through time, and through distance remember
The noble old land, and her God.
Hurrah for the land of the heather,
The dear little land of the north,
Where true hearts and brave ones together
Tell mankind what freedom is worth.

FROZEN HEARTS AND DRIFTING SNOWS.

Through the dreary solitudes
Of the rustling autumn woods,
Come the winds careering,
Tiny birds that miss the leaves
Hasten to the sheltered eaves,
Warned of Winter nearing.
Grow warm my heart as colder grows
The chilly autumn weather,
For frozen hearts and drifting snows
Should never come together.

Soon upon the flinty street
We shall see cold little feet—
Few about them caring.
Shall they shiver through the blast,
Homeless, shoeless to the last—
Friendless and despairing?
Mercy forbid love's reign should close,
And in the wintry weather,
That frozen hearts and drifting snows
Should ever come together.

Some one's mother will be cold,
Some one's father, frail and old,
Dreads the near December.
Ah! ye souls who know not want,
Is it much God bids you grant?
Keep alit love's ember—

Think of the poor, with many woes,
In the pitiless weather—
Let frozen hearts and drifting snows
Never more come together.

In the star-land overhead,
There's a smile of pity shed,
Through the earth-clouds dreary,
But the warmth that smile imparts
Still must pass through human hearts
To the poor and weary.
Do we forget? The great One knows
That when they come together,
Warm summer hearts should melt the snows
Of life's dark winter weather.

DIOTIMA.

All Rome was there; it was a gala day.
The golden sunlight bathed the waving pines.
Gay chariots rolled along the Appian way,
And horsemen passed in never-ending lines.
Rough, sandaled boors and blue, patrician bloods
Poured through the streets in huge converging floods.

"On to the arena!" do they wildly cry;
And soon the circling hills, whose sloping sides
Show tier on tier of terraced seats on high
Are thronged, and gorged with living, swaying tides.
Ten thousand voices smite the listening sky—
"Bring forth the swordsmen, let the weakest die!"

The athletes came; strong-veined and bearded men.
Sing their keen falchions through the cloven air,
Pours their red blood, and shouts rise high again
As one by one they sink in gory lair,
Poor bleeding hearts—hungry for mercy's tones,
While Rome makes merry o'er their dying groans.

'Tis not enough—the best wine at the last—
Bring forth the Christian maid; she, too, must bleed.
Then loud rose the heralds' trumpet blast,
Then moved the guards with hot and cruel speed.
Oh! cultured Rome, oh! deep and damning stain,
Must innocence once more appeal in vain?

Like lily garnished in its Spring-time white,
Arrayed in purity the damsel came.
Beauty, unsexed, sat gloating o'er the sight,
And men that history may blush to name,
Upraise the barrier gate, youth smiles in faith,
Close it again, and shut her in with death.

Spring the fierce lions on their gentle prey,
  Rending her white robes with their greedy fangs,
Her whiter bosoms open to the day,
  Empurpled now, and rent with death's sharp pangs,
In mercy draw the veil, shut out the sight
  Of what, to some, gave rapturous delight.

So fell Diotima, but when she died
  The victors' wreath enrapt her royal brow.
Above great Diocletian in his pride—
  Above his gods to which she would not bow,
Crowned queen that day, she left avenging years,
  To humble Rome in ashes and in tears.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

THE rocky home of a Highland poet of peculiar interest may be seen by the tourist among the silvery lights and soft shadows, the changing rain and sunshine, of our Western Highlands. At Ledaig, Benderloch, looking past Oban down the Sound of Kerrera to the open ocean, is the dwelling of John Campbell, the "poet-postmaster" and laureate of the Land of Lorne. Born in the land of Bens and glens, our poet inherited his patriotic passion for the Highlands. His forefathers were in Lorn before the time of King Robert Bruce, and some of them took part in the battle of Brander. His father, a worthy country schoolmaster, was for thirty-five years "General Assembly Teacher" at Ledaig, and his grandfather was a small farmer near Oban. John Campbell was born at Oban, and the family removed to Ledaig when our poet was two years old. At the age of seventeen he went to a warehouse in Glasgow, and remained in that city for about six years, although on three

occasions during that period he had to go home in delicate health. While in the "great city" he had studied hard during his spare moments, and for about two years after he returned to the glens of his boyhood he was, as he tells us, "almost at death's door." He started as shopkeeper in a small way, but this did not succeed, and he had to give it up. Having always a taste for gardening, and afraid to try town life again, he asked the factor for a bit of shore ground and some bare rocks about the cottage. This gentleman was willing, but it was possessed by a large sheep farmer who would not give up an inch at any reduction. He waited patiently for about four years, by which time the farmer's lease had expired, and then received fully two acres, which he reclaimed from being a desert to "blossom as the rose."

Let us describe the surroundings of our poet, and the romantic cottage post-office. No part of Argyleshire is richer in all the elements of scenic beauty and grandeur than the region where Loch Etive joins the Linnhe Loch, and the latter expands into a spacious marine basin, divided longitudinally by the island of Lismore, "the Great Garden," and surrounded by a screen of hills, of which the loftiest are those of the Kingairloch range, verging upon the hills of Morven on one side, and on the other the Ballachulish and Glencoe mountains, with the twin summits of Ben Cruachan rising higher than them all in the distance. If this be, as is affirmed, Ossian's "Selma," meaning "the beautiful view," it is worthy of the name; and, at any rate, is a view which has been celebrated in poetry and romance, and must be fondly remembered by all who have traversed Argyleshire in quest of picturesque scenery. If we leave the high road from Oban at Connell Ferry, crossing the narrow rocky gully through which the waters of Loch Etive rush into Loch

Linnhe, and follow the coast road on the opposite side, a walk of two miles brings us to the clachan of Ledaig, the seat of a sub-post-office, which, if it be one of the lowliest in Her Majesty's service with respect to extent and accommodation, is one of the most picturesque of post-offices in regard to situation and surroundings.

The cottage lies snugly at the foot of a lofty cliff of conglomerate, of large rounded water-worn fragments of quartz and other substances, presenting a rude resemblance, in its exposed surfaces, to huge piles of cannon balls fixed in a common cement. On a promontory of this rock, about a mile below Ledaig, and full in sight of it, is Dunstaffnage Castle, once the residence, as its chapel is the burial-place, of the early monarchs of Scotland, and from which was taken, first to Scone, and thence to Westminster Abbey, the stone of the coronation chair. The neighbourhood abounds with antiquities of various kinds, and all round is a panorama of mountains, which is as changeful in its light and colour, its gleam and gloom, as the sea itself—sometimes clear and shining and restful, at other times dark and weird and wild.

But our interest centres at present in the humble and picturesque abode of the poet. The sea comes nearly up to the front door of the domicile. So jealously do cliff and tree conspire to hide it from intrusive gaze that it appears a mere speck beside the crag under which it shelters. Professor Blackie, who has paid several tributes to the fine lyrical talent, and great personal worth of our poet, and has translated the verses we quote, says it is "the most unique of Highland dwellings, cut from the living rock, and looking out across the sea, like the King of Thule's castle in Goethe's song. In one of the beautiful broad bays flanked by projecting headlands on the west coast of Argyleshire,

a grand crag of old red conglomerate juts out into the sea, and one huge fragment of this mass has so shaped itself as to be readily turned into a comfortable chamber. Here a friend of mine—one of those native singers in whom the Highlands abound—has pitched his abode; and not few are the happy hours that I have spent in his rocky shelter, singing with him Gaelic songs of his own composition, full of that warm patriotism and loyalty which the lords of the Highlands in this commercial age have done so little to cherish. But neither the Queen in all her majesty at Balmoral, nor Tennyson in all the beauty of heath, gorse, and copsewood at Haslemere, can boast of a dwelling so poetical as my friend John Campbell."

After a visit to the spot, the genial Professor wrote a spirited poem, making the bard speak as follows:—

"My name it is Ian the Bard,
And I dwell on the far west shore,
Where I look on the mighty old Ben,
And hear the old ocean roar;
And my house it is cut in the rock,
At the head of the beautiful bay,
Beswept by the strength of the blast,
And beshone by the grace of the day.

O fair is the house of the bard,
Where it stands on the rock by the sea,
With the sway of the billow below,
And above with the swing of the tree.
With the golden sun in his view,
As he sinks in the glow of the west,
And the joy of the grey sea-birds
As they float on the old ocean's breast!"

In summer a profusion of roses cling to the walls of the cottage, and the russet roof is a study of colour—the very thatch being brilliant with a vegetation of its own. The soil of the garden was made from scrapings carried from the road, and moss mixed

with sand from the shore. The poet planted it with flowers, shrubs, strawberries, fruit trees, and bushes, and enclosed it with a black thorn hedge.

Coming unexpectedly upon this scene of floral exuberance, the stranger is often seen to pause in admiration of a sight so pleasing and refreshing; and if the house is the most romantic of post-offices, a nook of the garden of the poetic florist has been converted by him into the quaintest of school-rooms.

The late Mr Keddie, lecturer in the Free Church College, Glasgow, wrote an interesting article in the *Sabbath School Magazine*, in which he gave a touching account of the life and death in his eighth year of a son of the poet, who was thoughtful beyond his years, passionately fond of poetry and of hearing and repeating the old legends of his native Highlands, and whose remarkable intelligence, and still more remarkable piety, were lovingly pictured by his minister in a little "Memoir," which was printed and largely circulated. Mr Keddie, in his introductory remarks, said—"In one of the caves in a cliff on the loch shore, now raised above the reach of the waves, Mr Campbell has constructed his school by an operation involving no little contrivance. The cavern is closed in, seawards, by a wall, consisting partly of masses of stone, and partly of the trunk of a growing ash-tree; the whole being, except the tree, substantially roofed over. The interior is about thirteen feet in length, with an average of six in breadth, and, if not very shapely in outline, is roomy and dry. It accommodates comfortably thirty pupils, but as many as fifty have assembled in this cave school. The seats follow the sinuosities of the irregular wall, against which they are disposed. A large cosy arm-chair occupies one end of the cave, along with a table containing copies of the Holy Scriptures and other books in Gaelic and English, for much of the teaching is conducted in

the former language. At the other extremity a fireplace, a clock, and a lamp, complete the internal equipments.

The ornaments of the 'rock-room,' as the poet calls it, are characteristic of the region. These are, a bottle containing a preserved specimen of a species of sea-pen, one of the rarest zoophytes of the British seas, and found in the Linnhe Loch; a cinerary urn taken from a cave in a cliff at Ledaig; specimens of the quern, or ancient hand-mill, dug up in the neighbourhood; fragments of the vitrified stones of the adjoining fort; a stone hammer; several charm-stones, and other relics of byegone days."

Edward Bradbury, in a recent number of *Cassell's Magazine*, writes:—"A step from the post-office porch, another step across the road, down a garden-patch bright with flowers that you would not expect to meet out of a conservatory, and shady with fruit-trees that might have been leased from Devonshire, and then you are among the Atlantic boulders. Here Ian, assisted largely by the rocky tumult of nature, has built a grotto-parlour. The shore rocks supplied him with two ready-made walls and a portion of a third; but the rest is the poet's own cunning contrivance, as indeed is his thriving garden, for until John came here the place was all barren rock, and he has made the wilderness smile by the dint of his own diligent hand. The ponderous wooden block which serves as a table was once the resting-place of Robert the Bruce—being made out of an old oak tree that lay near Lochawe, and on which the king took a repast before the battle was fought. A sturdy oaken chair is in proportion to the solid table. A few forms are placed round the little room, which is reached by a descent of moss-grown stone steps from the garden. A patch of sunlight comes in from a pane in the roof. There is one window; it looks right out upon the Atlantic, upon

the grey glory of Dunstaffnage Castle, upon island and mountain, upon scenery that is an enchantment to the most commonplace eye."

In this quaint room the Highland poet has held a Sabbath class for the past ten years, and twenty years previously it met in a fisherman's cottage that the Atlantic one night, remorseless in its rage, swept away. Thus for thirty years or more the poet-postman has taught his simple country-side scholars. His pupils trudge sturdily from far-off crofts, across the sobbing moors in the winter sleet. Several are young children from seven to eight, but most of them are young men and women from fifteen to thirty years of age, and, in some instances, married people with bonnie bairns of their own. They are so attached to it in their age that they come every Sunday night across the peaty paths—weather fair or foul, sun-time and snow-time—to listen to the old, earnest, sympathetic voice, telling the wonderful story of the Man of Sorrows, who consecrated their humble position by His poverty, and who dignified their hard lot by His toil.

It is a picture, that Sunday evening service in the wave-worn cave, with the lamp throwing darkly weird Rembrandt-like shadows, and sharp lights, on the little throng of men and women, youths and maidens, gathered round their teacher. The sea is moaning on the boulders under the little window that throws its yellow gleam upon the throbbing Atlantic; the wind is howling through corrie and glen; but there are warm hearts in this little room. Occasionally there is a hymn sung—the words by the teacher — but more frequently a grand old psalm, filling the air with its quaint melody, in English and Gaelic, for both are taught to the class of our bard, who thus unites, in his Sunday evening service, sound instruction

with deep devotion. Then follows a prayer that is touching in its pleading pathos, a verse of scripture is read by each member of the class, and a question in the Shorter Catechism is repeated. In all the exercises most of the scholars from time to time take part, and are thus made to feel that they have an equal interest in the exercises.

We have depicted the scene, serene in its summer sleep, but frequently the spindrift rises high, a white whirling mist, over the cave. Our poet was feeling himself "at the top of the brae," and that his difficulties were over, when a storm, in November 1881, swept away his plants, trees, &c., left little but bare rocks, and sadly demolished the wave-worn grotto. Bruce's table, chairs, forms, lamps, books, &c., were carried to sea. The historic table was, however, stranded down the coast next day, and so recovered. Friendly help, and patient perseverance on his own part, soon restored the place to its former beauty. "Faith and hope," he tells us, "with a firm trust in my Redeemer's promises, have ever kept me up. I have a happy home, a loving wife, affectionate children, beautiful surroundings, and what are the world's riches to be compared to these?" "Nor," says Professor Blackie, "is John Campbell a poet merely; many a poet is a worthless fellow, and others think the world is bound to admire them, and even to support them for blowing soap-bubbles; but my friend handles the spade as efficiently as the pen, and is in all respects an admirable specimen of that noble peasantry who shine so bright in the military annals, and have been, not unfrequently, so ungraciously handled and so stupidly neglected in the rural economy of this country."

Our bard has humble ideas of his poetic faculties, and says that he was always fond of poetry, "for there is much in it to form one's character and elevate the mind, and although I often give vent to my

thoughts in rhyme, I never expected to be called a poet, get a place among them, or that my pieces would be known beyond the neighbourhood." His verses have, however, been repeatedly honoured with prizes by associations of Celtic scholars, and several of his poems have been quoted in American and Australian newspapers. For many years he has been urged to publish his fugitive pieces in book form, and many will be pleased to learn that he has at last consented to do so. Professor Blackie deserves the grateful thanks of all lovers of our minstrelsy for rescuing from the Gaelic many of the inspirations of "Ian's" muse that in their natural form could never have reached the heart of the Sassanach. His poetry is marked by a fervid patriotism, and he is eloquent in his regret at the decadence of the Highland race. "Tears come into his voice," says the writer in *Cassell's Magazine*, to whom we are indebted for many interesting particulars, "when he contemplates a land cleared of its people and its once green farmsteads, so that English brewers may bang away at stags, and make the moors a slaughter-house for grouse." We are unable to speak of his verses in the language in which they came from them the poet, although Celtic scholars inform us that they are exceedingly melodious and touchingly pathetic. He can make a single word pictorial, and successive words become successive pictures, while the quiet solitudes and the simple sounds which are heard amidst such retirements are made the medium for conveying many a useful lesson.

THE GAEL TO HIS COUNTRY AND HIS COUNTRYMEN.

My heart's in the Highlands, I love every glen,
Every corrie and crag in the land of the Ben,
Each brave kilted laddie, stout-hearted and true,
With rich curly locks 'neath his bonnet of blue.

A brave Highland boy, when light-footed he goes,
With plaid, and with kilt, dirk, sporran, and hose;
O who will compare with my Highlander then,
When he comes fresh and fair like a breeze from the Ben.

When foemen were landed to spoil and annoy,
Who then fronted death like my brave Highland boy?
For his cause and his country in battle's rude shock,
When kingdoms were reeling, he stood like a rock.

And the dear Highland lasses, bad luck to the day
When I look in their faces and wish them away;
I'll cross the wide seas to the far coral isles,
With Mary to lighten the road with her smiles.

And the songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire,
How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire;
On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God;
Let them float round my grave, when I sleep 'neath the sc

And dear to my heart are the chivalrous ways,
And the kindly regards of the old Highland days,
When the worth of the chief and the strength of the clan
Brought glory and gain to the brave Highlandman.

But now with mere sheep they have peopled the brae,
And flung the brave clansmen like rubbish away;
But should foes we have vanquished the struggle renew,
They'll sigh for the boys with the bonnets of blue.

At Alma's red steep, and at red Waterloo,
The Gael still was first where hot work was to do!
And when Ganga and Jumna revolted, who then
Were more loyal and true than the sons of the Ben?

Where the East and the West by broad billows are bound
The Gael shall be known and his fame shall be sounded;
While thrones shall have honour, and right shall prevail,
Long ages shall echo the praise of the Gael.

And when need comes again for the law of the sword,
Though few now the clansmen that follow their lord,
The brave kilted boys for defence will be nigh,
And shoulder to shoulder will conquer or die!

THE GAEL IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Dear land of my fathers, my home in the Highlands,
'Tis oft that I think on thy bonnie green glens,
Thy far-gleaming lochs, and thy sheer-sided corries,
Thy dark frowning cliffs, and thy glory of Bens!

wild-sweeping torrents, with bound and with bicker
hat toss their white manes down the steep rocky brae,
burnies that, babbling o'er beds of the granite,
hrough thick copse of hazel are wimpling their way.

close clinging ivy, with fresh shining leafage,
hat blooms through the winter and smiles at the storm,
l spreads its green arms o'er the hoary old castle,
o bind its grey ruin and keep its heart warm.

sweet-sounding plash of thy light-rippling billows,
s they beat on the sand where the white peebles lie,
their thundering war when, with whirling commotion,
ney lift their white crests in grim face of the sky.

land I was born in, the land I was bred in,
here soft-sounding Gaelic falls sweet on the ear;
r Gaelic, whose accents take sharpness from sorrow,
nd fill me despairing, with words of good cheer.

as oft I looked backward, and wistfully turned me,
hen my travel-worn foot to the Lowlands was near;
e a glimpse of the sun through the dark cloud out-peeping
as the land of my love which I left with a tear.

at though from the hills, when we first know the Lowlands,
he Lowlander greets us with sneer and with jest;
times when the bark is the roughest and hardest,
he pith is the soundest, the wood is the best.

is is the country that bore the brave fellows,
igh-hearted in purpose, heroic in deed,
o stood like a rampart from danger to shield us,
hose help never failed in the hour of our need.

ese were the stout ones whose mettle was tested
n red field of battle and fierce swelling flood,
l forward to strike and still slow to surrender,
ill they shed from their veins the last drop of their blood.

ese are true gentlemen, breed of the mountains,
hom all bonnie lassies will meet with a smile,
l welcome them home with a voice of endearment,
hat sweetens their sorrows, and lightens their toil!

sons may roll, but no Time shall divorce me
rom the land and the people, the light of mine eyes;
l memory never shall drop from her quiver
he words I take with me from lips of the wise.

l though I should wander far west to the Indies,
here the green isles uprise from the clear coral bed,
my rest 'neath a sod in the land of the heather,
nd a cairn of grey granite be piled on my head!

My blessing be with you, brave land and brave people !
In the bright roll of story is blazoned your name ;
And may the fair fame of our forefathers never
Be blurred with dishonour, or blotted with shame.

MARRIAGE SONG—MISS CAMPBELL OF LOCHNELL.

My love is a lady, my love is a Campbell,
And she has come back to the Highlands again ;
For the blood will run thin in the veins of a Campbell
When away from the heather that purples the Ben.

Mid the pomp of huge London her heart still was yearning
For her home in the corrie, the crag, and the glen ;
Though fair be the daughters of England, the fairest
And stateliest walks in the land of the Ben.

What poet may praise her ? her virtues to number
Would baffle the cunning of pencil or pen ;
Though fair be the casket, the jewel is fairer—
The best of true hearts for the best of good men.

She is comely and kind, and of gracefulest greeting,
Erect and well-girt as a Campbell should show,
And a heart with warm blood, and a pulse ever beating,
With loving reply to the high and the low.

Long ages have gone since the sires of thy people
First pitched at Ardmucnas their tents on the shore,
When Diarmad himself, with his spear and his harness,
O'er the heights of the Garvaird gave chase to the boar.

The swan on the loch that belongs to thy people
Made vocal the billow to welcome thee home,
And Mucairn and Benderloch shouted together,
"The Campbells are coming, the Campbell is come !"

THE POSTBOY.

The postboy comes, the postboy comes !
I see him on the road,
With, on his back of weighty news,
I wis a goodly load !
Full many a careful clouded eye,
That wept a cheerless lot,
Will brighten up that hour, I ween,
When he unties his knot !

There's many a heart that's joyful now,
And gay with flaunting show,
That post will dash them to the ground,
And whelm in waves of woe.

With careless step the postboy comes,
And dusts along the track,
But little thinks what weight of care
He bears upon his back!

All eyes are strained to see him come,
And hope with fear doth sway,
For news of death that he may bring,
Or tax, or rent to pay;
For news of bargain firmly struck,
Of promise loosely broken,
Of faith that blossomed into joy,
Of faithless lover's token.

A letter comes to that fair maid,
That for three months and more
Has wept her love, who wandered far,
Beyond the Atlantic roar;
And now he writes that all is well,
And he has gold in store;
And she shall claim to share his bliss
On San Francisco's shore.

A letter comes that darker makes
That mother's clouded brow;
If she did fear before, her fear
Shall flood in sorrow now!
Her son, her dear, her only son—
The bravest in the land;
Her sailor boy lies breathless now,
Wrecked on the far sea strand!

How mild was he, how blythe and free,
Light heart and manly brow;
His mother's pride and prop, her sting
Of sharpest sorrow now!
How many a night she sleepless lies,
With this her only joy,
To tell the story to her heart,
Of her poor sailor boy.

But why should I go on to tell
What hath no end of telling,
What gladness springs from every post,
What founts of grief are welling.
There's many a man of grief to-day,
This night will staunch his sorrow;
There's many a son of pride to-night,
Will kiss the sod to-morrow.

The post, the post I never see
But in my heart I ponder,
What bright surprisal here may be,
What red wound bleeding yonder!

While to my Father-God on high,
I lift the prayer that He,
With helpful grace may still be nigh,
Even as my need may be!

ALEXANDER DRUMMOND

WAS born in 1843. His youthful days were spent in Glenbervie, in the romantic region of Torwood, in the parish of Larbert, Stirlingshire. At an early age the Muse seems to have visited him, and Torwood, with its historic memories did much perhaps to develop the poetic faculty in him, and shape his character into one of more than ordinary force and independence. In opening manhood he with his family removed to Springfield Farm, in the parish of Bothkennar, where for a year or more he followed the plough and wrote verses. He then entered a shipping office in the neighbouring port of Grangemouth, where his capacity for business made itself apparent. From Grangemouth he went to Königsberg, in Prussia, where he studied German. While there his health, which before had been failing, broke down, and he returned home. Subsequently he entered the office of Mr R. P. Newton, land steward to the Earl of Zetland. But his days were numbered; he had to struggle, too, with a failing faith, for the rampant Rationalism of Königsberg led him to question many things he had before firmly believed. "He fought the spectres of the mind;" the struggle was severe, but he triumphed in the end. Thus passed away in his twenty-seventh year a life of much goodness and rare promise.

Mr Drummond was well read in the poets, and he himself wielded a ready and an able pen. Had he

lived longer, he might have attained distinction in some branch of literature. From a lengthy and very thoughtful poem—"Evedale"—we give a quotation entitled "Memory." This poem is much superior to his miscellaneous verses, and shows that he possessed the poetic faculty in no common degree. His shorter pieces are unequal, but all his productions show accurate scholarly taste, and a fine imagination.

TO LEONORE.

Fairest maiden, beauty laden,
Light and airy as a fay,
Clustering curls, teeth of pearls,
Eyes as bright as day;
When the summer brings the bummer
Of the golden store,
Wilt thou prove me if I love thee,
Blue eyed Leonore?

Violets sleeping, lilies weeping,
Tears in glittering moonshine
Cannot charm me, or disarm me,
Like those orbs of thine,
Peering deeply, streaming sweetly,
My heart o'er and o'er;
Wilt thou prove me if I love thee,
Bright eyed Leonore?

Charming maiden, beauty laden,
Blushing, laughing like the dawn.
Gaily tripping, lightly skipping
As an airy fawn;
Thou hast wound my heart around thee,
Ever more and more,
Wilt thou prove me if I love thee,
Blue eyed Leonore?

THE INVALID'S FAREWELL.

Why does my bosom beat so high,
Why do my limbs thus shake with fear,
Is it because I soon must die
And leave all those behind so dear?
Adieu fair earth, ere long I must
To thee resign my aching clay,
Soon shall this body press the dust,
To loathsome filthy worms a prey.

Adieu ye woods where oft I've stray'd,
From you for ever now I'm torn ;
Thou grassy hill on which I play'd,
And lightly skipped in childhood's morn.
Adieu to valley, dell, and hill,
To thee, thou ever stormy tide,
And to the gently purling rill
That gurgles down the mountain side.

Adieu, adieu bright orb of day,
Thou m on that shroud'st the world in sleep,
Ye stars that deck the milky way
And nightly happy vigils keep.
Again, again I bid adieu,
A long farewell—my pulse beats low,
And down my forehead pale the dew—
The chilly dew of death, doth flow.

Who can my inward horrors tell,
Dark visions hover o'er my bed,
Mad spectres furious round me yell
And dance around my swimming head ;
Methinks I hear the distant wail,
The far off distant shriek of woe
That rises faintly on the gale
Where Lethe's sullen waters flow.

Bring me a sweet and fragrant flower,
'Twill light my gloom and cheer me now ;
Pluck me fresh roses from my bower,
And bind them round my throbbing brow.
Hush, hush, my troubled heart be still,
Be calm again my raving breast,
Submit thou to thy Maker's will,
To Him that soothes the soul distressed.

God of my days, God of my life,
To Thee I trembling lift mine eye,
Quell and subdue this inward strife,
And guide me when I've come to die ;
Lead me beyond the realms of time,
Where nought intrudes to mar our bliss,
To heaven that bright and happy clime
Of sweetest, purest loveliness.

MEMORY

Spirit of the subtle power,
Garlanded by thorn and flower,
Grave recorder of the past,
Full thy burning radiance cast ;

On the page my life hath writ,
Pour thy fiery beam on it,
Tho' revealing many a spot,
Blurred by darkling word and thought;
Dead hours passed in hopeless mood,
Dead days vacant of the good;
Duty's martyred visage numb,
Starting like ghost from heaving tomb;
Rise, I reck not, come to me.
Illume my soul, great Memory!

Who art thou? where dost thou dwell?
On the shores or wilds forlorn?
Comes thy voice at curfew bell?
Comes it on the soul of morn?
Whetstone of the immortal mind,
In her dingy walls confined,
Polish thou her edge again,
Clear-eyed goddess, take thy reign.

Where wert thou when earth was laid
Swelt'ring on the liquid deep?
When from long abysmal sleep
Shot the light through chaos' shade;
Ere the sun and moon began,
Ere uprose the primal man;
Ere Echo's voice first woke from far,
With the shout of morning star;
Lo! thy brows of eld declare,
Rings of ages circled there.
Tell me, have I helpless come,
Aimless out of nothing's womb,
Like a waif on ocean lost,
By remorseless billows tossed,
One short day to live, and then
Plunged in nothing's womb again.
Rather say that first I came
From the Mighty forger's flame,
At his anvil in the dark,
Forth I leapt a living spark;
Essence of the future *me*,
Thro' resistless circles flying;
Chained by Law all death defying,
Destined higher still to be;
But a stepping stone is this,
But a wormy chrysalis,
Yet on glory wings to spring
From the depths of suffering,
To the heights by angels trod,
More of man and more of God.

Thou wilt not answer tho' I cry,
All is dark and draped in cloud;
Wrap thee in thy mystic shroud,
Set thy dreamy mirror nigh,
Reveal to me the solemn woods
Where pale Contemplation broods;
Apple orchards, lambkins' bleat,
Breath of kine in meadows sweet,
Crow of cock and caw of rook,
Voice of laughter, loving brook;
Children round the cottage door,
Lost—ah lost—for evermore!
Gathered by maternal care,
Hushed in tones of holiest prayer,
Till the soul with a sweet woe
Brimming feels her overflow.

Ascend we now that mount whose head
Stares aghast at sky and sea,
With the fringe of mist o'erspread,
Like a giant sleepily
Starting from some horrid dream;
And the waves below do seem
Like a thousand snakes, I wiss,
Flick'ring high with wavy hiss,
Their tongues of death around his feet;
His sides are bare and stained with blood;
Hark what sound skips over the flood!
Ever and aye I hear the beat
Of a drum at intervals;
Booming along the bottomless deep,
Heavily on the heart it falls,
Making the blood to pause and creep
List'ning in the veins,—and a cry
From the ghost of a doomed despair,
Winging its way thro' a lonely sky—
Nevermore rest for its weary foot—
Wails, while a thousand meteors shoot
Thorough with intermittent glare.

Hush! methinks the sky grows calm,
And the stars look down in peace,
All the vampire noises cease,
And a bell of Sabbath tolls;
Mounts to list'ning God a psalm—
Like a unison of souls—
Winged, disembodied, shriven,
Beating at the gate of heaven.

Memory, thy glass is dim!
And thy torch flares faint and low;
Dead forms on the surface swim
Darkly to and fro.

Brief the sunshines that appear
On time's lake; too oft I hear
Drops of fiery rain;
Has the unknown more of tears,
From a vision of past years,
Have I hope to gain?

GEORGE W. LEVACK,

WICK, has, in various respects, been an unfortunate son of the muse, and his efforts have been attended by a train of adverse circumstances and depressing surroundings. He was born in Glasgow, in 1846, and when about six years of age, on the death of his father, he was sent to live with two old aunts at Janetstown, in the vicinity of Wick. Here he remained till the death of his relatives, when he removed to Bankhead, in the same neighbourhood. He received a very meagre education, and never having learned any trade, although he served for a short time as a tailor, and afterwards to the blacksmith business, he at present is obliged to depend on the pittance of the Parochial Board for a living. He has contributed frequently to the local papers, and in 1882 he published a little volume of poems, with a portrait, and dedicated to Garden Duff Dunbar, Esq. of Hempriggs, from whom he has received much kindness. In this effort he was also assisted and encouraged by the editor of the *Northern Ensign*. In his preface he says:—"My poor unrefined muse has been regarded favourably; and now that I have ventured to scatter my rhyming wares abroad through the circles of society—launch my humble volume upon the stormy ocean of literature—I hope they will not only be patronized, but

appreciated. My muse has oftentimes turned my calamities into blessings. There is no dungeon so deep or so dark, but a poem or a song will sing one out of. Poetry, I can safely say for my part, has been its own 'exceeding great reward.' It has made me more refined, more feeling, more submissive, more patient, under many bitter disappointments and trials—nay, in ten thousand ways has this celestial spirit of the skies been a comfort to me—coming with a light more fair by far than that which is seen on sea or shore, and raising for the time being my soul nearer to God, to heaven, to all that is pure, unselfish, and above the grovelling and the earthly."

Although lacking in some respects simplicity of motive and melody of expression, Mr Levack's sentiments are always pure. In the natural objects with which he is surrounded, he has found no lack of topics, and he has been most successful in his treatment of the traditional and historic, for which he cherishes a warm veneration.

THE OLD MAN OF WICK.

The Old Man of Wick, from his rocky height,
Looks out on the billowy sea—
Deserted and lone and stripped of his might,
Yet a useful old ruin is he.

For the fishermen, drench'd by briny foam,
Descries this beacon from far—
He rejoices to think he's nearing his home,
And he names it his guiding star.

Oft many a shriek has the Old Man heard,
From the drowning fishermen near,
When no help was at hand, nor human regard,
As they closed their earthly career.

And stones have roll'd down from the rugged height—
'Twas the tears which the Old Man shed—
As his watch he kept through the stormy night
O'er the fisherman's watery bed.

What a long varied tale these walls could reveal,
Were each stone to speak for an hour ;
But hoary old Time has imprinted his seal,
And mute is the ruinous tower.

Flaxen haired Norsemen, our ancestors bold,
Held revel within these old walls ;
The sparkling wine flow'd at these festivals old,
And rude mirth rang through its halls.

In ages long past there dwelt in this place,
A lady most charmingly fair,
The sweetest, and purest, and last of her race,
And no one with her could compare.

Soon the "Black Chief" of Keiss covets this flower,
And forthwith demands her his bride ;
But his offer is scorned, though mighty his power,
Whom no one had dared or defied.

Can the lamb and the lion in harmony dwell ?
Can the dove and serpent agree ?
So far this fair maid the chief doth excel—
A base-hearted villain was he.

For he called to his side a rude-hearted horde,
With their souls as stern as cold fate,
Resolv'd to destroy Oldwick's tower and its lord,
As they breath'd forth vengeance and hate.

The grim work was done—good Oliphant fell,
With all his brave band, in their gore ;
But the daughter's death no mortal could tell,
And the "Black Chief" saw her no more.

When the tempest howls around the old tower,
And the billows are crested with white,
Then a fair spectre form, at midnight's lone hour,
Still haunts the grey ruins by night.

What changes, along with the flight of the years,
Has the Old Man of Wick withstood :
Still proudly he stands among his compeers,
And laughs at the storm and flood.

Then still be a guide to the fisherman bold,
Far out on the heaving main ;
Perform thy grand mission, thou ancient stronghold,
And long as a landmark remain.

THE FISHERMAN.

I love to see our fishers bold,
For brawny men are they,
Who brave the ocean's depth untold,
Where mighty monsters play.

Each fishing craft, with sail wide set,
Speeds o'er the mighty main—
This busy scene none can forget—
Each bent on honest gain.

In oilskins and sou'-wester dress'd,
He hastens to the quay;
His large seaboots, capacious breast,
With pride I love to see.
While thus attired, I gaze on him,
So manly, free, and brave,
With tawny face, sunburnt and grim,
Who toils upon the wave.

From twilight grey till morning light,
He's out upon the deep,
Catching the finny prize each night
While we are fast asleep.
At home his wife, with anxious care,
Prays for his safe return—
"Thou who did'st wind and sea prepare,
His loss let me not mourn."

His fishing gear and tidy craft
Are pleasing to the view—
At Neptune's wrath they oft have laugh'd
When he the billows threw
Around them in tempestuous rage;
Like open graves they seemed;
The lowering sky no fear assuage
As loud the storm-wind scream'd.

Yet we have seen the Ocean King
In sullen mood arise,
Our herring fleet to pieces fling
Before our tearful eyes.
The manly form of fishers brave
Have sunk to rise no more;
Great ocean's depths have proved a grave
To many of our shore.

Thou, who dost hold the ocean vast
Within Thy mighty hand,
Around them may Thy arms be cast,
And bring each boat to land;
Then, filled with grateful hearts to Thee,
A song of praise shall rise
From these brave toilers of the sea—
Their noblest sacrifice.

JOHN DENHAM

IS a native of Edinburgh, and is the eldest son of a merchant there. He was educated at a private academy and George Watson's College, served a term of years in an assurance office, and is presently secretary to the Scottish Liberation Society. Many of his pieces have appeared in "the poets' corner" of the newspapers, and they are generally of a reflective nature. They are highly melodious and neat in expression, and show a warm feeling to all that is true and beautiful in Nature and in mankind.

BY THE SEA.

On a summer eve reclining
'Neath the cliffs beside the sea,
While the setting sun was shining
On the billows rolling free,
And the splashing of the wavelets,
As they broke upon the strand,
Seemed like strains of liquid music
From a far-off, foreign land.

There, methought, amid the falling
Of the waters on the shore,
I did hear a voice soft calling,
As I ne'er had heard before,
And I answered in my musing,
For the tone I seemed to know,
When the voice responded to me,
And the sound was sweet and low,

"Why so sadly by the ocean,
All alone dost thou recline,
Is it that thy heart's devotion
Bids thee worship at this shrine;
Or do longings strongly draw thee
Here so oft thy time to spend,
Where thy willing thoughts may wander
After him, thine absent friend?"

As these words from out the ocean
Stole upon my wond'ring ear,
Fain would I my heart's emotion
Have controlled, yet 'twas not fear

Made me tremble, as I listened
To the queries from the sea,
For the tones they did resemble
Those of one most dear to me.

Then, I sought, in this my dreaming,
To the voice to make reply,
But the sea-birds, wildly screaming
Round the white cliffs, towering high,
Woke me from my waking day-dream,
And upon the pebbly shore,
Once again I heard the wavelets
Breaking, but the voice no more.

APRIL.

A beauteous maid
Who dwells amid fair amaranthine bowers
Descends, arrayed
In rainbow vestments, to this world of ours.

Earth still is dank
With the dissolving of the winter's snows ;
No mossy bank
Can she descry on which she may repose.

She weeps to find
No flowers yet bloom, beside the flowing rills.
Her tears are kind,
For soon along the vales and on the hills

The flow'rets spring
Awakened by her sorrow thus outpoured,
And quickly fling
A garland at her feet with beauty stored.

She smiles to see
The budding treasures, and her sunny looks
She finds to be
Most potent, for although in sheltered nooks

They most abound,
The op'ning flowers, responsive, lift their heads
And cluster round
The gentle maid, where'er her light foot treads.

With loving hand
She wakes the woodlands, as she trips along ;
And soon the land
Is filled with sweetest fragrance and with song.

Then as a fay
Must leave when daybreak tints the eastern sky,
The approach of May
Compels her to depart, but with a sigh.

FRIENDSHIPS.

Friendships, like streams, are seldom free from change,
For in their course thro' varied scenes they range,
As streams that now are gliding gently on
Thro' fairest, richest landscapes, and anon,
As in the mountain fastness of the Gael,
No longer slow mean'dring thro' the vale,
Leaping and dashing, spurning in their pride
The grim rocks' aid, as from the mountain side,
With one great bound, their floods impetuous flow—
Springs on the air, to dash in foam below.
Some 'mongst the hill-tops of our youth arise,
When life's fair morn illumes cerulean skies,
Then hopes are bright and hearts are free from care,
For gladsome youth finds sunshine everywhere—
Its shouts of merriment, its sportive glee,
From life's corroding cares proclaim it free ;
But not for along are life's fair heavens aglow—
The hand-sized cloud appears, the wind sighs low,
The sunshine wanes, the sky is quick o'ercast,
And fierce and strong sweeps down the raging blast.
The tiny cloud—a thoughtless word or slight ;
The sighing wind—the wounded spirit's fight ;
The fading glow—the oft averted head ;
The darkened sky—the mind with spleen o'erspread ;
The ruthless storm—the rush of anger's tide,
That carries hate and malice far and wide.
Some join the current of our lives when we,
Like river winding thro' a flower decked lea,
Speed calmly on adown the vale of time—
Our lives, harmonious as a silver chime
Of tinkling bells, borne faintly on the breeze
That fans the flowers and whispers to the trees.
Few that together leave the green hillside
Of youthful days united long abide,
For as adown the hill of life they run,
Bright as the waters sparkling 'neath the sun,
Estrangements rise, as rocks that streams divide,
And then dissevered, far apart they glide.
But tho' there are but few that constant prove
From early youth, still, as we onward move,
The friendships formed in our maturer years
Are broken oft, and what most real appears
Oft, like a dream that fills the mind by day,
Fleets like the clouds or fades like mist away ;
Or, as the rills born of a thunder-shower,
Rises and falls within a passing hour.

Then let us prize those who in times of need
Have shown that friendship's ties are bonds indeed—
Bonds formed not for convenience alone
(Such fast'nings circle only hearts of stone),

But gordian knots, entwined in Heaven above,
Sealed with the signet of the God of Love.

JAMES AIRTH

JS an Arbroath poet, and was born in 1804. His father died when he was in his sixth year, leaving a widow and two sons, of whom the subject of our sketch was the elder. Thus early in life the battle with adversity began, which in after years had frequently to be fought. When quite young he showed more than average intelligence, and his teacher recommended that he should be educated for the Church, but while zealously directing his studies, he died before the pupil had completed his elementary education, and nothing came of the proposal. Our poet was apprenticed to a baker, and after serving his apprenticeship in Arbroath, he worked for a short time as a journeyman in Aberdeen. When quite a young man he commenced business on his own account—first in Inverkeillor, and afterwards in Arbroath. While in the latter place he got into difficulties, and lost whatever means he had managed to acquire. Again he tried business on a small scale at Inverkeillor, where he remained for nine years, and where, as on the occasion of his first attempt, he succeeded in making a little money. About this time a relative died, leaving James some property, with the proceeds of which, and his own savings, he made up his mind to try farming. With this view he offered for different farms, but unsuccessfully. The Arbroath and Forfar Railway having then opened, he applied for and obtained a situation in that Company's service as stationmaster. He was

appointed to Auldbar, and the Directors having erected an inn at that station, induced him to become innkeeper also. To this he gave a very reluctant consent. Having no knowledge of, nor taste for the business, the speculation was an unfortunate one, for within two years he lost his little capital. On giving up the inn, he had to resign his situation as stationmaster, and, with his wife and a large family, he was again in difficulties. He recommenced the baking business—this time in Friockheim, and for two years he did well, but the owners of the property, who were also bakers, summarily resumed possession of the premises, of which Mr Airth had no lease, and this fresh misfortune was to him a great blow. Applying to the Railway Company for employment, he was appointed agent at Glasterlaw, then a junction station, where he remained for nearly two years. But here again his ill-luck followed him, for, it having been decided to make Guthrie the junction instead of Glasterlaw, the latter station was discontinued; and no opening being found for Mr Airth in lieu of this, he was again left out in the cold.

He resumed the baking trade in Friockheim, but this time not so successfully as on former occasions, and after a struggle with ill-health and insufficient capital, his difficulties and disappointments got the better of him, and the business was finally given up. His next venture was toll-keeping, first at Forebank, near Brechin, and afterwards at Greystone, near Dundee. While at the latter place, he fell heir to a small legacy; and having more than once thought of trying his fortune abroad, this piece of good luck enabled him to carry out his wish. So, in 1854, he, with his family, left Dundee for New Brunswick. On his arrival, he made arrangements with the Government for a farm of six hundred acres in Annandale Settlement, where, with the assistance of

his eldest son, a promising young man, then in his twenty-sixth year, and who had been bred to the millwright business, a clearance was made, and a dwelling-house erected. When these preliminaries had been effected, the son referred to went to Fredricktown and engaged in business as an engineer, in order, if possible, to add to the family capital, and so acquire a larger acreage for cultivation.

Meantime our poet, with the aid of the other members of the family, toiled day and night in order to make the new speculation a success. Such laborious work, to which he was unaccustomed, acting on an already enfeebled constitution, led him to ask his eldest son to rejoin him in order to carry on the farming operations. But fresh misfortune awaited him, for this son, to whose assistance he had looked forward so eagerly, was seized with diptheria, and died after an illness of only two days. This was a terrible blow to the father, and for a time he was quite prostrate with grief, bordering on despair.

Being quite unequal to the work of farming his land without the aid of the son referred to, he placed it in other hands, and took a situation as clerk in a store in Fredricktown, where he stayed but a short time, removing afterwards to St John, where he remained for four years struggling with ill-health. Finding that he would never again be able to do anything in the way of farming, he disposed of his lot, and acting on medical advice, he returned to Scotland, arriving in Dundee in the summer of 1859.

Shattered in health, and without the prospect of retrieving his former position, he did not again attempt to get into business, but contented himself with doing any odd jobs for which his enfeebled constitution enabled him. He died in Dundee, in 1870.

If the life of Airth cannot be called eventful in the sensational sense of the term, it was one which exhibited a continued struggle with misfortune, not brought about by any misconduct on his part, for he led a most exemplary life, and he is remembered and lovingly spoken of by friends. He was of an exceedingly sensitive temperament, and any reverses he met with affected him very acutely. His troubles give us a key to the bitterness and despondency which permeate much that he has written. He commenced to write verses at a very early age, but these being merely for the gratification of his own tastes, or for the entertainment of his friends, he made no attempt to preserve what he wrote. It was only in deference to the urgent request of his friends that, in 1848, he consented to publish several of his pieces in a volume entitled "Maud's Dream, and Various Minor Poems."

"Maud's Dream" is a deeply interesting legend of the olden time. The story is entirely imaginative, having no foundation in historical or traditional fact. The plot is admirably managed, and the *denouement* well conceived. It shows that the author not only possessed original talent, but had read with appreciation the productions of our best poets. The period during which the events recorded are presumed to have occurred is placed shortly after Edgar acquired his disputed right to the Crown of Scotland as legal successor to his father, the celebrated Malcolm Canmore. The first scene is laid in Montreathmont Muir, in Forfarshire, where Glendochart, an exile chief, has his abode, and where Maud, his wife, has an extraordinary dream. the recital of which, and what follows thereon, forms the groundwork of the piece. His manuscript volumes also contain other poems of considerable length, and are well worth preserving. The quotations we give

are not from his published works, but are entirely taken from his manuscript volumes.

Mr Airth wrote very little in the Scottish dialect, but the following verses, which we extract from a long poem, will show that, had he cultivated this style, his productions would have been an acceptable contribution to our Scottish Muse. In the poem from which we quote, an old man is supposed to be addressing the poet, and is comparing present times with

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

See'st thou yon brae o' bracken broun,
Just whare the evenin' sun's gane doon
Ayont the howe, there stands a ruin
Whar you may see,
Atween ye an' the sky, the croon
O' spreadin' tree.

There stan's a ruefu' sicht I ween,
Four roofless wa's, whare first my een
I opened on this earthly scene;
It wakes my tears
To think that there my hame has been
For seventy years.

An' to be driven, as shepherd ca's
His bleatin' flock, frae the auld wa's,
When life's gray gloamin' round me fa's
Wi' deep'nin' shade,
An' want's cauld north wind nippin' blaws
Aroond my head,

Say is it no eneuch to sink
The man that's totterin' on the brink
O' the dark grave, and brak' the link
That weds the mind
To mortal clay, how sad to think
This noo I find.

But view the country round about
Whare waves the corn, whare graze the nowt,
An' mony a trace you will find out
Whare dwalt of yore
The banish'd race, whase helpless lot
I noo deplore.

Amid the fallows trigly till'd,
Or 'mang the corn in some broad field,
Or where the owsen seek a bield
'Neath the lone tree—
Historian sad—there stands reveal'd
Antiquity.

The lonely spreading boughs denote
Where stood the hamlet or the cot,
Where calm contentment dwalt, I wot,
In lang past days,
O' whilk mankind noo tak nae note,
Save to despise.

'Tis nae uncommon thing to hear
O' twa-three walthy farmers share
A parish hale, an' nane to spare
To a puir cottar
To girse a coo, a family care
For milk an' butter.

. . . . . .

O' meal and maut we had nae lack,
An' greys an' wincies for oor back
Withoot machinery we did mak',
And aye contentit,
Tho' in oor purse whiles ne'er a plack,
An' gey hard stentet.

Folk then had peace to live, and leisure
To sweeten life wi' harmless pleasure ;
And if they had nae muckle treasure
They didna heed it,
Their rigs supplied sufficient measure
O' a' they needit.

I've seen when twa freen's met thegither
In fine and sunny summer weather,
On some grey stane amang the heather,
Or ower a stile,
Hand the snuff-mull to ane anither
Three lang hours hale.

An' fairs an' trysts they aye frequanted,
Tho' naething they particular wanted ;
At ilka bridal blythe they ranted,
An' lap an' flang,
And ower the nappy ale descanted
Wi' tale and sang.

O, but the happy days of yore,
Their muckle loss I maun deplore,
Sic times again will come no more
To glad the land,
The gowd noo grasped, a needfu' store,
Bears hale command.

What happy meetin's I hae seen,
What sports at gloamin' on the green,
What New Year joys, what Hallowe'en,
At mill and smiddy,
What fun, what cheer, wi' Kirkton Jean,
Ower ale and toddy.

What fiddlin' whan the corn cam' in,
What rants whan lasses met to spin,
At bridals blythe what liltin' din
That noo nae mair
Gies the sad heart a lift within
'Bune dowie care.

Folk lived and de'd, where they were bred,
Their native acres then them fed,
Wi' their ain 'oo' they still were cled,
And as they wanted
The tree in age that gave them shade
In youth they'd planted.

They saw their weans grow up around them,
An' near themselves a mailen found them,
Even where their ain hill summits bound them
They saw arise
Their bairns' bairns, as still they own'd them
Wi' tender ties.

Then sure as on the mountain grew
The stately oak or tow'ring yew,
On native soil they only knew
Life's passing day,
And at its solemn eve withdrew
To kindred clay.

. . . . . .

A DROP OF DEW.

How bright in the sunbeam little drop of dew,
Still twinkling, twinkling, ever fair to view;
From whence comest thou—and how hither borne;
Say owest thou thy birth,
To the teeming womb of earth,
Or camest thou unseen on the wings of the morn?

How short is thy stay, thou little drop of dew,
While I gaze thou art gone, alas, from my view ;
As thou camest thou hast gone—but who thy course unfold,
O ! say didst thou fly,
On a sunbeam to the sky,
Some evening cloud to deck with heavenly gold.

Or nobler still, in that galaxy bright,
Soon to shine in all the fair charms of light,
When Iris in glory bends his heavenly bow,
On the far stretching shroud
Of some dark showery cloud,
While mankind are gazing with wonder below.

So ponder frail man, O ! learn to be wise,
Nor mean things deem worthless, nor things small despise,
In a little drop of dew on the flower of the sod,
Even as in the rays
Of yon source of circling days
Appears th' hand of an omnipresent God.

Still let thee my soul fair virtue pursue,
Still taintless and pure like the bright drop of dew,
Then like its first course on a sunbeam on high,
Thou wilt wing thy way
From this house of clay
To regions immortal of bliss in the sky.

ADDRESS TO THE MUSE.

Say what shall be the strain celestial power,
In scene so calm in this most hallow'd hour,
When solemn evening reigns—when twilight grey,
With sombre wing broods o'er declining day :
For now again my soul transported burns—
Thy heavenly charm resistless still returns.
Methinks I hear thy tuneful voice reply,
More soft than when beneath the vernal sky,
Zephyrus fawns Flavonious' virgin charms,
And lengthening day great nature's bosom warms.

O son beloved, thou who in youth and age,
With varied song hast 'lum'd the letter'd page,
Must know that when I wake the tuneful string,
And teach frail man the heavenly art to sing,
All things alike with native charms appear,
Though not all charming to the partial ear,
By me inspired, or high or low the theme,
The claim is equal still, though not the fame.

Then let me sing of thee, as oft forlorn,
I trode unknown, in flattering youth's fair morn,
With trembling hand, and fervent virgin fire,
To wake the music of the sacred lyre :

And though not ardent less when evening grey,
With dark'ning shade broods o'er declining day,
The flight of years by long experience taught
Comes to my aid mature with wisdom fraught,
But though less fervent were the tuneful sound,
It must more nobly swell, if more profound.—

Begone ye mortal cares—ye hopes, ye fears,
So long the source of bitter sighs and tears,
Or at the best but flattering airy forms,
Or calms, prophetic of approaching storms.
Come to my soul like sunshine after rain,
That wakes the music of the vernal plain:
Come to my soul with thy celestial lay,
And chant the strains of immortality—
With transport fired, delectable to hear—
Such as blest spirits sing in happier sphere,
Where vice and woe, and avarice are unknown,
Where thou dost reign immortal and alone.

O! early doom'd the ills of life to know,—
Sad sorrow's sigh, the bitter tear of woe:
To lonely sylvan haunts I often stole,
To breathe unknown the sorrows of my soul—
To mourn that no kind hand vouchsaf'd to aid,
That while cold pity mock'd, frail friendship fled.
Thou, only thou, O Muse, relieved my care,
Thou, only thou, repell'd forlorn despair.
Before me now that distant day appears,
Through the long vista of departed years;
When sick of life, in melancholy mood,
I sought relief from woe in solitude.
When, like some outcast driven by fate to roam,
Through hostile scenes remote without a home,
Where all seem'd wrapt in threat'ning gloom and woe,
And every passing form a secret foe:
When without aim, as by some spirit led,
From haunts of men to solitude I fled.

Between two jutting heads there bending lay,
Bright in the solar beam, a pleasant bay,
To which with gentle slope the land is seen,
Descending gay with flowers and verdure green,
To where appears the bounds of sea and land
And playful waves that murmur on the strand—
'Twas there thou found'st me on the soft green sward—
'Twas there thou first inspir'd the youthful bard.
Struck with the splendour of the earth and seas,
And wavelets' sound and the soft sighing breeze,
And the refulgent lamp of day on high—
With clouds slow wandering o'er the spacious sky,
And the sweet solemn calm whose sacred reign
Prevailed o'er earth and heaven and wavey main,

My soul was mov'd as touch'd by power divine—
My tongue must falter praise in tuneful line,
Unmeasured strains, unheard with fervent mind,
I breath'd devoutly on the ocean wind.

. . . . . .

Since thou, O Muse, pre-doom'd to wander long,
O'er earth and sea, the charms of sacred song
Have ever been my stay—the antidote benign,
To thousand sorrows, while thy power divine
Hast swell'd the tide of joy, when prosperous gales
Piped in mine ear, and fill'd my spreading sails.
Where'er my wandering feet have trod in quest
Of fancied good, in some sweet place of rest,
Whether in sorrow's day, or joy's brief hour,
Thy aid was near—I felt thy sovereign power—
Still faithful thou to aid—still ever near
To share my joy—my sorrowing soul to cheer.
Unlike those friends of earth that frequent wait,
With sedulous care on wealth and high estate,
But when the storms of adverse fate arise,
Far from the withering blast delusive flies;
Thou'rt ever near when fortune's sun shines bright,
Yet still more near in sorrow's sable night,
To tune thy heavenly lyre, with triumph strain,
Or with some soothing song to banish pain.

. . . . . .

If sad I dwell amidst the city's throng,
And mourn o'er happier scenes departed long;
I hear thy voice in all the winds that blow,—
In murmuring seas, and streams that warbling flow,
In woodland songs, in nature's varied strains,
That loud resound afar, or soft complains.
If musing lone I wander ocean's shores,
When calm prevails, or when the tempest roars,
Or where the giant mountain lifts its head,
Or where the pleasant vales their beauty spread;
Whether beneath the sultry noon-tide ray,
Or when morn reigns, or solemn evening grey,
Or when the moon and starry host appear,
And night invests the ceaseless circling sphere;
From all the countless scenes that meet mine eye,
On earth or sea, or in the distant sky,
Thy heavenly influence comes my soul to fire,
To wake the varied music of the lyre.

CHARLES NICOL

WAS born at Pollockshaws, in the county of Renfrew, in 1858. Like many of our poets he had the misfortune to lose his father when he was a child, and after receiving a very limited education, he, at the tender age of ten, was sent to work in a weaving factory, for two shillings and sixpence a-week. In the evenings he attended a school for working lads, and otherwise endeavoured to improve his mind. When thirteen years of age he removed to Glasgow, and afterwards went to Thornliebank, where he was employed in the engraving department of the Messrs Crum's work. It was there, and while only eighteen years of age, that he first began to attempt verse-making, and was successful in getting several of his effusions printed in the local press. Mr Nicol is a thoughtful prose-writer, and was for a number of years correspondent for one or more newspapers. Some years ago he became district agent in Glasgow to the "Refuge Assurance Company, (Limited)," which company transferred him to Edinburgh, and latterly to Glasgow, where he now acts in the capacity of an inspector.

Mr Nicol is a frequent contributor to newspapers, and his poetry is such as indicates the possession of qualities entitling him to rank among the sweet singers of Scotland. His poems are generally descriptive, and his songs are of a cheerful and homely nature, written evidently when the day's work is done, and the house quiet, as so many of our noble working-men poets do. They make excursions into that land so ideal, yet so intensely real, which at times seems so far off, yet is ever close at hand, where wonder and scenes of unearthly beauty reveal themselves to those who have an ear to hear and an eye to see.

THE PLEASURES O' HAME.

A short hameart lay to the wife that I hae,
A kind-hearted thrifty wee dame,
Wha sings nicht an' day like the warblers in May,
A moment's attention may claim.

When worn oot at nicht, what can gie sic delicht
As to see at the clean hearthstane sittin',
Sympathetic an' true, the wifie ye lo'e,
While the wean busy plays wi' the kitten?

I've a wee toddlin' wean, wha can lisp geyan plain
Pleasant words, such as mammy an' da';
The wee prattlin' feet, losh! to see is a treat;
She's the pawkiest wean ye e'er saw.

Oh, happy's the hame whaur fond hearts beat the same,
An' waitna wi' fear for the morrow;
Whaur sunbeams o' joy ever shine to destroy
An' the progress retard o' fell sorrow.

By nicht an' by day I maist fervently pray,
May the sun o' prosperity shine
On the wean an' the wife—dearest treasures o' life—
An' the love which I bear never tyne.

DOON BY A WEE BIT WIMPLIN' BURN.

Doon by a wee bit wimplin' burn
I met my lassie fair yestreen,
A lassie wha's baith young an' braw,
A lassie wi' twa bonnie een.
Sweet birdies sang their tuneful lays
Aboon oor heids, sae bonnie o',
Whilk made oor hearts feel licht ance mair
An' happy aye as ony o'.

Twa 'oors fu' swiftly passed awa',
An' aye we sat beside the burn;
Oor thochts were a' o' love sae dear,
Frae that sweet theme we couldna turn.
For love, ye ken, is ever sweet
When heard frae yer ain lover o',
An' sae it was wi' us yestreen
As we sat under cover o'.

Oh, happy, happy did I feel,
'Lang wi' my queen, my love, my a',
An' ere we pairted mony vows
Were made and passed atween us twa.

For aye to be fu' leal an' true
Towards ilk ither ever o';
Nae maitter what should ere befa',
Till grim death should us sever o'.

WEE WILLIE WALLACKY.

Whaur hae ye been a' the day,
Wee Willie Wallacky,
Causin' mammy grief an' wae,
Eh, Willie Wallacky?
Mony a time afore the nicht
You've been tell'd to keep in sicht;
But naething will gie you a fricht,
Roguish Willie Wallacky.

You've been wi' ither bairns, ye say,
Wee Willie Wallacky,
At the sandy holes at play,
Wee Willie Wallacky.
Noo dinna stan' an' tell a lee,
For plainly in yer face I see
Ye want to try and' blindfold me,
Roguish Willie Wallacky.

Just try an' be a man for ance,
Wee Willie Wallacky,
An' tell the truth withoot a wince,
Noo Willie Wallacky.
For truth, my man, aye stands the test;
It is the safest coorse an' best;
Noo dinna lauch an' think I jest,
Roguish Willie Wallacky.

GEORGE COOPER

WAS born in Arbroath, in 1829. To the trade of painter, which he learned in early life, he added that of flaxdresser, and this he followed when the painting trade was dull. He left Arbroath when quite a young man, and removing to England, worked for some time at his trade, and afterwards enlisted in the 83rd Regiment

of Foot, serving under the colours of that regiment during the Indian Mutiny. His Indian residence, and the sufferings attendant on his career as a soldier during a harassing time of war, told severely on his health, and after serving eight or nine years with his regiment he returned to his native town invalided in 1862, and died in 1876. His pen was prolific, though little of his work has seen the light, writing as he did more for the gratification of his own tastes than for the sake of public approval. He left behind him a considerable number of poems in manuscript, several of the pieces containing between three and four hundred lines. Many of his verses are exceedingly humorous. Mr Cooper also wrote a number of tales, which were submitted to the late George Gilfillan, who pronounced them well worthy of publication. But the financial risks attendant on publishing deterred his relatives from venturing on such a speculation.

DRY UP THY TEARFU' E'E.

Dry up thy tearfu' e'e, sweet lass!
Dry up thy tearfu' e'e;
Trust better fortune be our lot,—
Let's live to hope and see.
We've had our troubles—that I grant,
And crosses sad and sair,
And aften fought wi' niggard want,—
But so hae mony mair,
Sweet lass!

You've aye been kind to me, sweet lass!
You've aye been kind to me,—
Oh! cold and cruel were my heart
To cause a grief in thee.
Life's heaven keeps a brighter blue,
Our stormy sky will clear;
We've had our ups and downs, 'tis true,
But so hae mony mair,
Sweet lass!

Then dry thy watery e'e, sweet lass!
Then dry thy watery e'e;
We shouldna weep to blind our sight
When scarce our path we see.

The stout heart climbs the steepest brae,
Though fed on sober fare ;
We'll meet misfortune's sternest fae,—
As well as mony mair,
Sweet lass !

THE BOWL O' BLUID.

Within a neighbouring borough town
There lived a man named Sandy Brown ;
A humble weaver to his trade,
For at the loom he earned his bread.
Nae great amount o' brains he'd got—
Guid mither-wit embraced the lot,
For he could joke and speak sae funny
That few e'er thocht his mind was puny.
His faithfu' rib, his dear wife Janet,
Could conquer him at ony minute—
The bouncin', spinnin' wee teetotum
Knew a' his ways frae tap to bottom.
Her kind heart kept him to her tether,
And lang they loved and lived thegither ;
Nae brats o' bairnies were her care,
To smash and brak her crockery ware.

Behind their house, in big kail yard,
She onions, leeks, an' taties rear'd,
And turnips, carrots, potherbs plenty—
A' fit to make the kail-pot dainty.
But, pride o' a' her wark, in fine
Her heart and soul lay in her swine,
For gallant brutes and fat she made them,
Weel and attentively she fed them.
The price o' ane aye paid her rent—
Behind wi' that she ne'er was kent ;
While ane ilk sax months she did reckon,
Was fit to keep the house in bacon,
And always on the day o' killin'
She gae to Sandy ae white shillin'
To clean the stye, and mind his work,
An' drink success to pigs an' pork.

It happen'd ance upon a time—
I'll no say when, for dates don't rhyme,
Nor look in arithmetic numbers,
For they seem stiff—stiffness encumbers
The line that fain would be poetic
When jamin'd wi' figures arithmetic.
It was about the New Year time,
When silly folks their bottles prime,
That Janet had a pig to kill
For home consumpt, their wames to fill.

The job was done without ought failing,
And simple Sandy got his shilling,
While Janet, thro' her maws forebodings,
Had kep't some bluid to mak' black puddings,
For, as she said, they would be handy
To make a dish for her and Sandy.
So then, to wait her time and tide,
The bowl o' bluid was set aside
Within a cupboard sly and crafty—
Deed a' housewives should aye be thrifty.

The day flew by, and nicht glowered doon ;
Thro' the wild clouds, the wintry moon
Wi' cauld pale face and placid brow
Look'd on the frozen world below,
When Sandy, staggerin' thro' the street,
Did nae a livin' creature meet,
For a' weel-doers had gane to bed,
Where flitting dreams span thro' the head.
On, on he wrastled, sadly fu'—
Ay, just as drunk as Davie's sou—
Whiles takin' a' the street to haud 'im,
And stoitering as the spirit bad 'im,
Until his weary shanks got hame
To his ain thrifty trusty dame,
Wha, like a little bobtail cur,
Misca'd him weel wi' mony a slur,
For a' the worthless ne'er-do-weels,
And senseless fools that dance their reels,
Till madness gies their mind the staggers,
And drink has brought them down to beggars.
But ne'er a word poor Sandy said,
Poo'd aff his claes an' went to bed,
While Janet crept behind his back
Tired o' her ain unruly crack,
And bored her face close to the wa',
And would hae nought wi' him ava ;
But soon sweet sleep o'ercam' the pair,
And man and wife were lost to care.

But lang ere morning's dim grey e'e
Began to open up to see,
An' peep thro' ilka frost-flower'd lozen,
How weary souls within were dozin',
When Sandy waken'd frae his sleep,
And frae the bed began to creep,
A' fain to get a drink o' water
To quench the het fumes o' his batter.
Wi' tongue and throat as dry's a whistle,
He 'mang the chairs and stools did jostle,
And pawin', gropin' in the dark,
Wi' naething on him but his sark,

Until he to the cupboard got
For something that would cool his throat,
And as he cauld and shiverin' stood,
His hand cam' o'er the bowl o' bluid.
His heart near loupet in his mouth
Wi' joy, that he micht slock his drouth.
"Hallo!" he said, the cunning rogue,
"I'll do for Janet's sour milk cog;
How nice and cool, and firm as liver,
Odd's faith, the better there was never."

The bowl o' bluid he drank, o' whilk
He thought contained the best sour milk,
And lick'd his lips into the bargain
(Bah! what cared he for Janet's jargon),
Then groping, stagger'd back to bed,
And pillowed there his aching head;
But scarce had he got het in hammock,
When a sick qualm swam round his stamach,
That rent, and rose, and heaved, till pitching,
Burst forth with a tremendous retching.
He groan'd, and threw, and cried on Janet,
Wha to his side sprang in a minute,
Crying, "Sandy, Sandy, what's the matter?
Oh, are ye ill, or deein', my creature?"
"Wow, get a licht," he solemnly murmured,
"For oh, I feel my days are numbered;
In wickedness my soul I've perill'd,
Noo beast-like I maun leave the world."

Wee Janet rose wi' tongue o' scandal,
And struck a match to light the candle,
But seeing him vomit gorts o' gore,
She screamed and sank upon the floor,
Crying, "Sandy (oh, forgie him heaven),
I hope thy follies are forgiven;
Forgie me if I hae misca'd ye—
'Tis for your weel when I upbraid ye.
I've tauld ye oft it couldna miss,
That, soon or late, 'twad come to this—
God's will be done, if sae we're parted,
But oh, you leave me broken-hearted."

Auld Sandy groan'd wi' silent mood,
And thought he spew'd his ain heart's bluid;
Boo, boo, he heaved and sweat and trembled,
Wi' gnawing pain his belly grumbled,
While Janet for the doctor ran,
And brought the wise and skilly man,
Who felt the pulse o' the auld weaver,
And found him in a burning fever.
He viewed the blood that he'd thrown up,
And that which still came flowing up,

Asked him some questions, which were answered,
And said he thought his stomach cancered.
"You've eat, friend, if I'm not mistaken,
Some musty cheese or rusty bacon,
Or something that's deranged your stomach."
"No, no, sir, I had but a dramock,
It's no an hour since I awoke—
Wi' drouth sir I was like to choke,
I rose, and to the cupboard got
For something just to cool my throat,
And there a bowl o' rare sour milk
I drank up like a sooking elk;
I felt refreshed and fine in part
Till this sick qualm came o'er my heart."
"Sour milk! sour milk! your surely daft,
Faith but ye drive mair warp than waft,
Deed Sandy I had nae milk there,"
Cried Janet, who at him did stare,
"I'll wager you, by a' that's guid
That you've drunk up my bowl o' bluid
That I set by to mak' black puddin's,
For weel I wat I can make guid anes."
She wheel'd about, and by the light
The empty bowl stood in her sight.
"Wow, wow," she said, "I never had
A weel laid scheme within my head
But that it aye did end in smoke,
But this is far aboon a joke.
Oh Sandy, oh you silly billy,
The mischief tak' your drouthy belly,
Nae wonder that my heart it maddens.
You've done me oot o' my black puddings."

The doctor smiled upon the twa,
Then took his hat to gae awa'
An' hear nae mair o' Sandy's faults
But bade him tak' a dose o' salts,
Then left, while Janet's tongue did rattle,
And pour'd the brunt o' wordy battle
On Sandy's head wi' caustic wit,
I've nae doubt but she's stormin' yet.

THOMAS THOMSON,

A FACILE prose writer, and an enthusiastic admirer of lyrical poetry, was born in the southern district of Edinburgh, in 1848, almost under the shadow of Salisbury Crags. His paternal grandfather was a tailor by trade, and had seen service as an artilleryman during the Peninsular war. His father, who followed the same calling, was also, for the long period of 24 years, a soldier in the 92nd Regiment (Gordon Highlanders), and at the time of the poet's birth, was a local pensioner in Edinburgh.

During his boyhood, Mr Thomson was distinguished by an intense love of reading, and it is told of an old woman who dealt in smallwares in his neighbourhood, that she would divide the small story-books, which constituted part of her stock-in-trade, in parts, when his funds were not equal to the purchase of the whole, secure in the knowledge that his "first bawbee" would be applied to the acquirement of the other half. When scarcely nine years of age he went to work in a printing office, where, as message boy, machine boy, and compositor, he remained for 11 years; during which time he endeavoured, by attendance at the evening schools of the British League, the School of Arts, &c., to remedy his defective education.

In 1869 he went to Glasgow, remaining there about a year, and having acquired a knowledge of shorthand during his apprenticeship, he was employed as a reporter on several local papers. He returned to Edinburgh in 1871, only to leave again for the western capital in the following year. He is at present a "printer's reader" in his native town.

Mr Thomson's poetical attempts date from early life. His first venture to the newspapers was in

the childhood vein — a song now very popular, entitled "Ta ta Bairnie"—and he has since contributed, under a variety of *noms-de-plume*, numerous pieces to the columns of various newspapers and journals. Modest and unassuming, our poet lays no claim to the title of poet. Nevertheless, he not only can blow the Doric reed, but is also an excellent and thoughtful prose writer. In the temperance question he takes a deep and active interest, and has written many pieces in its advocacy, in which he wields a scathing pen. He has won laurels as a lecturer on literary subjects. One of his lectures, "A Nicht wi' Alexander Logan, Scottish Poet," might be referred to here, not merely because of its beauty of language, and critical knowledge, but also on account of the estimable and talented subject. Mr Logan is author of many delightful domestic pictures, and noble national odes. He was noticed in the first volume of this work, and has assuredly earned the distinguished appellation of "Laureate of the Household."

Mr Thomson's poetry is the outcome of a heart overflowing with sincerity, displaying an earnest and deep-rooted sympathy for suffering humanity. It is deeply imbued with all that is good and true, and everywhere shows a loving and beautiful spirit.

BLESS THE WEANS.

When hame at nicht, a wearied wicht,
Frae tiresome toil I gladly flee,
Oh! what delicht the cheery sicht
O' smilin' wife an' barnies gi'e.
Oh! bless the weans, the bonnie weans,
That fill oor hames wi' dinsome glee;
Their prattlin' noise wi' game or toys
Gars ilka care an' sadness flee.

A clean hearthstane, a chubby wean,
To climb upon its daddie's knee;
An' kin'ly dame, the queen o' hame,
Hae joys that wealth can never gi'e.
Oh! bless, &c.

They nerve ilk he'rt to dae its pairt,
An' in Life's battle mak' a stand ;
For weans an' wife we choose the strife,
An' gi'e e'en life, should cause demand.
Oh ! bless, &c.

Oh ! wha wad choose to drink an' boose,
An' waste life in a drucken spree,
While sad at hame, in rags an' shame,
The starvin' wife an' weans may be.
Oh ! bless, &c.

Ye wha lo'e drink, I redd ye, think,
Ere shame or want ye come to see,
And in yer hames wi' wife an' weans
Seek purer joys alang wi' me.
Oh ! bless, &c.

TRYSTE WI' ME.

O tryste wi' me, my bonnie Jean,
Ayont the mill, on summer een,
Whaur we can crack an' no be seen
By ilka curious e'e ;
Then by the banks o' Esk we'll stray,
Or sit upon some shady brae,
An' to ilk ither say oor say,
Whaur nane can hear or see.
Then tryste wi' me, my bonnie Jean,
Tryste wi' me, my ain Jean,
Ayont the mill on summer e'en,
An' rove by Esk wi' me.

I'll tak' ye whaur the wildings spring,
An' on the air their odours fling,
An' ye shall hear the linties sing
What fain I'd tell to thee.
I've whispered it to ilk wee flo'er,
An' Esk has heard it owre an' owre ;
The very trees, had they the pow'r,
Wad tell thou'rt dear to me.

MY LOVE SHE'S BONNIE.

Oh ! my love she's bonnie,
Bonnie, bonnie, bonnie ;
Oh ! my love she's bonnie,
An' oh ! she's dear to me !
Her glancin' een, her snaw-white broo,
Her genty form, her sweet wee moo' ;
The like was never seen, I trow,
An' fairer canna be.

Oh ! my love she's winsome,
Winsome, winsome, winsome ;
Oh ! my love she's winsome,
An' oh ! she's dear to me.
Her voice like music low an' sweet,
Her e'e at Pity's tale is weet,
Her heart's a fire that love does beat,
She's modest an' she's free.

Oh ! my love she's pawky,
Pawky, pawky, pawky ;
Oh ! my love she's pawky,
An' oh ! she's dear to me.
Whene'er I see her 'mang the lave,
I scarce can thole to weel behave,
My heart gangs dirlin' like a stave,
Her sly bit airts to see.

Leeze me on my dawty,
My dawty, my dawty ;
Leeze me on my dawty,
For oh ! she's dear to me.
Sma' care ha'e I for war'ly gear,
For empty fame I winna steer ;
But Love will mak' o' hamely cheer
A Paradise to me.

WHISKY.

Thou fell destroyin', arch deceiver,
O mankind's happiness the reiver,
Wad I could reach thee wi' a cleaver,
I'd stap thy breath ;
Fu' sune thy ragin', madd'nin' fever
Wad end in death !

When erst Earth fell aneath the ban,
An' Satan got the upper han',
The foulest thief in a' his clan
Was this same Whisky ;
Nae ither fiend at his comman'
Could play sic plisky.

He comes to us in freen'ly guise,
Well coated owre wi' sugared lies ;
But haud ye aff, gin ye be wise,
Nae Willie Wispie
Mair fell intent could e'er disguise
Than *freen'ly* Whisky.

The widow's groan, the orphan's tear ;
Youth laid on a dishonoured bier ;—
Oh ! Whisky, it wad sink you, sheer,
To deepest Hell,
If half your black indictment here
I could but tell !

Pray God that sune the time may come
When—thy unhallowed course full run—
There shall frae thy fell toils be won
A ransomed race,
Wha winna thole aneath the sun
O' thee a trace !

MRS CRICHTON.

MARY DUNCAN SCOTT, daughter of David Scott, yr. of Newton, grand-daughter of the Rev. Mr Gleig, for the long period of forty-seven years parish minister of Arbroath, was married to Dr Crichton, of Woodside, who died a few years ago. Some time after the death of her husband, she disposed of West Grange and Woodside, and went to England, where she at present resides. Mrs Crichton inherits much of the character and talent of her maternal grandmother, Mary Duncan Gleig, the only sister of the Right Hon. Jonathan Duncan, long Governor of Bombay, who, after abolishing infanticide and other barbarous customs in the Presidency of India so long under his sway, died there in 1811. A monument was erected to his memory in Bombay, the inscription on which, paying a due tribute to his private worth and distinguished public services, was penned by Sir James Macintosh.

Miss Scott—for as a literary lady she was best known under her maiden name—has written much

that shows her to be possessed of fine taste, high culture, and a keen appreciation of the sweet and true. The bulk of her poems appeared between the years of 1850-60 in various magazines, and were well received. She also wrote some excellent songs, two at least of these having been penned when our country was engaged in war on a foreign shore. One of these, addressed to our soldiers during the Crimean War, obtained great popularity throughout the kingdom. The song, however, which brought her most fame was "The Fall of Sebastopol." Those of our readers who are old enough to remember the intense interest which centred in the great struggle in which our sons and brothers were engaged on the shores of the Crimea will not fail to call to mind the great enthusiasm with which the news of the fall of the stronghold of the Czar was received in this country. Within a few days after the event, Miss Scott's song appeared in the columns of the *Arbroath Guide*. It was set to music by Mr J. F. Leesan, a musical composer of considerable repute. Its reception everywhere was very cordial, and it was sung and received most enthusiastically among the English soldiers in the Crimea.

THE WORLD IS VERY BEAUTIFUL.

The world is very beautiful
In spring time's sunny hours,
What can be sweeter than to note
The opening of the flowers.
How timidly they come at first,
As if withheld by fear,
From giving all their beauty forth
So early in the year.

The world is very beautiful,
O beautiful in truth,
When summer comes with matron grace.
Yet with the bloom of youth;
O what a full fruition of
The promises of spring,
O what a wealth of floral gems
Does the bright summer bring.

Oh yes, the world is beautiful—
Some call the autumn drear,
But yet to me it ever seems,
Of all the circling year,
If not most full of promise,
The richest and the best,
For doth it not right well fulfil
The promise of the rest.

Oh yes, the world is beautiful
E'en when old winter stands,
And taketh of earth's garniture
With his cold frozen hands;
The pure white robe he giveth, decked
With broiderie of frost,
Hath beauties, too, though not akin
To those with summer lost.

Yes, it is ever beautiful,
When all enrobed in white,
Or when with fruit and flowers it is
Most gorgeously bedight;
Ye ever circling seasons,
Cold winter, summer, spring,
I love ye all, and gladly hail
The changes that ye bring.

WAKE, OH AWAKE.

Wake, oh awake, bright spirit of sunshine,
Why slumber so long in thy gloomy retreat?
Nature is mourning thine absence, and waiting
Wearily waiting, thy coming to greet.

Wake, oh awake, the uplands and valleys,
And dark sombre woods glad homage will pay,
And murmuring streams will hymn thee a welcome,
Fair queen of summer, oh beautiful fay.

Wake, oh awake, why art thou so tardy,
Winter has held thee in bondage too long;
Come, buds and blossoms have coronals for thee,
Come, birds will hail thee with rapturous song.

Come, with thy beauty, thy joy-giving brightness,
Come, of the bleak earth a paradise make;
All things are pining and grieving without thee,
Spirit of summer time, wake, oh awake.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

Who said we could not do it?
Who said our arm was weak?
Who dared against Old England
These traitor words to speak?

Who said our soldiers were not men
As were the men of old?
Who said their hearts were feeble,
And their patriotism cold?

Ah! take each vile traducer
To where the Alma runs,
Point to the graves close tenanted
By England's noblest sons,

And lead them on to where the field
Of Inkerman was fought,
And ask if soldiers grudged the price
At which that field was bought.

We sorrow o'er the fallen,
We weep with the bereav'd
(But death and mourning ever come
Ere vict'ries are achiev'd).

Fain would we heal each bleeding heart,
But ah! how few could dare
Intrude upon a grief that is
Less grief than deep despair!

But now the city's fallen,
And ev'ry doubt is o'er;
The stronghold of the Czar is down,—
Sebastopol's no more.

Ah! now the nations must rejoice
The victory is won;
And honour be to those by whom
That glorious work was done!

"WRITE INJURIES IN SAND, KINDNESSES IN MARBLE."

Write injuries in sand, so that they may
Soon be left unheeded, passed away
From out the memory, no more to come
Back to the thoughts, to make the heart the home
Of bitter feelings, for it is not well
The memory of injuries should dwell
Within the bosom. Write them in the sand,
And let Oblivion gently pass her hand
Over the writing; let there not remain
One word to bring them to thy mind again.
If ye have sat beside the ocean's shore,
Watching its waters, listening to its roar,
Ye must have noted how its waves effaced
From off the sand each footprint on it traced.
Write as on sand, then, and thou wilt be free
From many cankering thoughts of injury,

For memory of injuries will corrode
The heart wherein it maketh its abode,
And only free forgiveness' gentle wave,
Can blot its traces—from its blighting save.
But every kindness that for thee's been done,
Engrave as with an iron pen on stone,
Note every one, bear all upon thy mind,
For even the smallest thou wilt surely find
Helping to fill thy thoughts with gentleness,
Helping to fill them with forgetfulness
Of many ills that compass thee around ;
For there is much of soothing to be found
In kindly deeds, they have a power to sway,
And win the thoughts to betterness away
From unkind judgments. Oh, engrave on stone
Each kindness, even every little one ;
Write them on marble, they should aye remain
As bright links of that great, that world-wide chain
That bindeth man to man, and heart to heart.
And vain it is to strive to stand apart
And say, "*I* will not owe to any one
My thanks for kindness that to me they've shown."
Vain is such boasting, and ah ! who would be
So desolate. It ever seems to me
As if that heart must be most stern and hard,
(Worthy to meet its sure and just reward)
That scorneth kindness, *feareth* it, because
It will not be obliged. Ah ! let us pause,
Each asking, has he got a heart of stone
Too hard for kindnesses to write upon ?

PASSING AWAY.

Passing away—the glories of summer,
Though hailed with delight, but a moment remain,
Vainly we wish they would rest with us ever—
Wishes are powerless one bud to retain.

Passing away—the dark clouds of winter,
Though lowering and dreary are but for awhile ;
Why should we shrink with dread at their threatening,
Soon they will yield to spring time's sweet smile.

Passing away—'tis the doom that awaiteth
All that we cherish, and all that we fear ;
E'en as the sunshine, our best joys are fleeting,
And sorrows are but the dark clouds of our year.

Passing away oh then wherefore should we
Be boastful of joys that so quickly decay,
Or why let our sorrows be cast down, despondent,
They too like all things are passing away.

THE HAILSTONE AND THE SNOWFLAKE.

A blustering hailstone, and a soft snow-flake,
One day agreed they would a trial make
Of their respective powers ; they wished to see
By which the earth's bright green would covered be.
The boastful hailstone, confident in power,
Soon spent its strength in one short noisy shower ;
(I do not mean that all the ill was done
By one poor single frozen drop alone)
The rivals claimed and took (each thought it right)
Their friends' aid in this trial of their might.
But, as I said, the hailstone spent its strength,
And was compelled to yield its place at length ;
And notwithstanding all its noise and hurry
It wholly failed earth's verdant garb to bury.

The quiet snow-flake now in turn essayed
With nothing of the noise the hailstone made,
Gently it fell, so softly none could know
By aid of ear it had begun to snow ;
But lo ! the earth ere long its power confest,
By seeing all things in its pure white drest,
The hailstone granted it had gained the day,
Then turned aside and melted quite away.

If any doubt, pray bring it to the test,
You'll find that gentle means are always best ;
And you may also find, if you but try,
By perseverance more is done than by
Short, sudden efforts, which serve to expend
The strength, without accomplishing an end.

REV. PETER MACMORLAND, LL.D.,

AUTHOR of several poetical works, including "The Sabbath," an ode which Thomas Aird characterised as possessing "the essential spirit of poetry and religion," and of which the Hon. Mrs Norton publicly expressed her admiration, was born at Greenock in 1810. He entered Glasgow College at the very early age of twelve, and there acquired, as he afterwards acknowledged, "that

love of literature which, though not the highest, is still one of the highest pleasures and enjoyments of life."

Dr Macmorland was licensed in 1832 by the Presbytery of Paisley—the Moderator at that time being the late Principal Cunningham. He was assistant for some time to Dr Begg, who was then a young minister in Paisley, and then, after ministering some nine months in an extension church in that town, he was called, somewhere about 1834, to Regent Square, London, which had been vacant for some time through the removal of Edward Irving. Of his four years' incumbency there he said:—"Edward Irving preceded me, James Hamilton came after me, and I always look upon my incumbency of four years as having been a short parenthesis of twilight between the two great lights—a short parenthesis of weakness between the two great strengths! Still, it was something to have stood, however unworthily, even within the shadow of the great figure of Edward Irving."

Our poet was next offered, and accepted the newly built church of St Matthew's, Glasgow, which he left, after five years' work, and because his health was giving way, for the Parish of Inverkeithing, where, no doubt, there was suggested and written a poem entitled "The Ferry Hill." After a time Inverkeithing was exchanged for St Luke's, Edinburgh, and that again for North Berwick, which, after seventeen years of good and faithful work, he resigned—his active ministry thus closing in 1873. From that time till his death, in 1881, he resided in Edinburgh, and acted as an elder in West Coates, occasionally affording assistance to friends among the clergy.

The *Haddingtonshire Courier*, in an obituary notice, said:—"His pulpit discourses were of a high order, and the vivid poetical imagination which he possessed

by nature gave to them a glowing power of vigour which stamped them as much above the average." It noticed also his "quiet sense of humour," and it might have added his unfailing good taste and sympathy with all that is true and beautiful and good. The Rev. R. G. Forrest, of West Coates Parish, to whom we are indebted for many interesting particulars of the life of our poet, says:—"In his leisure hours, Dr Macmorland not unfrequently turned to literary work, contributing to various magazines, and cultivating the art of poetry with not a little success. His scholarly tastes were cultivated to the last. Even when his health had failed he continued to be interested and informed in the principal questions of the time, and as a devout and careful student of the Divine Word, he is said to have read, to the very last day of his life, a portion of the Bible in Hebrew every day."

On the Sunday after Dr Macmorland's funeral, and at the close of an appropriate sermon, Mr Forrest referred to the beautiful qualities of his mind and heart, his cultured intelligence, his delicate sensibilities, his loyalty to the faith, his openness to light, and withal, his spirit so kindly and devout. The preacher knew him only during his closing years, but such knowledge may often help one to understand the life and character of a man—"for," he said, "the last days are generally the outcome and the crown, and so in a very real way a revelation, of the earlier years."

In addition to being the author of several admirable poems, Dr Macmorland also wrote a number of humourous sketches, descriptive of character he met with in his parish. Among his other publications were "Forethought and Afterthought"—a manual of communion preparation; "The Ferry Hills," "Room for John Knox," "Sonnets from Malta, &c. His usual *nom-de-plume* was "V. O. B."—Vicar of

the Bass—a title which belongs to the parish minister of North Berwick, *ex officio*.

For Dr Macmorland we claim an honourable position among the religious poets of our time. Scholarly tastes, fine imagination—all the qualities of a real poet are seen in his productions, and he renders tributary to all his poetic reveries the transcendant principles of revealed truth, as if dipt in a fount of heavenly radiance. We give two quotations from "Room for John Knox"—first, the opening portion, where the Reformer is supposed to be passing along the crowded streets on his way to the General Assembly, and the second, where the poet introduces, among others, Norman Macleod.

Within the records of our recent times,
Are chiefs, again, whose names must deck our rhymes.

JOHN KNOX.

Of weakly frame,—but with that kingly eye,
Which told so clear his mission from the sky ;—
Of weakly frame,—but with that grave stern face,
Which spoke him one of the old prophet race,—
He passes on ;—and round him as he goes
There is an awe impress'd upon the rows
Of those who crowd and crush on either hand,
Yet own the look and presence of command
In him who, (not without large share of blame,)
Had in his lifetime won a glorious name,
And set his mark on Scotland, as we know ;—
Making his name and memory honour'd so !

There are, who meanly through existence crawl ;
Their deeds are paltry, and their motives small ;
Who only live to vegetate and feed ;
With nothing nobler in their aim or deed ;
Filling a little space ;—a little day
Live through ;—and then, forgotten, pass away ;
Soon disappear into the gathering dark,
Leaving no trace, or monument, or mark.
But others,—kingly souls !—are full of sway,
And born to rule their fellows in their day,
Leaving their trace upon the earth they tread,
And moulding ages after they are dead !

Such was the man, whose name the welkin shook,
As up the ancient street his way he took ;
With staff in hand, his steps to aid and guide ;—
His Hebrew Bible belted to his side,
Like a good sword that slumbers in its sheath ;
Ready to deal around both life and death,
Ready to answer to the warrior's hand,
And leap to action at his stern command.
There, from his side depending, clasp it hung,
Fixed to the chain that to his girdle clung ;—
A girdle,—compassing a frame so weak,—
That one might say—"*I'll smite him on the cheek!*"
But whoso'd look again upon the grand,
Severe, determin'd face, would hold his hand !
"*Room for John Knox!*"—the shouters shout before,
And clear the way to the Assembly's door !

NORMAN MACLEOD.

Norman, the sturdiest offshoot,—'tis allow'd,—
Of the whole race and clanship of Macleod !
When shall our eyes again his like behold ?
The eloquent,—large-minded,—genial-soul'd !
Indulgent,—generous,—patient of offence ;
The very soul of humour and of sense.
Too soon struck dumb that most persuasive tongue,
On which the listening throngs in rapture hung ;—
Too soon struck down that eagle of the sky,
Which soar'd, with wings of mighty beat, on high !—
One who had never cower'd and never blench'd,
Till thought was gone, and life itself was quench'd.
Looking on life with sympathies enlarged,
He none the worse his higher work discharged.
A great man truly ;—truly great and good ;—
And since he left us—better understood.
So fine a spirit,—with so sweet a tone !
Self, jealousy, and envy,—all outgrown ;—
And mellowness,—and ripeness,—of his own !
A man of power, because a man of prayer ;
Worn out by pastoral toil, and public care ;—
If Here his labour ;—his reward is There !

THERE'S BLESSING IN THE SHOWER.

There's blessing in the shower
That falls so soft and kindly on the field,
Bidding it yield
Each life-sustaining fruit, each pleasant flower !

There's blessing in the light
That falls around us every working day,
So sweet, so bright,
That being becomes bliss beneath its ray!
There's blessing in the air
That breathes so balmily at morn and eve,
Fanning fair childhood's hair,
And kissing the pale cheek, that it may leave
A health behind!
There's blessing in that wind
Wherever it may breathe on commonest days;
But tenfold blessing, waking tenfold praise,
In this day's silent shower
That falls from yonder sky,
In this day's heavenly light
That glads the inward eye,
In this day's heavenly air,
Full-charged, with grace and prayer!

A SHORT SERMON FOR EDUCATORS.

GEN. XXV. 27.

God forms souls different; let no man pervert
His purpose in the making, through self-will!
There were two boys; to one He gave the heart
Of the strong hunter, venturesome to kill
Fierce game, as one who never got his fill
Of danger.—Th' other, "plain," and fond of home,
Cared not to wander from his mother's tent!
Let each be dealt with as his native bent
Inclines—to live home-bound, or else to roam.—
One has an eagle spirit—set him free!
Uncage him! let his powers be freely spent,
No chain can bind him down upon the lea!
Another loves the quiet; wisdom trains
Each as his nature leads, else fruitless all the pains!

THE SNOWDROP: A SIMILITUDE.

Like that first spring flower, vestur'd all in white,
(Meet robe of stainless purity divine),
Which like a star of morn on earth doth shine,
Feeding the gentle eye with deep delight;
Low on the ground, as crouching from the sight;
With modest head all droop'd upon its breast,
And drinking in the beams that are its wine;
By day, by night, in an unbroken calm
Of worship wrapp'd—like an unutter'd psalm,—

Whose silent melodies are breathed around ;
And group'd in sisterhoods,—all fitly dress'd
Alike,—as bridesmaids undefil'd are found ;
Like such sweet emblem,—'mid this earthly waste,
Shine the dear saints of Christ, pure, praiseful, on the ground !

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

Let thy footfall through the parish
Be a gospel heard alway ;—
There are feeble souls to cherish.—
Outcasts hiding from the day ;
Let thy Christ-like ministrations
Fall around them like a ray.

Foot it, foot it, late and early ;
Breathe a blessing on the air ;
Open with thy hand the "pearly
Gates," to sullen-ey'd Despair ;—
Lighten with thy hand the burdens,
Which the weary-hearted bear.

Sow, and sow,—where'er thou goest
By the wayside,—in the field ;
Cease not, for thou never knowest,
Whether handful—fruit may yield ;
Cease not, for it will be growing,
When thy lips in death are seal'd.

Foot it, foot it, 'mid the dwellings
Of the Suffering, up and down ;
Where dark Jordan spreads its swelling,
Where dark trial casts its frown ;—
Mitigate thy Brother's sorrows ;—
And let that be thy renown.

Spare not study ; spare not labour ;
Spare not wrestlings on thy knees ;
Trim thy lamp, and whet thy sabre,—
Watchman-warrior of the "Keys,"
Honours and rewards await on
Toils and travailings like these.

But remember, oh remember,
That who bears the Pastor's vow,
Hath a world beyond his chamber,—
Where the weary-hearted bow ;—
Where the weary-suffering languish ;
Where guilt clouds the heart and brow.

Where the poor, the sad, the dying,—
On their couches low are laid ;
Where the perishing are lying,
Under Ruin's awful shade ;—
Spend thy life, and spend thy labour,
Faithless never,—nor afraid.

In the bye-lanes of the city ;
'Mongst the hovels of the lost ;—
Where no other eye may pity,—
Where no other foot hath cross'd ;—
Ever true, and faithful-hearted,
Be thou found upon thy post.

Speak with kindness,—speak with feeling ;—
Gently touch the spirit's sores ;—
Kindness hath a charm of healing,—
Which the sunkest soul restores ;
When like sacred oil of heaven,
From a sacred font it pours.

Rudely dealt with, answer never
Rudeness with a ruder sound ;—
Warn with tears each careless liver ;
Tell him of the lost and found ;"
Tell him of the grace that welcomes,
All that walk on earthly ground.

Thus, in traces of thy Master,—
Of thy Master ever dear,
Step with footstep firmer,—faster,
Step with Conscience clean and clear ;
Death will then be no disaster ;
Heaven will then be daily near.

"FEED MY LAMBS."

Sweet younglings of the flock !
Come, guided onwards by my pastoral rod,
To where that smitten Rock,
Yields the glad waters of the stream of God.

To where that Infant head
Of old was humbly shelter'd, let us speed ;
And look upon the bed,—
The manger-bed that held the Woman's Seed.

To where the Jordan rolls
Its hallowed waves,—with many a linkèd wind,—
For there the food of souls,
In pastures safe and sweet, my lambs shall find.

By Bethany's calm retreat,
And by the path where the old Olives wave,—
Trod by the blessed feet
Of Him, who, clothed in weakness, came to save ;—

And round about the lake,
Whose waters bore his feet like solid ground,
Where face to face he spake
With men,—the pastures of the soul are found.

Along the Garden's walks,
Where by mysterious woes His soul was stir'd—
Listen, the while He talks
In agony ;—and live upon His Word.

Then climb the weary steep,
And on the awful brow of Calvary's hill—
Keep waiting ;—where the sheep
Of Jesus feed, well-pleas'd ;—and linger still.

'Mid finest of the wheat,
'Mid rocks, all with the dropping honey stored,—
Safe from the storm and heat,
Feed, shelter'd well, ye ransom'd of the Lord.

Your steps still tending thither,—
Where Life's great river, onwards—onwards—flows ;
Where joys shall never wither,—
Nor the long day of gladness have a close.

"I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

The toilworn man, at close of day,
Homewards his weary journey takes ;
Yet give him food, and let him lay
His limbs at rest,—refresh'd he wakes.

For toil of limb—put toil of brain,
With ills and aches that on it wait ;
Nature has cordials, which again
Restore, and re-invigorate.

But the worn, weary, burden'd soul,
Where can it rest from trouble find ?
What hand its load away can roll,
Or heal that sickness of the mind ?

Is there, in all that Nature yields,
In all that Science deeply knows,
In all the herbs of all the fields,
What can afford that soul repose ?

Alas, the search were worse than vain ;
Doth not experience make it clear,
That the true antidote to pain,
Is found and gather'd, nowhere here ?

Not all the herbs in field that grow,
Or vale, or on the mountain side ;
Not all the science Man can know,
In the high flowering of his pride ;

Not all the love of loving hearts,
Nor kindness of Affection's care,
Can soothe pain that Sin imparts,
Or ease the load the soul doth bear.

One balm there is,—one Sovereign balm,—
The crimson ooze of Calvary's Tree,
Which bringeth healing, cleansing, calm,—
—The blood-balm of that Agony.

ARTHUR CAIRNS,

FOR the long period of seventeen years one of the most energetic members of the Dundee Burns Club, who can sing with touching pathos his own songs, and who possesses histrionic powers of no mean order, was born in Dundee in 1840. His father having died when the son was ten years of age, he was sent to work in a spinning mill. As a consequence, his education was of the most scanty order, and the little he did acquire was picked up at an evening school. Our poet learned to be a power-loom tenter, and for some time followed that calling. He spent a number of years in India, where he had charge of the weaving department of a large jute factory situated on the banks of the Hoogly. He now holds a similar position in his native town.

It is not many years since Mr Cairns began to pay his respects to the Muse, yet what he has done has

been to good purpose, and his songs have been very popular at social gatherings. His kindly nature, and cheerful readiness to assist in every effort on behalf of the poor and suffering has endeared him to a wide circle of friends and admirers. The events of daily life, and the feelings which they excite of love, grief, hope, and faith, give ample scope for our poet's faculties. His utterances breathe love for simple Nature, and sympathy with common human emotions; while fresh and happy epithet, and a touch of genuine pathos are remarkable in all his verses.

THE LAND O' THE BROSE.

Let the Englishman sing wi' pride o' his roast,
And drink to the fame o' the rose, man,
But Scotchmen will ever prefer the auld toast,
The land o' the thistle an' brose, man.
There's naething can lay a foundation sae weel,
There's naething can fill up the hose o' a chiel,
Or mak' the red glow o'er his countenance steal,
Like the guid halesome coggies o' brose, man.
Sae hey for the coggie brimfu' o' aitmeal,
The kiltie, the plaidie, an' claymore o' steel.
The stay an' the guard o' auld Scotia's weel,
The land o' the thistle an' brose, man.

Langsyne when the Romans invaded oor shores,
They thocht there was nane to oppose, man,
But better for them they had broken their oars
Than steered 'mang the sons o' the brose, man.
Sae firm on their monntains, unconquered they stood;
Tho' claes they were scanty, and manners were rude,
Their strong brawny arms show'd gude halesome food
They had in their coggies o' brose, man.
Sae hey, &c.

At famed Waterloo, when they taen up their place,
An' stood in invincible raws, man,
Nap. found that he hadna auld women to face
When he met wi' the sons o' the brose, man;
There, shouther to shouther, they stood on the field,
An' declared they wad dee, but they never wad yield
As lang's they a sword or a musket could wield—
The lads that were fed upon brose, man.
Sae hey, &c.

Some say that it is the braid girth o' the sea
That keeps us frae dangerous foes, man;
But Scotland will aye be the land o' the free
As lang as she sticks to the brose, man.
Her braw hardy sons are aye first in the race,
Nae ithers wi' them need attempt to keep pace,
An' the reason o' that you plainly can trace
To their guid halesome coggies o' brose, man.
Sae hey, &c.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

Young Jeanie was as fair a flower
As ever decked the gowanie lea;
An' Jockie was a blithesome lad,
Wi' lichtsome heart, sae frank an' free.

They had together bairnies been,
An' played aboot the burnie side;
An' aft the laddie said that she
Wad be to him his winsome bride.

She, a poor orphan lassie, sought
The shelter o' his friendly arm,
An' woe befall the heartless loon
Who'd try to do the lassie harm.

Year after year gaed smoothly by—
Bright were the smiles that pass'd between;
An' love within their bosoms glowed,
An' sparkled intil baith their een.

But true love's course tak's mony a turn,
Whiles hides its glory oot o' sight,
Then, like the sun frae 'hint the cloud,
It shines again in rays mair bright.

It wasna that young Jockie saw
A lass that could mair lovin' be;
Nor yet had Jeanie seen a lad
She could hae gane a-coortin' wi'.

But gaein' sometimes to the inn,
Jock fell amang bad company,
That press'd the glass till he began
To dearly lo'e the barley-bree.

Wha lo'es the drink lo'es naething else,
It sets the heart and brain on fire;
A' virtuous thoughts are thrown aside
To satisfy the ae desire.

Though mithers sigh an' bairnies greet,
The fathers stand on ruin's brink;
Though hearts should brak, an' "angels weep,"
Yet they maun bow to demon drink.

Young Jockie worshipp'd fervently,
Whene'er the demon's hand did beck;
He followed doon the drunkard's path,
Till he becam' a helpless wreck.

Drink took frae him his hard won fee,
An' turn'd him oot o' place an' hame;
Nane wad to him a hire gie,
For he had lost his guidly name.

The demon rubbed his hands and said,
"I trow I ne'er hae looked upon
A better sample o' my art,
Gin I had but the head-sheaf on.

"Come doon the burnie side wi' me
To whaur it gushes ower the linn;
There is a pool baith dark an' deep,
Gae end yer days by loupin' in."

Poor Jockie stood upon the brink
Gey sweer to bid the warld adieu.
"Why hesitate?" the demon said,
"There's nane on earth that loves ye noo."

But hark! a voice rings through the air
That sounds abune the gushing rill,
"Oh! Jockie, lad, come back! come back!
There's ane that dearly lo'es ye still!"

"Wha can it be that mocks me sae!
I'm sure there's nane can pity feel,
Or that can hae a true regard
For sic a worthless ne'er-do-weel."

"It is yer lang neglected lass,"
Around his neck her arms she twined;
"Gin ye should do this awfu' deed
A broken heart ye'll leave behind."

"Ah! Jeanie, lass, thae kisses sweet
Tell I hae played a foolish part;
Tho' but a worthless life ye save,
I winna brak a truthfu' heart.

"I swear by a' the powers aboon
That I will lead anither life,
An' ere a twalmonth's pass'd an' gaen
I'll tak ye for my ain dear wife.

Awa'! ye hellish fiend, awa'!
True love has broken noo yer chain,
A foe henceforth in me ye'll find
Gin ere ye daur come back again."

The priceless worth o' woman's love
Gaes far abune oor mortal ken—
It brightens up the path o' life,
An' guides an' cheers the hearts o' men.

CAULD WAS THE BLAST.

Cauld was the blast that laid my lassie low,
And cauld the grave we laid her in to rest!
Now still the heart that felt a loving glow
When nestling fondly to my throbbing breast.

As sadly from her resting place I passed,
Nae sign o' spring was seen on flower or tree;
The wintry winds blew in an angry blast;
A' nature's sighin' seemed to mourn wi' me.

Why did I ever think sae fair a flower
Could share wi' me the cares o' wedded life,
For mony a cross and disappointment sour
Fa's to her lot wha is a workman's wife?

Her's was a life o' love and constant toil,
Her puir auld parents' wants she did appease,
Till sickness cam', she pined and ceased to smile,
But struggled on, the victim of disease.

Health without labour, labour without health,
Are heaviest blows misfortune's hand can gi'e;
Companions o' the puir unkenn'd to wealth,
To cease to labour is to pine an' dee.

But there's a hope that cheers my achin' heart;
As time brings round the darkness and the light,
So death, wha tore our loving hearts apart,
Will them again in heavenly bands unite.

OH, WEEL DO I MIND.

Oh, weel do I mind o' the lassie langsyne
That sent through my young heart love's first glowin' thrill;
Had she been but constant she wad hae been mine,
But fate maun aye sport wi' affection at will.

I gied her my hand, an' I thought when she smiled
An' look'd sae contented she'd gien her's to me;
But, oh, the cruel lassie, my young heart beguiled,
An' gied her's awa' to a sailor sae free.

Oh, hoo my heart dunted, an' hoo I did stare,
When first wi' my lassie the sailor I saw;
I could hae life parted, my heart was sae sair,
To think that frae me she'd been stown awa';

To think that her hand in anither's was laid,
An' the lips I had kissed to anither's were press'd,
An' the hopes I had cherished had bloom'd but to fade;
There were lang weary nights that I couldna find rest.

There are some things we mind o' frae youth down to age;
The joy and the sorrow that lassie gied me
Are records inscribed on my memory's page
That I ne'er can forget till the day that I dee.

The orient sunshine that's suddenly born,
At eenin' its glory is quick to depart;
But the love that dawns brightly on youth's early morn
Ends in a lang twilight that steals o'er the heart.

MALCOLM TAYLOR

WAS born in Dundee in 1850. His father was a compositor on the *Daily Chronicle*, and having a fine voice and considerable musical talent he became well-known in singing circles, and acted as precentor in one of the principal churches, also as leader of the Dundee Choral Union. Going to the "New World" in 1858, the father secured steady employment and a home. He then sent for his family—the subject of our sketch reaching America when he was ten years of age.

On receiving a fair education, Mr Taylor, in his fourteenth year, commenced as an apprentice to learn the plumber trade, which, after three years service, he abandoned as unsuited to his taste and physical organism. During this period his talent for versifying first displayed itself, and his early productions often appeared in the literary papers of the day.

After engaging for several years in commercial pursuits, he obtained an engagement as companion and private secretary to a gentleman whose business necessitated much travelling, and in this capacity he, in 1874, re-visited his native country, and made an extended tour on the continent, where the poetic nature of the young man found ample food to strengthen and develop itself.

During a visit to the "Land of Burns" and the "Highland Lake region" his pen gave abundant proof of an inborn love for the romantic and beautiful in Nature, and a number of his poems written at this time were published in the *Scottish American Journal* and the *Scotsman or Caledonian Advertiser*. In the latter paper a lengthy poem entitled "Mountain Musings" appeared in serial form for several weeks, and excited considerable admiration as a work displaying profound study and lofty imaginative powers.

Returning to his native land, our poet continued to travel, until, in 1878, he married Mrs R. E. Schermerhorn, a talented lady of means who had won considerable reputation as the first lady attorney of the city of Rochester. He has since resided at their house Cascade, on the beautiful shore of Owasco Lake, in central New York, where, while not engaged in the duties of conducting a delightful summer resort, he has ample opportunities, under the inspiration of a congenial companion, and amid romantic surroundings, of cultivating his poetic muse, and still giving the public the pleasure of reading an occasional verse from his facile pen.

A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

Yest'reen, my lucky love and I,
A blythesome lass and lad, O,
We strolled where grass was growing high
Adown the unmown meadow,
When June's sun, sinking in the sky,
Cast first a double shadow.

But as the orb of day, serene,
The West's decline descended,
Less rays of light fell slant between
Our shadows as they blended,
Then where our footsteps turned, I ween
We neither one attended.

But slow a lengthy walk we led,
Nor drew our forms asunder,
Till, talking of our fate, I said:
"Will luck be ours, I wonder?"
When seemed she down to hang her head,
And look her eyelids under.

Then, driving from his haunt the bee,
And scaring up a plover,
She ran away, in girlish glee,
And bent the blossoms over,
Crying: "I found it, love, see! see!
A lucky four-leaf clover!"

"Aye, love, good luck is ours, I trow,
Shown by this rare found token,
But fortune's boon is mine the now,
And has been since was spoken
By lisping lips the heart-felt vow
That never may be broken."

"Yet, since good signs come not amiss,
I'll prize this symbol vernal,
And, from the hand that gave me this,
While Fortune smiles supernal,
Still hope to find my future bliss,
Where clover blooms eternal."

ROBERT BURNS.

Seven Sonnets read at the Burns Birthday Festival, Auburn, Jan. 24th, 1879.

A poet was a prophet deemed of old:
The singer then was noted as the seer,
And dared to pierce, with soul perceptions clear,
The Future's vail, to have its scenes foretold;
So I, like privileged, would now make bold
To draw the curtained Past, each fold a year,
That Time with vandal-touch has mildewed sere
Until a century has back unrolled.
And lo! what scene bursts on my spirit sight:
An humble cot of clay, with roof straw-thatched,
Whose lowly entrance, swinging wide unlatched,
Reveals th' event we celebrate to-night.
There on a cubby bed, one winter's morn,
The infant Robert Burns was happily born.

Now let me, with my pen's weird wand, forsooth,
Waive by the windings of his young life-path,
The petty trials he had, as each child hath,
Till soon we see him as a reaper youth ;
When, bending low, beside some winsome Ruth
To bind with wheaten gyves the levelled swath,
Or gathering up the golden after-math,
He tried to sing the love he felt in truth.
Then woke the poet's spirit in his form ;
Moved was his hand to touch the latent chords
That longed to give expression fair, in words,
To what his heart felt, in affection warm ;
And as he told his love in lilted line,
He wooed the willing Coila, muse divine.

Next to my retrospect is he revealed
The farmer-poet, driving team abreast
And plowshare deep, while sweetly he exprest
His sentiments on Nature seen afield,
And thus he tilled the fertile soil, to yield
Him honors great, for merits well possest,
Alike from palaced bield a crest
And appreciative peasant in his field.
'Lines to a Mouse,' 'Lines to a Mountain Daisy,'
'Poor Mailie's Elegy,' served to excite
The Stoic's sympathies with pure delight,
And earned in fair return the lavish praise he
Received, as an adept in Poesy's art—
A man of feeling, near to Nature's heart.

Thus, from the harvest field, erst-while unseen,
Arose our laverock, Rab, duncoated, shy,
Who, in the ladder-rounds of song, full high
Did mount, impulsive, with majestic mien,
Through clouds of circumstance, to sing serene,
Exultant in the literary sky ;
Awaking all the people far and nigh,
Who wondered what bird coming on the scene
So charmed their senses with sweet dulcet-strains,
Till plaudits from the critics glad, elate,
As echoes rose, to wide reverberate
And reach unto the end of Earth's domains,
While up he soared to Ambition's dizzy height,
And bathed his wings in Fame's supernal light.

And now behold him, Fashion's pampered child ;
The pet of Wealth ! The social board around,
His favoured friends did reverence profound,
While he with his own songs the times beguiled ;
Till with that Circe, Pleasure's draught grown wild,
Our laverock, Rab, soon had his sad rebound,
And faulty, fell back to the common ground,

To sink from sight in poverty exiled,
But, though was smirched with shame in touching dross,
The frame that housed his soul, above mere pelf,
Yet crushed not was the better part of self;
From human efforts suffering no loss
His songs lived on, and lingered, still sublime
Through all the echoing corridors of time.

Yes, like the thrush he in a sonnet framed
That e'en in winter's dearth yet sang elate—
A birthday prophecy of his own fate—
His lilted love will rise, whene'er is named
The People's Bard; aye, all whose grandsires claimed
A drop of Celtic blood, will celebrate
As we do now, his natal day in state,
And drown in Lethe's tide what could be blamed
As said one time the dame who gave him birth,
Viewing the monument at his grave-head,
"Puir Rob, ye asked the world to give ye bread
An' they gied ye a stone to show your worth."
But, more than granite shaft, the Scottish tongue
Will keep his memory, forever sung.

Thus have I, with a prophet's after-sight,
Retraced anew the life-line of a bard,
Who, from a common tiller of the sward,
Peered up, to shine in all his talent's might
Among the gifted sons of genius bright.
And now let us forget the faults that marred
His day, which of the flesh, served to retard
His spirit in its far transcendent flight,
While in good fellowship we eat and sup
Due homage to his name, remembering
"A man's a man for a' that" as we sing
His "Auld Lang Syne," and quaff a kindness cup
In memory of Rab, our Bard and Brither,
Since "we are a' John Thamson's bairns thegither."

TO AULD KIRK ALLOWAY.

Auld ruined Kirk o' Alloway!
Like great gran'sire, decripid, gray,
Though ye hae seen your best young day,
Yet, frae my he'rt,
I wad some thochts in frien'ly way
To ye impairt.

The wild rose decks your broo in Spring,
Aroun' your form the ivies cling
Like memories dear, while linties sing
Their leal love's praise,
As Rab did his, meandering
On Doon's green braes.

Weel wad ye noo, wi' moonlicht grace,
Serve for the witches' sportin' place,
As when Meg led their chief a chase ;
But a' sic clan
Are driven frae the earth's fair face,
By Wisdom's ban.

Not haunted ye by warlocks grim,
By beldames gaunt, yet lithe o' limb,
Nor hags in cutty sarks sae trim,
In midnicht glory,
But by the *livin'*, wha frae him
Learnt your quaint story.

Your wa's still stan', though roofless lang,
An' wi' carse, crumblin' eild nae strang,
Sin' syne your bell in peal has rang,
Fu' mony a wight
Has joined the dust frae whence he sprang,
An' gane frae sight.

An' wi' the rest the gifted one,
Proud Caledonia's honoured son,
Wha sang hoo Tam disturbed the fun
O' Nannie jolly,
His race o' life did shortened run,
A prey to folly.

Although nae antiquarian bold
Thocht fit to write your history old,
Your name was writ in letters o' gold
That ne'er will pale,
By him, wha, wi' true genius, told
Your pleasin' tale.

Then while a stane is left to stan',
By rash decay's debasin' han',
It will frae man respect comman'—
Aye, e'en your site
The feelin's that are guid an' gran'
Will serve t' excite.

To Scot an' stranger still endeared,
By swain an' sage alike revered,
As when, for holy purpose reared,
Your wa's first heard,
In Sabbath worship, solemn, weird,
The sacred word.

As long the lays the ploughman sung
To chords o' Colia's lyre, love-strung,
Repeated are by human tongue,
Fame to prolong,
Ye will be known foremaist among
The kirks o' song.

When Time is done, the Poem Divine,
Ilk age a verse, ilk year a line,
In nae ae stanza will there shine
A brichter name,
Than his, wha gied ye, ruined shrine,
Your storied fame.

Sae fear nae, though you're fallin' fast
Ye will be to oblivion cast,
For while the mind o' man does last,
In comin' day,
Ye'll live in glory o' the past,
Kirk Alloway!

MRS MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER.

MRS M. E. SANGSTER, *née* MUNSON, now residing at Brooklyn, America, is widely and popularly known as a frequent contributor to current literature. On the maternal side she is descended from the Chisholms and Kirkaldys, and thus claims kinship with the Scotch. Her published works are "Poems of the Household," "Hours with Girls," "Miss Ducberry's Scholars," "Mary Stanhope," and numerous little volumes for children. Both in her prose and poetical works she is pure and graceful, and writes with feeling, tenderness, pathos, and careful finish. An American writer says: "She is a poet with whom the affections are inspirations, and who finds a world of simple poetry in common things. She has a clear insight into the themes which she selects, or which select her, and an excellent taste, which is as much the expression of her own nature as the studied expression of her culture; and she has more than a womanly sense of the demands of the poetic art."

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet well it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
Who never come home at night;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lip with curve impatient;
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

THE RIVER.

Far up on the mountain the river begins,—
I saw it, a thread in the sun,
Then it grew to a brook, and through dell and through nook,
It dimpled and danced in its fun.

A ribbon of silver, it sparkled along
Over meadows besprinkled with gold;
With a twist and a twirl, and a loop and a curl,
Through the pastures the rivulet rolled.

Then to the valleys it leaped and it laughed,
Till it stronger and stiller became;
On its banks the tall trees rocked their boughs in the breeze,
And the lilies were tapers aflame.

The children threw pebbles, and shouted with glee
At the circles they made in the stream ;
And the white fisher-boat, sent so lightly afloat,
Drifted off like a sail in a dream ;

Deep-hearted, the mirth of its baby-life past,
It toiled for the grinding of corn ;
Its shores heard the beat of the lumberman's feet,
His raft on its current was borne.

At inlet and cove, where its harbours were fair,
Vast cities arose in their pride,
And the wealth of their streets came from beautiful fleets,
Forth launched on its affluent tide.

The glorious river swept on to the sea,
The sea that engirdles the land ;
But I saw it begin in a thread I could spin,
Like a cobweb of silk, in my hand.

And I thought of the river that flows from the throne,
Of the love that is deathless and free,—
Of the grace of his peace that shall ever increase,
Christ-given to you and to me.

Far up on the mountain, and near to the sky,
The cup-full of water is seen,
That is brimmed till its tide carries benisons wide
Where the dales and the meadows are green.

Is thy soul like a cup? Let its little be given,
Not stinted nor churlish to One
Who will fill thee with love, and his faithfulness prove,
And bless thee in shadow and sun.

MOTHERHOOD.

Sweet Mary Mother, when of old an artist's dream divine
Was once to let his thoughts of thee in all men's eyes to shine,
He sought some peasant woman, or some dame of high degree,
And watched her brooding o'er her babe, and thus he looked on thee.

And still he saw how mother-love its precious burden bore
In plentitude of joy that swept (like tide that floods the shore)
Each fret and discord out of life—a rapture so profound
That aye where mother clasped her child that place was holy ground.

The centuries have drifted on. I read to-day the page
That kindles with its beacon-fire a hope for every age ;
Betwixt the midnight and the dawn I too behold the star
Which stands above the Bethlehem stall where Babe and Mother are.

Yet oft, like him whose canvas glowed in mediæval days
With her dear face whose matchless grace woke sternest hearts to praise,
I nearer draw to Him who came the dark world's light to be,
When bent o'er some small cradle where a wee babe smiles at me.

I kiss the dimpled rosy feet by dust of earth unsoiled ;
I own with awe the purity by stain of earth unspoiled ;
And in her happy eyes I gaze who wears the mother's crown,
And feels within her soul a love not death itself may drown.

Madonna mia, mother sweet, in palace or in cot,
Where thou dost dwell the angels wait, and though *we* hear them not,
They softly chant a *Gloria* that swiftly finds its way
To Him whom, erst a human child, the heavenly hosts obey.

PRAISE UNIVOCAL.

St Francis, gentle of life and word,
The innocent praise of his Master heard
In the grasshopper's chirp, and the song of the bird.

When the lark upsprang in the dewy morn,
Or the partridge whirred in the tasselled corn,
Or the call of the dove to her mate was borne,

The good man deemed that the bending skies
Received the notes as a sacrifice,
Sent to the Maker in Paradise.

I listen, and clear through the folded peace
That at twilight lies like a silver fleece,
On the fields where the darkness bids labour cease,

There comes to my ear a mingled strain ;
The brook that is brimmed by the summer rain,
And the wind in the trees, add their sweet refrain.

And an elder saint than St Francis says
To my heart, as I dream in the fading day's
Last glimmer of light, "Oh, haste and praise !

"Praise God, rocks, rills, and the stars of light,
From the lowest depth to the heavenly night,
Praise Him who only hath power and might !"

Would that my thoughts were like his of old,
Forever set to a harp of gold,
Alas ! they are often slow and cold.

And the birds as they sing in the hidden nest,
But chide the spirit that cannot rest
Secure in the Father who knoweth best.

WILLIAM MACDONALD WOOD,

BORN in Edinburgh, in 1847, was the second son of James Wood, a printer, and of Susanna Macduff, a true-hearted daughter of the Highlands, from whom the subject of this sketch inherits many distinguishing traits. His father was a man of ability, and, though not an ordained clergyman, had in his time officiated as a preacher of the gospel in the "lang toon o' Kirkcaldy." The Wood family are numerous in "the Kingdom," their main habitat being in the vicinity of Largs, the birthplace of Alexander Selkirk.

Young Wood was at an early age employed in an Edinburgh publishing house, but having a hankering for adventure and ambition to push his way in the world, he struck out, and emigrated to America in 1869. The war of the Rebellion was over, and somehow he was attracted to the "Sunny South," all the while corresponding with the Edinburgh *Review*, making his quarters for a brief period in New Orleans, whose balmy, delicious climate and summer pomp still linger pleasantly in his memory. Finding, however, his associations not altogether congenial or consonant with his ardent love of liberty, he flitted northward, and securing employment on a Brooklyn journal, he has ever since been connected with it, holding now the responsible and arduous position of managing editor with a tact, skill, and literary ability which have given it no mean place in the world of newspaperdom.

At an early age Mr Wood developed a genius for poetry, his wonderful rapidity in versifying (he has, an American correspondent informs us, "been stented to compose a finished sonnet in seven minutes, and done it") being perhaps a barrier rather than an advan-

tage to him in his courtship of the Muses. Under a very gentle exterior there is a true manliness, a tender feeling, a warm love of country, native and adopted, and a genial wit and humour that would hardly be suspected by those who find him represented in this volume by the following tender effusions.

OLD AND NEW.

"O dinna sing thae jinglin' sangs
That tempt the graceless feet,
Wi' solemn words in daft array,
Like guisers on the street;
But to the grand auld measures
That fill the kirks at hame,
Sing the sweet sangs that David sang
To strains that he micht claim.

At least let thae licht sangs be still
On the holy Sabbath day,
Nor thrum sic evil dancin' rants
When to your God ye pray.
Ill do sic wanton thrains
Become the holy name,
O sound His praise in the grand auld strains
That fill the kirks at hame."

O grannie, let the bairnies sing
As fits their lichtsome mood,
Nor let the gloom o Sinai cloud
Their gowan-busket road.
Sweet were the auld kirk anthems,
Where lyart elders knelt;
Yet thinkna Heaven disdain'd to hear
The laverock's gladsome lilt.

Aft hae oor torn an' tempted hearts
Thrill'd to the psalmist's lyre,
An' kenned the sins an' griefs our ain
That did his strains inspire.
But the sangs that pleas'd the Master,
When this cauld world He trod,
Were the glad hosannas o' the weans
That hailed Him as their God.

Bethink ye how our faith was wrocht
In persecution's fires,
When on the Covenant anvil stern
God fashioned out our sires.

The hills that drank their life-bluid
Echo their martyr psalms,
Each misty moor their children till
Their rugged faith embalms.

But they hae fa'en on sunnier days,
Thae slip's o' the auld tree;
Tho' Covenant bluid is in their veins,
Nae Covenant fires they dree.
Theirs are the lauchin' blossoms,
The fragrant sweet-blown flowers
O' the faith bedewed wi' martyr blood
On Scotland's heathery moors.

Then, Grannie, let the bairnies sing
As suit's their gleesome mood;
Nor let our Sinai cloud the path
Their God wi' flowers has strewed.
When David's waes beset them
Like us, his psalms they'll sing,
But let the loud hosannas rise
That hail the children's King.

MY JOY IS TAKEN.

Once, drunk with my own joy, and counting small
The stranger sorrows that around me lay,
I sang that all should hail the Christmas Day,
The Day of Days, the Children's Festival.

My joy is taken from me, and my song
With dolorous echoes fills the Christmas Eve,
As in my woe a thorny crown I weave
From roses that to Memory belong.

O roses, fondly cherished how ye sting!
Drawing hot tears with every reverent touch.
Who could have dreamed that love would sow so much
Of thorns as round your fairest blossoms cling?

This is my woe, for all the world is glad,
And every home is wreathed in festal green,
O false and mocking wreath! Have I not seen
How soon the fairest "evergreen" can fade?

But all the world is glad, for rude and wild
From every home rings childhood's boisterous tone.
The world is full of children; I alone
Reach vainly into darkness for my child.

And parents, happy in their children's mirth,
Jostle against me in each crowded street,

As, hurrying homeward with love-lightened feet,
Their joy unconscious seems to mock my dearth.

Why should I mar their feast with funeral song?
Do they not well to joy, those happy ones?
May I not share the gladness of their sons
And hold my selfish, envious sorrow wrong?

Nay, for my child is not. At every feast
Mine eyes but see the unregarded ghost,
Each joy-borne load is what my child hath lost;
All are for them, and not for him the least.

I know that in the generous home divine
Of the Child-lover who was once a child,
My darling's loneliness will be beguiled
By love as tender and more wise than mine.

He has been carried to the birthday feast
Where Christ's own hands adorn the Christmas tree.
I know that all is well, but I can see
Only the darkness where my gladness ceased.

Only the darkness, and my child is there.
Ah, God, that I might see the light beyond,
His feeble steps led by Thy tender hand,
How in this Christmas joy my heart would share!

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

(DIED FEB. 23, 1873.)

Here is one whom ye may mourn—
A *man*, whatever title others claim,
This ever shall his name adorn—
In every fibre of his burly frame;
In his broad, vehement speech ablaze with thought;
In every noble work his strong hands wrought,
Staunch, stubborn manhood fit expression sought.

What was he, this grey-haired man,
Lying so still, though wet with burning tears,
Washed with orphan tears, yet wan—
Scarred with the hurricanes of storm filled years?
An iron veteran, battle-worn and grim,
Yet love bends over him with soft eyes dim,
And hosts of homeless children weep for him?

He was a prophet of the Lord,
His lips aglow with coal from God's own altar,
And all the gold of Fashion's horde
Was vain to tempt his steps to swerve or falter
From the steep path alone by duty lighted.

Bravely he went to seek the souls benighted,
Till even his tempters followed him delighted.

A man of wondrous eloquence,
Melting proud schoolmen with his glowing zeal,
And shaping intellect and sense,
As on his forge the workman shapes the steel;
Yet scorning, like his Galilean Chief, the praise
And costly offerings of the host he sways,
And caring more the outcast poor to raise.

Even as his wandering Master took
Lepers and thieves and harlots in his care,
Unheeding Pharisee's rebuke,
So Guthrie trod dark alley and vile stair,
And vice shrank withered from his words of fire,
And men, uplifted, shunned the drunkard's mire,
And the neglected children found a sire.

Honour to Thomas Guthrie's name!
His hearty voice is heard no more on earth,
But we are richer with his fame,
And heaven is richer with his love and mirth.
Write on his tomb that Scotland never gave
To earth a man more noble, kindly, brave,
Than this who rests from toil in Guthrie's grave.

DANIEL M'INTYRE HENDERSON,

BALTIMORE, was born in Glasgow, in 1851. His father, a native of Thurso, and a carpenter to trade, was then employed at Port Dundas by the Forth and Clyde Canal Co. When the son was about ten years of age, the family removed to Blackhill Locks, on the Monkland Canal, near Glasgow, where his parents still reside. Our poet was thus placed in a position between town and country—near enough to the great city to feel its stir and be moved by the current of its busy life, and remote enough to have the opportunities for contemplation and reflection which the country affords. He early

began to write verses, but almost nothing of his work done on the Scottish side of the Atlantic has been preserved. Mr Henderson learned the wholesale drapery business, but a satirical effusion directed against some of the firm's arrangements which seemed to the poet to need rectifying, was considered by his employers to contain too much truth for so small a piece of rhyme, and cost him his place. After filling one or two other situations, he was appointed book-keeper to the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association—a fact which indicates the strong interest he has always taken in temperance and other moral questions.

In 1873 Mr Henderson sailed for America, and landed in Baltimore, where he secured a position as book-keeper in a large manufacturing establishment, which situation he still holds. We are informed by American friends that he occasionally fills the Congregational pulpit, and gives public lectures in and around Baltimore. He has visited Scotland once, when he took to himself a wife, and his American home has now in it the music of children's voices. The *Scotsman and Caledonian Advertiser* of New York published his first effusions written on American soil, and reviewed them very favourably. Mr Henderson has also written with much acceptance for the New York *Independent*, Chicago *Advance*, the Baltimore *American*, the *Scottish American Journal*, and other papers. He has not yet published in book form, but may consent to do so in the near future. The impulses of a poet's mind are remarkable in his reflective pieces, and a vivid yet chaste imagination is shown when he depicts the beauties of nature. Many of his productions are rich in evangelical sentiment and true poetical feeling.

SCOTLAND MINE.

Oh, Scotland mine, my mother-land,
How grand, how fair art thou ;

The sunbeams play about thy feet,
  The lightning round thy brow.
How stout of arm, how fierce of speech,
  In battle and in storm;
But to thy children, bosom-nursed,
  How tender-souled and warm.

Oh, Scotland mine, my mother-land,
  What pangs were at thy birth;
With throes and tossings terrible
  Travailed *thy* mother, Earth!
Each jagged peak, each jutting cliff,
  Still tell of pain and strife,
When thou, from out Earth's burning womb
  Wert lifted into life.

My mother-land, how bare thy form,
  How wild thy heart of flame,
Till kindly snows and mists and dews
  With gentlest soothing came;
And now in Nature's greenest robe,
  A queen I see thee stand;
The fairest, grandest child of earth,
  My own, my mother-land.

Thy children, too, my mother-land,
  Came to their birth through strife—
In war, and storm, and martyr-fires,
  They bravely won their life—
Rock-framed and rude, how stern they stood
  For truth and conscience free—
Fire-souled, how flamed their being forth
  For liberty and thee.

Come now, soft dews of sympathy,
  Come, mists of human tears,
And snows that nurse the buried seed
  Shall bloom in brighter years;
Then greenest sward of love shall fold
  Eternal rocks of truth—
And kingly men thy sons shall stand
  In royal robes of ruth.

OH, LIPPEN AN' BE LEAL.

(A PARAPHRASE.)

Oh, lippen an' be leal!
  The Faither's bairns are ye—
A' that He does is weel,
  And a' that's guid He'll gie!

The birds, they ken nae cark,
They fear nae cauld nor weet—
His e'e's ower a' His wark,
They dinna want for meat.

Think o' the bonnie flow'rs,
Wi' slender, gracefu' stem,
Drinkin' the summer show'rs—
The Faither cares for them!

The lilies o' the field
At God's ain biddin' bloom;
His bosom is their beild,
His breath is their perfume.

And if He minds the flow'rs,
And decks them oot sae braw,
He'll care for you and yours—
Then trust Him wi' your a'.

The Faither's bairns are ye—
A' that He does is weel,
And a' that's guid He'll gie—
Oh, lippen and be leal!

OUR SCOTTISH FERN.

It died, we said, at early frost—
So surely did we deem it lost,
We had forgotten it almost.

So when the spring with sun and showers
Stirred stiffened plants, woke sleeping flowers,
We did not think to look for ours.

But, tender as a babe new-born,
Curling and fresh, a slender horn
Clomb to the light one April morn!

Nor was it come to live alone:
Four sister-shoots since then have grown,
And earth has rendered back our own!

It was a glad surprise to find
Dame Nature's wrinkled breast so kind,
To that which we had dropped from mind.

And with the coming of our fern,
What sunny memories return,
What blessed lessons we relearn.

We walk once more by fell and brake,
And see the plashing wavelets break
Upon the shores of Lomond lake.

We seat us in the sheltered glade,
And watch the play of light and shade
Upon the Falls of Inversnaid.

Thro' fringe of fern and fragrant heath
The waters leap, to hiss and seethe
About the sullen rocks beneath.

Far-bending o'er the rocky bed,
The rowans hang their berries red
And lock their branches overhead.

In this song-hallowed nook of earth
Our fern-plant, hailed by song-birds' mirth,
And hum of waters, had its birth.

Here gentle hands and cautious blade,
About its clinging roots were laid:
We bore it far from Inversnaid—

We tended it by sea and shore—
It died when summer days were o'er—
How could we hope to see it more?

But April bade the dead arise,
With all its buried memories,
To fill our souls with sweet surprise.

So, sometimes, Nature's cold and drear,
Touched by a human smile or tear,
Have opened like budding year.

So, e'en where Hope had ceased to be,
Strong Faith may spring and blossom free
At the first touch of sympathy.

So does the grave its secret keep
To gladden yet the eyes that weep—
Our loved ones are not dead, but sleep!

A SONG OF LOVE.

Love's season is but brief,
So they say.
It opens like the leaf,
To decay.
Ah, well, I only know,
The long years come and go,
But 'tis leaf-time with Love alway.

A silver cloud is Love,
So they say—

That floats a while above,
Then away—
Ah, well, the years have brought
Their freight of care and thought,
Yet I build in the clouds to-day.

Uncertain as the sea,
So they say,
Love ever will be free—
Well-a-day.
The years have come and gone,
Life's ebb and flow go on,
But the sea is the same for aye.

If Love do fade e'er long,
As they say—
Yet Love is true and strong,
And will stay.
The leaf, and cloud, and tide,
Through all the years abide—
Is not Love longer lived than they.

OH, FOR THE SKYLARK.

Oh, for the Scottish skylark,
In the bright southern sky ;
To thrill my soul with joyous song,
As in the days gone by.
And oh, to lie, and mark his flight,
Till far within the blue,
A speck half seen, imagined half,
His form escapes my view.

Oh, for a single skylark
To pour like sun-lit rain,
Down all the air a shower of song
To gladden hill and plain.
High-priest of birds, the skylark takes
Of all bird song the best,
Then goes alone, but when he wills,
Into the holiest.

Oh, for the song of the skylark,
Then shall this land rejoice,
When she, dumb queen, with splendour girt,
Hath found at last a voice.
Her wooded hills are dear to me,
Her valleys fair to see—
Ay, this were home, could I but hear
The skylark's melody.

DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR,

AUTHOR of the exquisite lyric, "Caledonia's Blue Bells," well-known and admired in this country, and sung by "gentle and simple" throughout America, was born, in 1838, at Amulree, Glenquaich, Perthshire. He is second son of the late Alexander MacKintosh or Crerar and Janet MacGregor, daughter of the late Duncan MacGregor, merchant, Amulree. His love of books early manifested itself, and he is still a student. After receiving a substantial elementary education, it was the aim of his parents to have him brought out for the ministry, but the early death of his father defeated this intention. In 1857 he went out to the county of Perth, Canada. Here he met numerous parties who had been evicted from Glenquaich and other parts of Breadalbane—many of them relatives, and not a few of them old acquaintances. Those settlers were an intelligent people, who had been in comfortable circumstances at home, and here they were the pioneers and formed the nucleus of what is now one of the finest counties in Ontario, named Perth after the shire they had left.

Mr Crerar spent nearly nine years in Canada, chiefly occupied in mercantile pursuits, and for a considerable time also in the Active Militia, of which he was an enthusiastic member. He served with his company for some months on the frontier during the Fenian troubles of 1865, and as a reward for efficiency in this capacity he was gazetted Honorary Lieutenant of his old Corps, Co. A. 28th Perth, by the Canadian Government, when under the direction of his friend, the Honourable Alexander MacKenzie. Between posts at the front he used a diligent pen,

and was a well-known correspondent of the *Stratford Beacon*, an influential paper published in the county town of Perth.

In the autumn of 1865, the Active Service Battalions were recalled, and the men composing them allowed to take their discharge. Shortly thereafter, the interval being devoted to certain special studies at Toronto, Mr Crerar left for New York, where, with the exception of a summer spent in Scotland, he has since remained.

Though a frequent contributor of letters to Scottish and other newspapers, Mr Crerar allowed none of his poetical effusions to appear until pressed to do so by Mr A. MacKenzie, F.S.A., Inverness, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, during that gentleman's visit to America in 1879. In this magazine first appeared the poem on his old friend Evan MacColl, the well-known Lochfyne-side bard. This poem was widely quoted in Scotland and throughout Canada, whence came a letter of congratulation from the Marquis of Lorne. In April of the same year (1880) his "Well done, brave Perthshire!" was published in the *Perthshire Advertiser*, and soon after, in the same paper, "Alma, Countess of Breadalbane." In the *Celtic Magazine* has since appeared, among others, "Adieu! loved friends of Athol Bank," "Caledonia's Blue Bells," "My Bonnie Rowan Tree," "A Spray of White Heather"—the last-mentioned being dedicated to Mrs William Black, wife of his warm friend the eminent novelist.

A well-known New York critic thus writes of Mr Crerar and his work:—"In addition to many smaller pieces not yet published, he has an epic on which he has for some time been engaged, but which is not nearly completed. This poem will have immense attraction for lovers of the beautiful in nature, but particularly for those who are familiar with the matchless scenery, the family histories, and

the legendary lore of Perthshire. His published pieces have been widely copied, and have won for him enconiums from many distinguished people. Socially, though not given to company, and perhaps a little too retiring in his ways, he is one of the noblest of fellows, as is known best to those who are permitted to enter the chosen circle of his friends. In his friendship, as in everything else, he is honest and sincere." Mr Crerar, from his numerous relations, as well as from his literary sympathies, has been brought into contact with many of the British publishers and authors who, in recent years, have visited America, and among the list of his friends and correspondents he includes such names as George MacDonald, William Black, Alexander Strahan, and others.

"Caledonia's Blue Bells," which the *American Scotsman* characterised as an exquisite gem, "coming from the heart of a loyal Briton and an enthusiastic Scot," is a fine picture of a happy Scottish home, breathing, like many of the poet's productions, piety, patriotism, filial and brotherly love, and touching all the best chords of our common humanity. Mr Crerar's productions have in them the warmth of Highland blood, the flavour of the heather, and the freshness of the mountain breeze. They possess pathetic grace, quiet dignity and exquisite tenderness, together with that subtle blending of the moods of Nature with human feelings which is always the seal of true imagination.

CALEDONIA'S BLUE BELLS.

Hail, bonnie Blue Bells, ye come hither to me
With a brother's warm love from far o'er the sea ;
Fair flowerets, ye grew on a calm, sacred spot,
The ruins, alas, of my kind father's cot.
Caledonia'a Blue Bells, O bonnie Blue Bells !

What memories dear of that cot ye recall,
Though now there remains neither rooftree nor wall ;

Alack-a-day, lintel and threshold are gone,
While cold 'neath the weeds lies the hallowed hearthstone.
Caledonia's Blue Bells, O bonnie Blue Bells!

'Twas a straw-roofed cottage, but love abode there,
And peace and contentment aye breathed in its air;
With songs from the mother, and legends from sire,
How blithe were we all round the cheerie peat fire.
Caledonia's Blue Bells, O bonnie Blue Bells!

Our sire long asleep, his fond mem'ry endeared.
The mother still spared us, beloved and revered;
Sweet Blue Bells with charmed recollections entwined
Of scenes in my childhood for ever enshrined.
Caledonia's Blue Bells, O bonnie Blue Bells!

TO-MORROW.

Away with grief, dull care away,
Away with canker, pain, and sorrow;
Where black clouds scowl and frown to-day
The sun will brightly shine to-morrow.
The weary heart when sore distressed
Too oft, alas, will trouble borrow;
But joy will banish what distressed,
And eyes that wept will smile to-morrow.

Why should we grieve though friends forsake?
If one is left that's true and thorough;
In adverse house who will partake
And share our woe or weal to-morrow.
No peaceful place of rest is this,
Here no immunity from sorrow;
But an enduring home and bliss
Awaits above when comes the morrow.

MY BONNIE ROWAN TREE.

Thrice welcome, sweet green spray
Cull'd from my rowan tree,
By loved ones far away,
In bonnie Amulree.

In boyhood's days thy root
Was planted by my hand,
Just ere I left my dear,
My Scottish fatherland!

Thou but a sapling then,
Though now a shelt'ring tree,
While warblers in thy boughs
Sing sweetest melodie.

Oh, handsome rowan tree !
I'm growing old and grey ;
But thou art fresh and green,
Remote from all decay.

One boon for which I pray—
A home in Amulree,
Where friends of yore I'd meet
Beneath thee, rowan tree !

The Fraochie wimpling by,
In cadence soft and slow—
Craig Thullich tow'ring high,
The fragrant woods below.

The old kirk on the knowe,
The graveyard mossy green ;
Thy bosky birks, Lubchuil !
Thy streamlet's silv'ry sheen.

With warm Breadalbane hearts,
'Mong those romantic braes,
I happily could spend
The gloaming of my days.

The memories of langsyne—
Bright days of gladsome glee—
We fondly could revive
Beneath thee, rowan tree.

THE EIRLIC WELL.

O Eirlic Well, dear Eirlic Well,
Again I gaze on thee ;
What sacred mem'ries round thee cling,
Fount of mine infancy.
Thy waters laugh and ripple now,
As in the days of yore ;
'Mid changes thou art still unchanged,
And ceaseless in thy store.

Long years have passed since last I kissed
Thy gurgling wavelets sweet,
And oft I longed in climes afar
To woo thy wild retreat.
Now that again I fondly hear
The music of thy flow,
I sigh for those who with me shared
Thy blessings long ago.

How joyously we bounded forth,
When free from task and school,

To gather round thy mossy brink,
  And quaff thy waters cool.
Oh, youthful hearts and innocent,
  Pure as those sprays of thine,
Where are they now who clustered round
  Thy banks in auld lang syne ?

Ah me, they all have gone, and here,
  In pensive mood alone,
I meditate on bygone days
  Upon thy moss-clad stone.
Friends of my youth, the loved, the leal,
  I waft, where'er you dwell,
My warmest wishes ; bless you all,
  Who drank from Eirlic Well.

Loved Eirlic Well, flow ever on :
  Those cooling draughts of thine
The tired and weary aye shall cheer—
  Flow on, O boon Divine !
Farewell, charmed spot, I ne'er again
  Thy cheerie face may see ;
But thou art graven in my heart,
  Scene of mine infancy.

TO EVAN MACCOLL.

My greeting to thee, Bard revered,
  Sweet minstrel of Loch Fyne !
Heaven bless, and shield, and prosper aye,
  Mo Charaid ! thee and thine.
May time deal ever tenderly,
  MacColl ! with thine and thee ;
Long may thy tuneful Highland harp
  Throb sweetest minstrelsy.

The sterling virtues of the Gael,
  Their deeds of bravery,
Their guileless hearts so warm and true,
  Who can portray like thee?
And sweetly dost thou sing the charms,
  The gracefulness divine
Of Highland maids, in speech endeared—
  Thy mother tongue and mine.

"Iona," "Staffa," and "Loch Awe,"
  "Loch Lomond" and "Loch Fyne,"
The "Brander Pass" and "Urquhart's Glen,"
  Thou grandly dost outline.

Thy "Child of Promise," beauteous gem,
A plaintive, soothing psalm,
Thy "Falling Snow" brings to the heart
A sweet, a holy calm.

Thine own "Glenshira," by thy muse,
Is now a classic land;
Its scenes of grandeur have been limned
With skill by Royal hand.
Oh, bless her, Princess of our race!
That Rose without a thorn,
So dearly cherished in our hearts,
The loved Louise of Lorne.

Thine odes, thy sonnets, and thy songs,
All rich in melodie,
Shall with delight be read and sung
While Awe flows to the sea.
Oh, Bard beloved! in boyhood's morn
I sang thy mountain lays;
With joy perused thy poesie
'Mong famed Breadalbane's braes.

I dreamed not then the rich delight
My future had in store—
Thy noble friendship, treasured dear,
Within affection's core.
The happy *ceilidhs* to thy home,
The charming converse there;
Thy Highland hospitality,
How cordial, and how rare!

Though fair Canadia, now thy home,
Be full of charms to thee,
Thy heart oft yearns to see Argyll,
And thine own "Rowan Tree."
My wishes warm to thee I waft,
Charmed songster of Loch Fyne;
And oh, may Heaven's blessing rest,
My friend, on thee and thine!

ROBERT WHITTET,

PUBLISHER, Richmond, Va., America, and a poet of much depth of thought and sweetness of expression, was born in Perth, in 1829. His father was then a printer in the "fair city," and the son was educated at Stewart's Free School—an institution for the education of the sons of burgesses. Our poet learned the printing business, and after working in Aberdeen and Edinburgh for some years, began business on his own account in his native town. He conducted it very successfully for seventeen years, when a poetical desire for a life of "rural felicity" took possession of his mind, and he "pulled up stakes," and went to Virginia, U.S., America, where, as the proprietor of a fine plantation of 420 acres, he hoped to enjoy a quiet and contemplative leisure. It was not, however, so profitable as to admit of the dream, and he had to abandon it for his old friend—the types. Mr Whittet removed to Richmond, the capital of the Southern Confederacy, and contracted as publisher to supply the Sunday School Literature of the Presbyterian Church, South. For a time he experienced some of the ups and downs of life, and not a few of its rough kicks. Indeed, we have reason to believe that the incidents and characters of his noble poem, "The Brighter Side of Suffering," which gives the title to his large and beautiful volume, recently published, are personal reminiscences. But the "brave heart to the stey brae" has enabled him to come out fairly prosperous at the last. The firm of "Whittet & Shepperson" is now widely and favourably known for its high-class literature and beautifully got-up works.

The volume already alluded to—"The Brighter Side of Suffering, and other Poems"—was published in 1882, and is inscribed to "my wife, whose loving self-sacrifice has met and warded off many of our mutual sufferings, and to our children, whose dutiful affection has been a solace in seasons of care and anxiety." In the preface we are told that it has long been the intention and desire of the poet to re-model and re-write the whole; but the exactions of a life of toil denied him the opportunity, and an occupation that has demanded for thirty years rarely less than twelve and fourteen hours a-day of close application "leaves but little hope that, if left till 'a more convenient season,' it would ever be accomplished." It is farther stated that the work is the product of odd half-hours and occasional wanderings by the wayside. In a pleasing poetical "prefatory" we have the following "apology" given for singing:—

One linnet's note the more or less,
Within the wildwood's minstrelsy,
Can neither raise nor aught depress
The sense of joyous revelry.

And yet each linnet from the spray
His swelling notes melodious flings,
And pipes his own sweet roundelay
Heedless of how another sings.

He has a song 'tis his to sing,
And that he sings right earnestly,
And waits for neither serf nor king
To urge his heart to minstrelsy.

The skylark sings where bliss belongs,
That song an ampler field be given;
Takes to the clouds his seraph songs—
Throws half to earth and half to heaven.

And some sweet songster, near alight
On thorny perch, amid the throng,
Gives to the passing heart delight,
And cheers it with a joyous song.

So are the songs that poets sing
  Within secluded quiet retreat,
But single echoed notes, that bring
  Their quota for a volume sweet.

Each pipes his own peculiar strain,
  On golden lyre or grassy reed,
And sings, and sings, and sings again,
  To satisfy his own heart's need.

Yet may some raptured thought out-reach
  Far, far the poet's dream above,
And some faint wavering heart beseech
  To deeds of grace, and hope, and love.

To sing has given one heart employ,
  And thus did end enough fulfil;
But if, re-sung, another's joy
  Is more enlarged, 'twere better still.

And so, self-pleased, I give the song
  That's kept my own past clear and bright,
If that, perchance, some other tongue
  May lift the lilt, and find delight.

The elegant work was well received, and deservedly elicited high praise from the American press. The leading poem is of more than ordinary merit, showing breadth of view, excellent conception, maturely considered and well reasoned out. Its metaphors are apt, striking, and full of beauty, and the spirit of true piety is manifested throughout. The poet shows that the beauties of nature only attain the higher types by passing through the process of decay, that freedom, civil and religious, has been secured through suffering, and the teachings of the Gospel are presented in sweet, attractive, and harmonious measure. All his productions give evidence of the possession of the true poetic gift. His Doric verses are peculiarly graceful, natural, and tender, while they occasionally betray a vein of fine pleasing humour.

HOME-LOVE.

From the "Brighter Side of Suffering."

Oh! love is like a summer day,
When sunny pleasures crowd;
When brightest shines the silver ray
Nearer the thunder-cloud;
But mother's love and father's care,
Where'er our footsteps roam,
Still make our hearts the sunshine share
Of love—sweet love at home!
O home-love, sweet home-love,
There no love like home-love;
Though all else may faithless prove,
Lealty's aye in home-love.

O'er the prairie waste the wanderer
Plods with laggard step alone;
On the billow toss'd, the mariner
Treads his watch, even starlight gone;
And from whence, to such ones weary,
Can a sweeter comfort come,
Than to know that hearts sit dreary
For their sakes, far, far at home?
O home-love, sweet home-love,
There's no love like home-love;
Wander where our footsteps may,
We cherish still our home-love.

The bustling world to some is joy,
Or dreams of golden gain—
What loved ones gone would deem a toy,
Perhaps esteem as pain.
When to the mind, 'mid care and strife,
No resting-place can come,
The balm for every ill of life
Is surest found at home.
O home-love, sweet home love,
There's no love like home-love;
The sweetest rest for aching breast
Is the couch of home-love.

As where the purest light is given
The brighter are the flowers,
So when the life is likest heaven
The purest joy is ours;
And thoughts of highest bliss are bound
By heaven's unclouded dome,
And most of heaven on earth is found
Around the hearth at home.

O home-love, sweet home-love,
There's no love like home-love ;
The purest—best—the sweetest zest,
Is surely found in home-love.

But ah ! beside the love of heaven,
Earth's best we dare not name,
For there the lovers' hearts, unriven,
Are changeless and the same ;
But still earth's dearest, tenderest ties
Nearest to heaven's standard come,
Where'er the barb of grief and sighs
Are solaced best—at home.
O home-love, sweet home-love,
The purest love is home-love ;
Though all else may faithless prove,
Faithful aye is home-love.

"JOUK AND LET THE JAW BY."

When Johnnie fee'd to oor toon
I thocht that nane could match him ;
I couldna help but lo'e the loon,
So cock'd my cap to catch him !
He cam' to woo, and now ayont's
A thocht he wadna throw by,
Sae come what will to thwart oor wants
I'll jouk and let the jaw by.

They jeer and laugh at Johnnie's love,
They daffin' mak o' mine too ;
But scoffin' ne'er my heart can move,
And Johnnie's still to mine true.
Care I what envious lasses say !—
Their envy sune will blaw by,
I'll please my Johnnie and mysel',
And jouk and let the jaw by.

A towmond owre, he'll be my ain,
When Martinmas brings oor fees round ;
Sage wisdom says 'tis best to hain
A wee before oor love's crowned.
It isna lang—it nearer comes
As time ca's ilka daw by,
Besides, he's worth their cuffs and slams,—
I'll jouk and let the jaw by.

A LEGEND OF THE DAISY.

Long had sunk the light of day,
When, prostrate on the cold, green sod,
Within Gethsemane, there lay,
Disconsolate, the Son of God.

With bitter sighs his bosom heaved,
In sorrow's voice he cried aloud,
Till, torn with grief, his heart relieved
Itself with sweat of crimson blood.

Down from his quivering brow it fell,
A dropping stream upon the ground ;
And long that spot could passers tell,
So bare amid the green around.

And autumn came, and spring-time's showers,
And summer's zephyrs softly blew,
Yet on that spot no other flowers
Save some sweet mountain daisies grew.

And as each raised its drooping head,
Its serrate fringe was crimson dyed :
Memorial of the tears He shed,
And of the hour to blood he sighed.

As in salvation's world-wide flow,
The heaven-inspired apostle band,
First to God's chosen people go,
And then abroad to every land ;

So from that spot the daisy bears
To all the world a message brief :
The crimson of its fringe declares
The story of the Saviour's grief.

THE FROZEN BURN.

O whare is the wee brook that danced through the valley,
Wha's murmur at gloamin' sae sweet was to me ?
Or whare are the gowans that decked a' the alley,
And gae us, when bairnies, in summer sic glee ?

O cauld cam' the rude blast that blew frae the wild hills,
And keen bit the hoar frost, and fierce drave the snaw,
And they've plucked a' the sweet flowers that busket the wee rills,
And sealed up the burnie's wee wavelets and a'.

But spring soon will come wi' its buds and its blossoms,
The waving young leaflets will clead ilka tree,
The birdie's sweet love notes will thrill frae their bosoms,
And this snaw-covered desert an Eden will be.

The wee flowers will peep up their heads by the burnie,
And its waters will dance in the sunbeams again ;
Ilk thing that has life in't will flourish and charm ye,
When the life now entombed shall have burst its ice chain.

Sae man, like the burnie when summer is glowing,
Glides on in his rapture, free, lightsome, and gay ;
But life has its winter, and towards us 'tis flowing,
And soon will its rude breath freeze us in the clay.

But there is a summer the soul kens is comin',
When life to these temples anew will be given ;
Then fret nae, but cheer ye, and comfort yer gloamin'—
The grave has but planted the flowerets for heaven.

THE DAISIES.

The daisies come and the daisies go,
And our hearts are warmed with a conscious glow
Of kindlier love,—we love them so ;
They carry us back to our childhood's days,
When the heart was light in its guileless ways ;
And for ever, methinks, the daisy says,—
"I come and go,
Failing never, but grow
O'er all God's earth, and so,
Proclaiming His goodness with summer's glow,
Tell how sweetly His love and His mercies flow."

The daisies come and the daisies go,—
In the woods and fields and by roadsides grow,
Everywhere, everywhere, seeking to show
The unceasing love of the Father's care,
Who gifts so lowly a thing such share
Of the beauty he sheds o'er earth so fair,
Still preaching so,
Where'er they go,
That men may know,
By the breadth of the hills and dales they sow,
How wide His love and His mercies flow.

The daisies come and the daisies go,—
In childhood's heart make summer glow
With holier joy, and innocence flow
With a purer stream, that in after days
Will afford a guard from the tempter's ways,
And bless through life what the daisy says,—
"As I come and go,
Let me ever show,
That where'er men go,
Through sorrow or joy, they still may know
God's mercies follow with ceaseless flow."

WHAT IS KINDNESS.

What is kindness?—go forth and ask
The toiling, very poor,
What 'tis would make life's current flow
With stream more bright and pure ?

And they will say how sympathy
Would help to cast behind
The drear out-look of coming days—
To sympathize is kind.

Yea! it is sweet when, sorrow bent,
The heart droops low and lone,
To hear the angel voice which comes
In kindness' soothing tone;
But 'tis not all that cheering words
For mourning breasts we find;
The sympathizing heart will burn
To acts—and thus be kind.

What is kindness?—'tis to bestow
Whate'er the needy want,
To clothe the orphan's shivering limbs—
Give bread when bread is scant;
To add to joy where joy may reign,
To heal where wounds we find;
With word, or act, or smile, or tear,
Find fitting deed—'tis kind.

And kindness is when brothers strive
'Mid waves of poverty,
To stretch the warding hand to raise,
And give sweet liberty;
To free them when privation's thralls
With cares o'er-burdening bind,
And find how life fits into life—
Aye, this in truth is kind.

ANDREW M'LEAN,

MANAGING EDITOR of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, was born in the village of Renton, Dumbartonshire, in 1848. After leaving the parish school in the neighbouring village of Alexandria, to which his parents had removed while he was still an infant, he was apprenticed to the joiner trade in the print works at that place. When only fourteen years of age he resolved to try his fortunes in the

United States, and proceeding to Glasgow he induced the captain of an American barque to let him work his passage across the Atlantic. A few days after reaching New York, he joined the United States Navy—the Civil War being then in progress, and remained in the service, chiefly on the Potomac River, till the end of the war. On his return to his friends in Brooklyn, our poet was sent to a commercial college in that city, and he was there fitted to begin work as a newspaper reporter.

For the past twelve years Mr M'Lean has been steadily employed in Brooklyn journalism, and for eight years he has been managing editor of the *Eagle*. The true Scottish "grit" of M'Lean is proved by his antecedents. He is an eloquent and effective public speaker, and the skill and ability he has displayed in conducting an influential "daily" are generally conceded. Engaged as he is, he has but few leisure hours to devote to poetry; and yet, such is the energy of the man, that he has actually written much—no small portion of which bears the stamp of poetical genius. His poetry shows spontaneity, freshness, and truth, the descriptive and narrative in particular being full of subtle touches and bits of life-like portraiture, and always appreciative and pathetic. That his productions are vigorous and thoughtful, the following poems will demonstrate:—

A DREAM OF YOUTH.

Deep crimson heather bloom,
Rich yellow blushing broom,
Sweet, fragrant Scotch bluebell,
Farewell, Farewell!

Song hearted, throbbing lark,
Grey cushit crooning dark,
Shy plaintive "bonnet blue,"
Adieu, Adieu!

Broad bosomed silver lake,
Leven's rippling sunny wake,
Grim, grizzly mountains high,
Good-bye, Good-bye !

Scenes that I loved and roved among ;
Rocks that echoed my earliest song ;
Birds I knew in the nesting days ;
Flowers I plucked by the woodland ways ;
Lake of silver and sunny stream—
Beauteous all as a sinless dream ;
I say farewell, good-bye, adieu,
But life shall end ere I part from you ;
Ye are present wheresoever I be,
Thy life is mine, I am part of thee.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The wearisome week is over,
With its burden of fret and toil ;
To-morrow I'll smell the clover,
And tread the daisied soil,
And chant a tune as I lightly go
More merry than any the greenwoods know.

Where the streamlets glint and shimmer
Through shadows of maple gloss,
And strolling sunbeams glimmer
On fern and rambling moss,
An hour I'll spend and drink the balm
That the brooklets brew in the woodland's calm.

A GLIMPSE OF APRIL SUN.

Hail, gladsome gleam of April sun !
Thou glance from nature's kindly eye ;
Bright pledge of boisterous weather done ;
Fair flowery fragrant prophecy.

Thy radiance to the bluebird shows
The gentleness he loves to sing,
When winds that wanton with the rose
Forsake the rose to fan his wing.

The various creatures of the woods
Are gladdened by thy early grace,
As I am glad when angry moods
Pass cloud-like from an old friend's face.

THE JEWELS OF BLARNEY.

'Tis told us pleasantly, by the simple peasantry,
Whose hearts ne'er wander tho' their words may stray,
How an earl's daughters into Blarney's waters
Cast all their jewels on a hapless day ;
There to be pendant till some late descendant,
Finding from war and bigotry release,
Shall bid the fairies, on whom the care is,
Bring them to deck his coronet in peace.

There's another story, presaging glory,
And somethigg better, which the peasants tell :
For witching reasons, in happy seasons,
When the earth is under the new moon's spell,
Come flocks all white, from the breast of night,
Calmly to graze near the pearly strand ;
So that favoured eyes may at least surmise
That a spotless future awaits the land.

These old traditions and superstitions
Yield a moral that fits our time and place—
They've a counterpart in each human heart
That throbs with the heat of an ancient race ;
The Bigot's word and Oppression's sword
Made a lake far deeper than Blarney knows,
And in its waters Good Will's fair daughters
Once buried jewels more rare than those.

Clancarty's earl ne'er owned a pearl
To compare with the gem of brotherhood ;
Nor in any mine doth a diamond shine
Like the soul that longs for another's good.
No glittering schist or soft amethyst
Can rival the beams of a friendly eye ;
The emerald fades and the topaz shades
In the flashing light of a purpose high.

On a new made plain I observe again
The Blarney flocks with their spotless dress,
And a shepherd near, from the fairy sphere,
Maketh signs which my heart is swift to guess :
Our age is the heir to the jewels fair
That Good Will buried in evil days,
And we shall see in our own land free
The diadem on his forehead blaze.

Let us sing old songs and bury old wrongs,
And draw from the past, not gloom but cheer ;
The angry moods of our father's feuds
Should be given no place in our gatherings here :

Let our children boast when our healths they toast
At the festal boards of the years to come,
That their fathers' choice was for friendship's voice,
And in favour of striking rancour dumb.

HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

As the rose-bud fresh in the morning,
  Just waked from its dewy repose,
Forspeaketh the later adorning
  That shall shine in the glorified rose ;
So maidenhood shy and retreating,
  With thoughts that never obtrude,
Looketh on to the swift coming meeting
  Of glory in full womanhood.

To thee, fair maid, at the knitting,
  Of maiden and womanly duty,
We can send no wish more fitting,
  Than is taught by the rose-bud's beauty ;
The wish and the trust close-mated,
  That thy larger life shall find
No joy of the dawn abated,
  No fragrance gone from the mind.

FROM THE SOURCE TO THE SEA.

A clear little rill ran with musical measure
Through scenes that were sylvan and sacred to pleasure,
From under an oak tree by pine trees surrounded
Its young current broke free and babbled and bounded ;
Then out of the shade, and away from the dun,
Like a boy to his games, sped to play with the sun.

To a landscape of sand, 'twixt the croft and the sea,
As arid and tanned as the heart of Chaldee
Came the brook rippling cheery a current of light,
A joy to the weary, a gem to the sight ;
But alas for the glory of woodland and mead,
In the sand died the glitter, the music, the speed.

Oh, freshness of childhood ! Oh, gladness of prime !
Oh, home in the wildwood ! Oh, dawning of time !
From thee do we haste to the levels of life,
To the passionate waste, to the toil and the strife,
Where our courage succumbs and our happy hopes flee,
Ere we reach the dim shore of the mist-shrouded sea.

JAMES URQUHART.

WE have given several striking proofs of the quaint humour, keen wit, genial wisdom, and brilliant power associated with the legal profession. We have only to mention the perfection of the admirable good sense, combined with quickness to perceive the ludicrous, the humour always fresh, rich, and enforced, and the satire keen, without a particle of bitterness, as shown in the songs of Lord Neaves and George Outram to prove that poetry can exist on the bench, in "Parliament House," and among musty papers and dry deeds. From these sources we have in song had graphic pictures of the peculiar features of Scotch legal process, the comic side of the peculiarities of Scotch law, and its effect on the character and feelings of our countrymen. These sketches are remarkable for breadth of colouring and truth to human nature, and are drawn with rare genial power. Mr Urquhart is a poet of much promise. He is studying for the bar, and at the age of nineteen has published a volume containing poems of high merit.

James Urquhart was born in Dundee in 1864. His father, who was a solicitor in that town, and for some years held the offices of Sheriff Clerk Depute and Commissary Clerk, died, and left a widow with four children—the eldest of whom was six years, and the youngest only three months. James was sent to school when five years old, and the youthful poet, on account of the tales he had heard of school life, cried copiously and remonstrated strongly on being led to commence his education. However, the "mistress" treated him so kindly, and he felt so interested in what he saw, that he was sorry when the time came to go home, and was all eagerness to get back again next morning. After three years he

went to the High School, where his experiences were considerably widened. He was not what is generally understood as a diligent lad at school, and only took one prize, and that was for elocution. Yet he was thoughtful beyond his years, and loved long solitary rambles, when he endeavoured to cast his thoughts into rhyme. His first effort in this line was when he was nine years of age. It was committed to the care of a note-book, which he always took to bed with him, so that he might jot down any fancies which occurred to him during the night. It was not, however, until he became a pupil at Gray's College, Essex, and when about fourteen, that he began to write regularly. In the neighbourhood of the college are all the beauties of English pastoral scenery—deep woods, hedged alleys, old-fashioned houses, quiet sleepy villages, and ivy-decked churches, and these scenes strengthened and fed his poetic impulses. The odd dress of the country people, and the quaint buildings in the neighbouring hamlets had the greatest interest for him in his holiday rambles; while the richly-clothed woods, with their luxuriant undergrowth and twining plants, he has beautifully pictured in many of his poems, and notably so in "Mary," the poem from which his recently-published volume takes its name.

Shortly after entering the college, and having been greatly impressed with the musical rhythm of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," which he had then read for the first time, he essayed an imitation named "War," which was his second poetical production of any note. He sent this poem to the "Gazette"—a magazine carried on by the young ladies of the establishment—and it was so enthusiastically received that he became a regular contributor. Having successfully passed the Cambridge Local Examinations, he returned to Dundee, and having decided to study law, it

was arranged that he should go to Edinburgh. He passed the General Knowledge Examination in 1880, and was thereafter apprenticed to a firm of Writers to the Signet in the Scottish metropolis. It was then, in the quietude and loneliness of his lodgings, and when his studies were not so heavy, that he found time to write. Coming across a volume of Kirk-White's "Remains," this more than anything else stimulated thought. He started the story of Mary," but not feeling satisfied with the work in its first form, he never got farther than "Autumn." He wrote it again and again, and as it gradually developed, the labour afforded him much pleasure. Meanwhile he produced minor poems when only in his sixteenth year, and was gratified to find one of these efforts published in the *People's Friend*.

We learn that Mr Urquhart has been accused of modelling his principal poem on the lines of "Enoch Arden," but we have reason to believe that the poet had not even read that poem till after his volume was published. His sources of incitement have mainly been the "Remains" of Kirk-White, the works of Byron, and an overwhelming desire on his own part to write. He has found fruitful thought for his lively fancy in nature, in life, and in art; and his treatment of the varied themes shows that frequently the least promising is most prolific in suggestion to his warm imagination. Love of external nature, and a genuine realisation of those feelings which make up the sum of average human experience, when it is healthy and kindly, find vivid expression in his poems. His productions are unequal in point of merit, but all are evidently finished with care and thought—a quality to be appreciated in these rhyming days. We look upon Mr Urquhart's published efforts as a foretaste of something to come that will be sure to live.

THE AULD HOOSE.

The auld hoose stood by a burnie's side,
That wimpled sae bonnie an' bricht,
As we weanies wid wide in its glistenin' tide,
Frae the lang summer morn till nicht;
Aye runnin' aboot, noo in an' noo oot,
Happy as birds, an' as free,
We scampered an' played 'neath the auld hoose's shade,
For 'twas a' the big warld to me.

The dear auld hoose, the queer auld hoose,
Whatever my fortunes be,
Wi' its gabled en', an' its but an' ben,
It'll aye be dear to me!

And there in the e'en I hae aften seen,
Aifter their wark wis done,
My faither and mither a' sittin' thegither,
Watchin' their wee bit son.
An' oh! I can mind a' the glances kind,
An' the anxious looks they'd gie,
As I sported sae crouse roun' the dear auld hoose—
Far the happiest hame to me.

The dear auld hoose, &c.

It's thae looks sae kind that will ever bind
My thoughts to days o' yore,
For I love to gaze, e'en through memory's haze,
On the faces that are no more.
For as mony's I meet on the daily street,
There's nane half sae welcome to me,
An' when memory strays to thae bygone days,
It's the lang-lost smiles to see.

The dear auld hoose, &c.

An' as I look back on the cosy thack,
An' the cheery wee bittie o' grun',
Whaur my mither wad sit wi' her wark an' knit,
An' join in my innocent fun—
I dicht my weet face, an' picture the place
A' lonely an' thick wi' decay,
An' wearily sigh for the boon but to lie
Near the auld hoose fading away.

The dear auld hoose, the queer auld hoose
Whatever my fortunes be,
Wi' its gabled en', an' its but an' ben,
It'll aye be dear to me.

WILLIE AND I.

'Twas Springtime, and Nature had newly arisen
From her slumbers within Winter's bleak frosty prison,
The snowdrop and primrose were decking the vale,
And the odours of budding flowers perfumed the gale ;
We were children, and life was but newly begun,
And we knew nothing else save our innocent fun,
When my Willie and I roamed the hillside together,
And sported in glee 'mong the fresh mountain heather.

The shadows were falling, an' evening serene
Had followed the heat of a bright Summer's day,
And the gloamin's calm peace brooded over the scene,
And chased every thought of the world away ;
We were wand'ring together whilst, warbling above,
The blackbird was trilling in amorous tone,
When my Willie confessed to his pure lasting love,
And I knew that the true heart I loved was my own.

The ripe corn was waving beneath a hot sun,
And the work o' the harvest-time newly begun,
And the rich scent of roses was borne on the breeze,
As it languidly moved through the leaf-laden trees,
The year was matured, and all Nature was bright,
And every heart throbbed with a joyous delight,
When Willie and I were made one by Love's tether,
And our loving hearts bonded still closer together.

The snows of the Winter are lying deep now,
Every leaf has forsaken each bare blackened bough,
And the wind whistles shrill as it sweeps o'er the lea,
And sighs a sad dirge round each dead withered tree ;
But although we are old, and our hair is as white
As the snows that are falling so thickly to-night,
We are happy as ever, and only await
For the Sun that will shine on our heavenly state !

THE NEWSBOY.

Fastly and thickly and coldly,
The snowflakes came hurrying down,
In an eddying crowd,
And spreading a shroud
Of pureness and peace o'er the town.

Empty and dreary and lonely,
Every street, alley, and square,
For the wind, I ween,
Was cold and keen,
And the snow was deep everywhere.

Barefoot and ragged and wretched,
Shivering and blue with the cold,
Crouched a poor little form
From the heedless storm,
With a bundle of papers unsold.

Weary and drooping and hungry,
Hoarse with the unheeded cry,
A home he has none
Till he's sold every one,
And so he must onwards and try.

So, hopeless and homeless and heart-sore
Still he went wandering on,
With the same sad cry,
And no one to buy,
Till the last flow of strength had gone.

Then weary, so weary, and dying,
He laid his poor head down to rest
On the cruel hard stone,
But ere morning shone
He had lain on his Saviour's breast.

Rigid and lifeless, but peaceful,
Cold in a doorway he lay;
But his face was bright
In the morning light,
For its sorrow had vanished away!

SUMMER.

From "Mary."

Summer hath cast her mantle o'er the scene,
And clothed the meadows in a richer green,
Hath given new colour to the rip'ning corn,
And fragrant freshness to the dewy morn.
The heather blooms upon the mountain tops,
And wild flowers mingle with the verdant crops,
The dewdrops nestle in the perfumed flowers,
And sunbeams dance among the morning showers.
The nightingale singing out his heartfelt love,
The hymns of larks heard softly from above,
The blackbird whistling on a lowly tree,
The rippling streamlet with its melody,
The ringing woods, the verdure of the trees,
The universal harmony of busy bees—
All are the heralds of the joyous mirth
Which Summer scatters freely o'er the Earth.

Summer—when every beauty decks the vale,
And every songster swells the tuneful gale,

When from their clover beds the larks arise
To sing their hymns among the morning skies,
When clouds but come to quickly pass away,
And lend a varied beauty to the day,
Summer hath come, all Nature tells the tale,
From loftiest summit down to deepest vale.

Now Nature, like a lovely rosy maid,
In all the charms of healthfulness arrayed,
Just ere she enters on her womanhood,
Smiling on all, and with a multitude
Of ways engaging, bright and ofttimes coy,
Lends unto all her own apparent joy.

The woods, with every leaf of foliage crowned,
With ivied trunks, and wild flowers strewn around,
Where, hanging from the intertwining trees,
The honeysuckle scents the cooler breeze,
Are filled with warblings and the mild perfume
Of budding wild flowers bursting into bloom.
There 'mong the mossy knolls and ferny dells
Romance and Poetry enweave their spells
About the worldly traveller's heated brain,
And bid him taste of Paradise again.
The bubbling stream, melodious as it flows
Through shady glens, or where it dancing goes
'Midst golden sunbeams, tinkling like a bell,
Mingles its music in the joyful swell.

AUTUMN MORNING.

The Autumn morning, bright and brown and chill,
Reigns o'er the prospect, and the early sun,
Newly arisen, and undimmed by day,
Sheds o'er the landscape now his clearest ray.
The road is thickly strewn with fallen leaves
Huddled in batches, thickest at the side,
O'er which, as o'er the moss-grass in the woods,
A crispy rime has fallen, clothing all
In glittering whiteness. O'er the arching sky
Not one dark cloud careers, but, deep and pure,
It compasseth the landscape. Summer's breath
Seems for a time to mingle with the winds
Of aged Autumn, and the morning sheds
A transient life into the dying scene.

THOUGHT.

Beloved Thought. Thou variegating flower,
Now pure and bright with Hope's ethereal hue,
Now dimmed with Disappointment's chilly dew—
Thou art my best companion. Many an hour

I've passed along with thee, soothing this life
With thy sweet perfume. Oh, had I the art
To plant thy wild seeds surely in my heart,
I'd reap a harvest of them rare and rife,
By studious cultivation. But the soil
Must first be rich and fruitful, and the streams
Of Learning's waters and the genial beams
Of Knowledge must, with much of care and toil,
Expand the germs, which, after all, but yield
Their rich autumnal fruits to grace a field
O'er which the sun is sinking.

ALEXANDER LAING,

LIKE his modest, yet world-famed namesake, the author of the "Standard on the Braes o' Mar," is a sweet and tender lyrical poet. He was born at Forres, Morayshire, in 1840, and when he was six years of age the family removed to Elgin, where our poet received the rudiments of his education. From Elgin they afterwards went to Archiestown, a village on Speyside, where Alexander, at the age of twelve, commenced to work with the farmers, attending school during winter. It was at this time that he became enamoured of poetry. At the farm where he was employed there was an old book of Scottish poetry and a copy of Burns' poems. These he took with him to the field, and so intent was he in his study of the pathetic "auld warl ballants," and the fine conceptions of Burns, that the cattle were frequently permitted to take liberties with the tender shoots of corn. It is interesting to note here that he modestly feels that he had at this time more real poetry in his mind than he ever had afterwards. He was wont to gaze intently on "the

moon-like sun" cleaving the mists away in the summer mornings, every flower and every mountain and hill had a charm for him, and all the birds of song were his special friends. He continued to follow agricultural pursuits till 1871, when he became tired of the plough, and removed to Glasgow, and afterwards to Dundonald, Ayrshire, where he was manager of the gas-works for eight years. Mr Laing is presently employed in a nursery at Kilmarnock.

In 1868 our poet published a selection of his verses in book form. This venture was well received, and the work was highly commended by the press. After being *silent* for a number of years, he again "strung the lyre," and to his great surprise was successful in gaining on different occasions a first prize in competitions in connection with the *Kilmarnock Standard*. It was not without many misgivings that he consented to allow his name to appear here. He humbly affirms that he is able merely to string a few simple verses together, and in a letter says:—"If you can honestly include me among those who write poetry, and not a jingle of words, you will be quite welcome to look over these verses. If not, allow me to harp out my existence, and die along with the simple lines I have sent for your inspection."

Mr Laing's poetry is natural, easy, and flowing, unrestrained and musical in rhyme, and chaste and faultless in expression. We find no aimless "jingling lines whose endings clink," nor are there dreamy, dreary harpings about neglect and cold, chilly despair. He is bright and cheery, and his pictures of rural life are calculated to add to the happiness of the happy, and comfort the miserable like the touches of tender hands and the music of soft tones. The following proves his right to a place in our galaxy of modern bards.

TO KYLE.

I from my early years have longed to view this land of lore,
Far from the mountains of the north and Moray's fertile shore,
To stand on Warley Hill and gaze adown the vale of Ayr,
And see historic Irvine roll among her meadows fair.

Brave heroes of the misty past to Fancy's eye appear—
Some fighting for their God and truth, and some for Scotland dear,
That future generations might in unity combine
To guard this land with liberty and make it brightly shine.

Behold the knight of Elderslie by yon fair river stroll,
A shade of sadness on his brow and sorrow in his soul,
His country's freedom to defend from tyrant's ruling sway,
And sweep the foemen from the field in battle's grim array.

Dundonald's Castle proudly stands—home of the Stuart line,
Whose walls have sounded loud with mirth and seen the fire-cross shine
In days when minstrels tuned the lyre and ladies sang with glee
The triumphs of their lords who fought to keep them fair and free.

O, land of beauty and of worth, gay home of chivalry,
Whose sons have shone in every age like starry gems in thee,
Religion raised her gentle voice within the holy isle,
And echoed through primeval groves, from "Lady Kirk of Kyle."

There Bruce of Bannockburn did bow full oft his royal knee,
And prayed for Caledonia's good, her right and liberty;
And though on life's horizon rose clouds of a dismal hue,
He there in happy wedlock joined his lady fair and true.

. . . . . .

Land where the lore of ages lives; land where the minstrels sing;
Land where the martyrs died for truth, and where the hero king
Hung high his sword when all his foes had fled from Scottish soil,
And saw the dawn of freedom rise bright on his native isle,

I from the mountains of the North, among the lowly bred,
Have dared to raise my humble voice and name thy mighty dead;
To wander in thy woodlands wild, and by thy rivers fair,
And woo the muses of the Doon, the Irvine, and the Ayr.

THE WEE WELL O' THE WOOD.

Rax me doun my cloak, mither; I maun braid my gowden hair—
Fast the gloamin' fa's aroun' me, he'll be weary waitin' there,
Where the flowers o' summer blossom in the sylvan solitude,
And the love notes o' the mavis cheer the wee well o' the wood.

Ye shouldna keep me langer when ye ken that I maun gang;
Dinna bar the door, dear mither, for I'll nae be very lang,
But I aye ha'e kept my promise, and this nicht he will be prood
When his lassie gangs to meet him at the wee well o' the wood.

Five aiken trees are springin', a' like sisters, frae ae stem,
Where he held me to his bosom in the autumn's sunny gleam,
And kissed me till the blushes glow'd my cheeks wi' rosy blood,
When naebody was near us, at the wee well o' the wood.

He ca'd me dowie Jeanie, and I laugh'd his fears awa',
But what he dreaded sair, mither, is likely to befa';
That nicht when sittin' wi' him there the thought wad aye intrude,
That I nae mair wad meet him at the wee well o' the wood.

I feel a burnin', burnin' in this painfu' breast of mine,
And, tho' whiles I think I'm mendin', I can see mysel' decline,
Like the heath flower on the mountain, when the surly win' blaws rude,
And the wild rose finds a shelter near the wee well o' the wood.

Ye may gang and tell him, mither, that he needna wait on me,
I shall never mair be wi' him 'neath the auld green aiken tree,
Ye will see the tears doun fa'in', for his heart is saft and good—
O, I wish that I were wi' him at the wee well o' the wood.

Bring a drink to me, dear mither, for I long to taste again
O' its bonnie, clear cauld water—it will maybe ease my pain;
Aften in the summer gloamin', when the linties lilted lood,
Ha'e we sat an' sang thegither at the wee well o' the wood.

Lay by my hat and cloak, for I feel na fit to rise;
I'll count the hours till morning weaves her web o'er a' the skies;
He'll be weary, weary waitin' in the silent solitude,
Thinkin' I'll be there to meet him at the wee well o' the wood.

OOR TOUN EN'.

A bonnie lassie dwells
Doun at oor toun en';
She a' the rest excels
Doun at oor toun en'.

Like a lintie blythe is she,
Wi' a licht laugh in her e'e,
An' the smile she has for me
Doun at oor toun en'.

When I gang to get the air
Doun at oor toun en',
Nae intendin' muckle mair,
Doun at oor toun en';
Before I ken mysel',
There's something like a spell
Wiles me where I winna tell,
Doun at oor toun en'.

When we meet, it's like by chance,
Doun at oor toun en';
But there's love in ilka glance,
Doun at oor toun en'.
Wi' my bonnie lassie there,
When the iron blazes glare,
I can cancel a' my care,
Doun at oor toun en'.

I hae seen the lassies a',
Doun at oor toun en';
O, they're bonnie, brisk, and braw,
Doun at oor toun en'.
But young Katie I maun hae,
Ere the flittin' time in May,
To be wi' me nicht an' day,
Doun at oor toun en'.

ON A DEAD LARK.

Sweet warbler o' the early Spring,
Nae mair, alas! on lofty wing
Thy gleefu' sang again thou'lt sing
In mornings grey,
Or when the summer e'enings hing
Their gowden ray.

Upon thy wee bit bonnie breast
The daisy's fading petals rest,
That bloom'd sae fair beside thy nest
The summer lang,
When Flora smiled frae east to west
Her wilds amang.

When buds were burstin' in the bowers,
And sunblinks cam' atween the showers,
Ye cheered wi' sang the glintin' hours
As they gaed by,

And hailed the first fair springin' flowers
Wi' tunefu' joy.

Aft when I strolled in musin' mood
Alang the edges o' the wood,
Ye drew me frae the solitude
To tread the lea,
Thy sang cam frae the siller cloud
Sae sweet to me.

I'm sad to see thee lyin' there,
To think that ye will sing nae mair;
When Spring comes roun', wi' mantles fair
O' vernal green,
Through a' the saft an' sunny air
Ye'll nae be seen.

"LEA' ME ALANE."

O lea' me alane, laddie, lea' me alane,
And dinna come mair seekin' favours o' me;
They say ye gae coortin' wi' some ither ane
Wha maybe has mair in her coffers to gie.
Ye bought a blue ribbon to bind her broon hair,
A brooch for her breast and a pink parasol,
And then ye were seen slippin' hame frae the fair
A way that nae faithfu' young lassie can thole.

O lea' me alane, laddie, lea' me alane,
I like na to bield where anither should be;
Gi'e a' your fause kisses to some ither ane
And tell her she's welcome to ha'e them for me.
I'm nae sae auld yet to be fearin' my fate,
I'm nae sae ill-favoured but some canny chiel
Will ca' in some nicht when ye're oot o' the gate
To share me his love an' his hainin's as weel.

O lea' me alane, laddie, lea' me alane,
My mither will murmur if langer I stay;
And dinna come back wi' your glamour again,
For mair I'll ne'er meet ye whate'er ye may say.
Haud aff to the lassie ye left me to love,
Alang wi' my blessin', and tell her frae me
To lippen but little on laddies wha rove,
Or she may regret till the day that she dee.

THE BRIDE'S LAMENT.

Now sadly I walk at the close of the day,
Doun by the auld bush at the fit o' the brae,
Wha ance sang sae cheerie wi' nae care ava,
Sighs ilka lone gloomin' for young Willie Shaw.

Thy waters, dear Irvine, ran bonnie and fair,
And summer's sweet floorets were scentin' the air,
When last in thy valleys I roved till nightfa',
And wandered the wild woods wi' young Willie Shaw.

Weel mind I the nicht when he asked me to be
His darling for life ; wi' the tear in my e'e
I smiled and consented, I couldna say na,
My heart was enraptured wi' young Willie Shaw.

He ca'd on my faither, and tauld him wi' glee,
That lang ere the broon leaf would fa' frae the tree
I wad be his dearie, and proud were they a'
To join me in wedlock wi' young Willie Shaw.

O, blythe was the bookin' wi' dancin' an' glee,
But nae lassie was there sae lightfu' as me ;
And nane o' the neebours could find out a flaw,
To blacken the fair name of young Willie Shaw.

O Irvine, fair Irvine, roll softly along,
Ye soothe my sad heart wi' the sigh o' your song,
Dundonald's auld castle when day wears awa',
Nae mair can enclose me wi' young Willie Shaw.

He has gone to the land o' the lovely and fair,
And fondly will welcome his ain lassie there,
Wha longs to be wi' him where death canna ca',
To part me wi' sorrow frae young Willie Shaw.

DAVID R. SELLARS,

BETTER-KNOWN under the *nom-de-plume* of "Smalltingle," was born at Musselburgh in 1854, but his youth was spent in Dundee—his parents, who belonged to the latter town, returning to it when David was about three years of age. His attendance at school was of limited duration, but while there he distinguished himself sufficiently to justify his teacher in marking him out as a future assistant. This intention was, however, thwarted by his father's death when David was eleven years

old, and so he had to commence work to assist his widowed mother. He started life as a message-boy to a grocer—his spare time being spent in the cellar reading a book among the empty boxes and drawing, of which he was passionately fond. He was next employed in the office of the *Dundee Advertiser*, working there from four till nine in the morning, and attending school during the remainder of the day. After continuing at this work for some time, and becoming acquainted with several lads who were learning the shoemaking under the "division of labour" system, he adopted that trade also. From his characteristic determination to learn thoroughly what he set himself to, we find him able, as the trade phrase is, "to take the road" at sixteen, when he went to Glasgow, and for some time followed his calling there.

Before this, however, our poet had attracted some attention by conducting a newspaper correspondence on behalf of his fellow-tradesmen during a dispute, and also by producing several pictures which were readily bought. At this early age we, therefore, find his pre-disposition toward art and politico-economic trade union matters strongly marked. He held office in the Glasgow Trade Union, and when only twenty-three years of age, he was secretary for the Dundee branch of the National Union, Dispute Investigator, and Organiser and Strike Manager for Scotland, and one of the National Trustees—rather formidable positions for so young a man—and it was with loud expressions of regret from his entire constituency that they consented to allow him to retire from some of them.

It was during these years, and while wandering all over the country, that he wooed the muse, and wrote sketches for the newspapers, for his own and his friends' amusement—spending regularly an hour every evening among his favourite poets after the

harassing cares of trade disputes. We thus find the strange combination of a trades' union leader and a man of the genial and gentle temperament of the poet—a man of unbending will in matters relating to what he considered the well-being of his fellow-workers, but of melting tenderness at all other times. A notable illustration of this is given in his poem "To a Young Sparrow." In a note attached to the poem when it first appeared in the newspapers, he states that "the little creature, either by mistake, or trusting to its flying powers to accomplish the feat, flew in the direction of Dickmont's Den. When about midway, however, it failed, emitted several piteous cries, and flew round in a continuous circle till it finally dashed into the water. I undressed myself, however, swam out, and rescued it." This was but one of a series of many kind and noble acts. When but a lad of fifteen he saved several persons from drowning, and was presented with the medal of the Dundee Humane Society, and has since received parchments, &c., for deeds of bravery.

Being a graceful speaker, he seldom failed to command the attention of his audience, and he was generally successful in moving his hot-headed hearers to walk in the course of reason when their excitement might have led them on to social ruin. His reading being extensive, colloquial addresses on general subjects were always welcome when business was over, and especially in England did they enjoy his recitations from Burns. Mr Sellars has sat at several conferences of delegates, and the last time he had the honour to do so, he represented the whole of Scotland. But of late he has given over trade affairs, and devoted his attention to art. All along, the elements of the artist were within him, and despite the valuable time lost to the study of it, he, by his usual persistent perseverance, is now rapidly making way, and promises to occupy an honourable position in the

profession. He has gained numerous prizes and certificates from the South Kensington Department. Although still a shoemaker, he teaches art himself, and his name is well known as an exhibitor at Fine Art Exhibitions throughout the country.

Mr Sellars has long been a valued contributor to the columns of the *People's Friend*, the Dundee newspapers, *Arbroath Guide*, and several magazines. The heart and head of the painter are seen in his poems describing natural scenery. He is touchingly tender in his treatment of domestic themes, and there is in him an entire absence of the melancholy, sleepy, *quasi*-poetic strain, insipidly sweet in the sentimental passages, and dreamily impossible in the more commonplace descriptions.

TO A YOUNG SPARROW.

Wee flitt'rin', flecht'rin', half-fledged spurdie,
Thou need'st na think thysel' sae sturdie
As houp to hap frae aff thy hurdie,
An' soar the skies
As skilfu' as thy parent burdie,
Wha aft there flies.

Like fashous, feckless, toddlin' wean,
Ye first maun creep afore ye rin;
The seed is planted ere the grain
Luxuriant grows;
The rosebush 'neath the winnock pane
Buds ere it blows.

See wi' what tentie, tender care,
Yer mither strives to teach ye lear,
To streek yer wings, an' cleave the air
In lofty flicht;
Admonishin' ye ne'er to dare
Mair than yer micht.

O! tak' ye tent ye taupie thing,
Ye'll no be pleased or ere ye bring
Destruction doon, wi' fearfu' swing,
To rive an' tear ye;
Ower Dickmont's Den yer tender wing
'Ill never bear ye.

But yet ye'll no rest till ye try ;
See, see ye fail ! that piteous cry
Assistance craves, when nane are nigh
To lift ye clear ;
In aimless circles noo ye fly,
Syne disappear.

Such cruel fate to those are meted,
Whose appetite for fame is whetted
By past success, till they're defeated,
When curst ambition
Their fancy fired, and ardour heated,
Beyond submission.

Success encouragement imbues ;
Success doth recklessness infuse ;
Success aft mak's the douce abuse
Advice that's guid ;
Tho', fegs, his tentlessness he rues
In calmer mood.

The martial hero, lusty wight,,
Wi' burnished blade he seeks the fight,
Thrice dimm'd wi' gore the glancin' light
That from it shone ;
His hopes soar high ; long, long ere night
His soul hath flown.

Tho' blust'rin' Boreas blaws fu' free,
The hardy sailor puts to sea ;
In days long past, wi' dauntless e'e,
He faced the storm ;
The waves now moan a lullaby
O'er his cold form.

"STILL ON IT CREEPS."

"Tick-a-tick ! tick-a-tick !"
My old clock's voice I hear—
"Tick-a-tick ! tick-a-tick !"
In sullen tones and clear,
It mocks man's efforts to restrain
Time's irrevocable flight,
As each succeeding tick is lost
In everlasting night.

"Tick-a-tick ! tick-a-tick !"
Unceasing, silent flies
Impetuous Time, whose swift wing bears
Whole worlds' destinies ;
While you unheeding, thoughtless stand
Perchance at Death's dark door,

And idly view the priceless gem
Evanish for evermore.

"Tick-a-tick ! tick-a-tick !"
No riches can surpass
The hours, the days, the years that fly ;
Mis-spent, ill-judged, alas !
While careful of much meaner things,
Why squander—waste that boon ?
You're rich in precious time until
The end comes—ah ! too soon.

"Tick-a-tick ! tick-a-tick !"
'Tis tedious when alone
To hear the clock our triflings chide
Into sad, slow monotone,
Youth *may* possess abundant time,
Yet can it spare a spell ?
No *tick* should find you unemployed ;
Its worth ?—Death-beds can tell.

"Tick-a-tick ! tick-a-tick !"
A strong arm time doth wield ;
Tick-a-tick ! tick-a-tick !
To time e'en death must yield ;
Time humbles haughty wilful pride ;
Time dulls contrition's sting ;
Time nurses fondest, sweetest hope ;
Time clips ambition's wing.

"Time lifts the fallen, aids the weak,
Time overthrows the great,
Time cradles all ; Time buries all ;
Time soon may seal your fate."
Thus in the twilight's deep'ning gloom,
With never-ceasing click,
The clock chimed forth its warning tale ;
And still I hear the mournful wail
In its constant "tick-a-tick !"

"PRETTY POLLY"—A GHOST STORY.

It happened thus—a strolling company came—
A motley squad, cross-bred 'tween ring and stage—
Contortionists—now voice, now muscle, claim
The lion's share of public patronage—
Their tent upon our village green they pitched ;
Their toil-worn horses at the back they hitched.
From the raised front like brazen clarion rung
The accents of the swarthy showman's tongue,
As to the crowd he loudly did proclaim
Their acting skill and acrobatic fame ;

While round the back his helpers quietly creep
To smite the luckless youths who shyly peep
Through open chink or upraised edge below,
And strive to view, gratuitous, the show.

He was brought forth, and the delighted crowd
With rapture hailed the principal amuser ;
His legs he stretched, his gaudy head he bowed,
Then blearily winked, like a half-drunk carouser.
No better knowledge had poor Poll been taught
Than smooth his plumage and most glibly quote
Smart stage expressions, Shakespeare's favourite lines,
And emphasise where greatest beauty shines ;
Like other actors of much greater fame,
He learns his lessons, and repeats the same.

Now, whether to promulgate his known skill,
Poll wandered forth one clear and moonlight night,
Or if, poor fellow, he was sick and ill—
Sick of show-life, and meditated flight—
Sick of the all-unmeaning grins he saw—
Sick of the sense that weighed upon his maw—
For, certain 'tis that all excessive study
The brain empowers, but enervates the body ;
Or, if a latent wish had made him roam
To seek for rest, to find his former home,
We never knew ; but when the morning dawned
Poor Poll had vanished from his wonted stand—
The stand whereon he gamely did show fight—
The stand whereof he spouted loud at night.
And though the country wide, for miles around,
Was scoured and searched, his Pollship was not found ;
While the grieved showman, counting o'er his cost,
Heaved up an oath, and gave Poll up as lost.

The night succeeding that which missed poor Poll,
Our sexton—worthy man—received a note,
Detailing how grim death—whom none control—
A neighbouring farmer to the heart had smote ;
And likewise prayed the sexton to prepare
A fitting grave with more than common care,
And common haste ; "for," as the note did say,
"We cannot keep him o'er the following day."

The night gleamed bright, the moon transcendant shone,
And clear as mid-day's sun all things appeared ;
Our sexton thought 'twould be a good job done
If, ere the dawn, the grave he could have cleared ;
So forth despatched his simple-minded aid,
The wielder of the pickaxe and the spade—
His sole assistant, he who laboured hard
To charm the cabbage in the sexton's yard,

To breed potatoes, cultivate the carrots,
But who ne'er saw nor heard of talking parrots—
A silly, simple-minded idiot lad,
Who for his help the sexton fed and clad.

Behold him now—with energy he swings
The powerful pick where countless numbers sleep ;
With equal vigour now he deftly flings
The loosened earth in an unshapely heap,
Till soon, the cold clay yielding to his strength,
The opening to his middle reached. At length,
Just as he raised his spade o'erheaped with mould,
A strange, unearthly, hollow voice cried "Hold !"
A sudden chill, a curdling of the blood—
The frightened boy peered round him where he stood.
Save the weird shadows of the graveyard stones
He saw nought else. At last, in quaking tones,
He ventured sound, "Who's there ? who's there ?" he cried ;
"I am thy father's ghost !" the voice replied.

His knees, with terror, smote each other now ;
Cold perspiration damped his clammy brow.
"F—father's ghost, what do ye want of me ?"
The poor boy gasped in perfect agony.
"Me pound of flesh !" the voice made grim reply,
"Now yield thee, knave, or thou shalt surely die !"
"Why, father's ghost, I ha' no meat of thine,"
The lad implored while clutching fast his spade.
"Ha, perjured wretch, thy heart's life blood is mine !"
The voice in deep-drawn accents surly said.

Then overhead was heard a flapping sound ;
A bright green object hopped on to the ground ;
Quick from the grave, with agonizing yell,
The boy leaped forth as if a yawning hell
Gaped at his feet, and threatened him with death,
And homeward sped, till panting out of breath
He reached the house, and at the sexton's feet he fell.
The crouching boy, with frightened face, and pale,
In vain endeavoured to rehearse his tale ;
He stammered, paused, then spoke again, but save,
"The devil, sir ! the devil's at the grave !"
Could say no more, and feared for what he'd said,
In terror crept for shelter 'neath the bed.

Forth from his domicile the sexton strode ;
A lamp his left hand bore, the right a rod
Wherewith to smite the pranky youth who played
His silly jokes, if he his place betrayed ;
For, thought the sexton, "'Tis some village wight,"
Till of the open grave he came in sight ;

There on the edge our merry *parrot* stood,
Viewing the hole in contemplative mood.
All clear as noonday then appeared the cause,—
The parrot had been striving for applause ;
He captured Poll, and straight without delay,
Delivered him in triumph up next day.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

"Ethereal minstrel tune thy voice,
Now swell aloud thy cheerful lay,
Let blooming Nature's self rejoice,
No care shall marr my bliss to-day ;
Blush red-rose blush !
Sing merry thrush !
O joyful let his welcome be ;
Here him I'll meet,
Here him I'll greet,
Who vowed he loves none else but me."
The Maiden's song swelled full and clear ;
She tarried long none came to hear.

"Thou mocking owlet scoff me not,
Mock not the love he doth despise,
A smiling face is dearly bought
By withered hopes, and banished joys ;
O drooping rose
Tell not the throes
That rent my broken bleeding heart,
Cease ! cease ! O thrush
Thy wailings hush,
They but renew the painful dart."
The Maiden's song died with a wail ;
None did console—none heard the tale.

LOVE AND AID EACH OTHER.

Poortith befa' the sordid wretch,
Wha grips an' hoards his gear,
Indulgin' in ilk gruesome wile,
To grasp an' gather mair ;
Ne'er lendin' succour to the weak,
Ne'er helpin' those that need ;
Yet wi' his wealth, maist deeply plunged
In misery, indeed.

But leeze me on the gen'rous mind,
Wha cheerfully hauds forth
A helpin han' to fellow man,
To puir but honest worth,
Wha's ruddy beamin' sonsie face
Bespeaks content within ;
A pure, an' uncorrupted heart,
A conscience clear o' sin.

Then sud you see a helpless waif
For your assistance suein',
While on life's stream bein' swept alang
Toward the gulf o' ruin,
Ne'er pause, but rax a frien'ly loof,
And save a strugglin' brither;
For blessin's rich upo' them pour,
Wha love and aid each other.

JOHN ROBB.

THE subject of the present sketch was born at the village of Kilspindie, in the Carse of Gowrie, in 1855, under circumstances inimical to a poetic career, although nurtured in a poetic region. His father was a farm servant, and had a large family, of whom the poet was the eldest. Reared in the cold shade of poverty, and leaving school when ten years old, he was put to work at that tender age to contribute his mite towards the support of the humble home. Though his early life was spent in unremitting toil, the love of Nature sustained the youthful poet in his upward struggles till he attained the age of manhood, when he became a follower of the plough. At this stage of his history, ill-health prostrated his father on a sick bed, and his death shortly afterwards left a blank in the family circle, followed, within the next six months, by the death of his mother, thus leaving four children to the poet's care—the youngest little more than three years of age.

In 1876 John abandoned his native fields "for pastures new," and entering the service of the Caledonian Railway Company as a porter, was soon promoted to the post of a signalman at Dundee. It

was not till he came to reside there that he attempted to express his thoughts in verse, although from boyhood he had been an enthusiastic lover of poesy. To enable him to study the "divine art," he procured books of a poetic and historic nature, which he read with avidity. He also studied the works of our best prose-writers, English grammar, &c., and was thus enabled to venture on composition, which he ultimately had the gratification of seeing in print. He still occasionally contributes his "Doric numbers" to the Scottish press. There is a sweetness and simple pathos in some of Mr Robb's lyrics which show he has a sympathetic perception of what is beautiful and true in human nature, while his humorous and descriptive powers are considerable. Writing without any ambitious aim, he loves poetry for its own sake, and for the pleasure it gives to his leisure hours. Like many others of the poor but industrious peasantry of Scotland, his struggles with adversity but intensified his love of song; and like them, too, the Bible and the poetry of Burns were the chief sources of his inspiration, for in a note he says:—"During my agricultural career I possessed only two books—a Bible and the works of Robert Burns."

BY THE RIPPLING STREAM.

Upon the margin of this rippling stream
I pensive sit, where flowers are in their bloom,
And, gaily nodding to the sun's bright beam,
Scent all the woodlands with their rich perfume,
While all around in summer fields I see
The swarthy peasants busy at their toil,
And hear their voices, fraught with mirth and glee,
Thus singing as they turn the crusty soil.

As thus I sit, enrapt in deepest thought,
And gaze on hill and valley far and near,
My early years are all before me brought,
And in their midst what happy scenes appear.

A cot, in fancy, here its roof uprears,
Around whose ivied walls I sportive played,
But ah! 'tis now beneath a load of years,
By Time's rude hand in blackened ruins aid.

How sweet to sit secluded and alone,
Admiring Nature in its bright array,
And thus to meditate on pleasures flown,
Far from the city's jarring noise away.
The weary sun sinks slowly in the west,
His fading light proclaims the close of day;
The blackbird, perched above his woodland nest,
In rich profusion trills his evening lay.

The night approaching finds me ling'ring here,
As with a sigh in sadness I depart,
And leave these scenes, to love and memory dear,
Now shrined for ever in my aching heart.

KILSPINDIE.

I draw aside the veil of bygone years,
And through Life's horoscope can dimly see,
In the far distance, on the sun-gilt lea,
The time-worn cot which to my mind endears
The well-remembered scenes of youthful days,
When oft, among the yellow waving broom,
I scampered lightsome o'er the flowery braes,
My brow undarkened by misfortune's gloom;
Or by the streamlet, when the evening sun
On each hill top its fading lustre shed,
I mused alone on visions that are fled,
And woo'd the stillness of the twilight dun.
When home returning through Kilspindie's glen,
I knew no cares that vex the souls of men.

KEEP YOUR HE'RT ABUNE.

Ne'er mind, guidwife, though neebours rail,
And taunt us wi' their sneers;
Ne'er mind though spitefu' words assail,
And tingle in oor ears;
But let us keep oor heids erect,
And we will, sune or late,
Blunt a' the shafts they may direct,
And baffle a' their hate.

What though they wound oor he'rts fu' sair
Wi' arrogance and pride,
While in the richt we needna care
Hoo vipers may deride;

Sae ne'er forget, my dearest pairt,
This gude advice I gie—
Let not their venom in your he'rt
Breed animositie.

The slurs that frae their lips may flow
Will hurt nor you nor me;
And while they keep frae stick and blow,
Forget and aye forgie.
They are but mortals—flesh and blood,
As we are sae oorsel's,
Though in their he'rts the kindred flood
Of feelin' never swells.

Sae let us keep oor he'rts abune,
Their malice an' their hate,
And enmity will weary sune
When left to fecht wi' fate;
For it is aye the wisest plan
To thole and to forbear,
And aye to lo'e oor fellow man
Though he may spurn oor care.

WHEN SHADES O' NICHT.

When shades o' nicht fa' saftly doon,
An' veil the face o' gaudy day,
'Lang pleasure's path, far frae the toon,
In thoughtfu' mood I lanely stray.
Frae discord's brawling noise away,
Wi' a' aroon' me calm an' still,
My Muse, enraptured, seems to say—
"O' Fancy's stream noo drink yer fill."

Athwart the lift, oot ane by ane,
The glintin' stars begin to peep;
And pale-faced Cynthia up her lane
The azure arch does slowly creep;
While Nature, wearied, noo to sleep
Reclines her flowery couch upon;
An' bats exultant fly and leap
In frolic madness of their own.

Here, distant from the giddy throng,
An' hum discordant o' the toon,
I'd rove for aye the groves among,
To list the night-bird's eerie croon.
Beneath the pale beams o' the moon—
Deep mirrored in the placid sea—
Upon the grass I lay me doon,
Amid the joys sae dear to me.

To woo the glories o' the scene,
I rest in this sequestered bower,
Where me an' my sweet thoughts between,
In the calm solace of the hour,
The gentle zephyr from the flower
Its sweetened fragrance bears along,
While, aided by Apollo's power,
I pour my numbers forth in song.

DAVID ALLAN,

AN artist, as well as a poet of considerable promise, was born at Carstairs, Lanarkshire, in 1857. When thirteen years of age he joined the service of the Caledonian Railway Company, and while in their employment met with an accident, by which he lost a limb. He was thereafter for about eight years engaged by the Company in the capacity of a signalman. Of late our poet has been studying art, and his paintings have met with such commendation from competent critics that he now intends to make it his profession. Mr Allan has been a prize-winner in the *People's Journal* Christmas competition, and he frequently appears in the columns of the *People's Friend*, the *Hamilton Advertiser*, the *Falkirk Herald*, &c. He sings the praises of rural life and scenery with a considerable degree of power and sweetness. Several of his songs are refined and musical, and he appears to be able to use the Doric with good effect.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

"Unconscious still, and sinking fast," the evening message said,
And morn proclaimed, with sorrowing voice, our grand old seer is dead;
No tempest stirred his parting breath, he calmly passed away,
Like the perfumed breath of twilight, at the close of summer day,

And fast throughout the wide domain of Saxondom there thrilled
The tidings, fraught with burning thought, that God at length had willed
To take again that pure, high soul, whose utterances sublime
Shall light with truth for evermore the ocean-tides of time.
Wild spirit-energy was his, that nothing could subdue,
He saw God's own sign-manual set on all things that were true—
Material form, a transient veil, hid nothing from his eye,
Divinity's fire-splendours gleamed in ocean, earth, and sky,
Yet cowards tried to brand the shame of Atheist on his brow;
Breathes there a catiff on this earth would dare to do it now?
If so, his answer comes loud-toned from "Old World" and from "New"
He is the Prophet of our time, what carping thing are you?
Oh, brave old Titan, staunch and bold, though fierce at times thy mood,
Thy great soul throbbed with love to all the human brotherhood,
And through thy wild deep theories run soft thoughts that seem to be
The heart prayers of a brother man, that men may yet be free.
Thy burning pages thrill with wild apocalyptic wail,
Where falsehood writhes convulsively with nature in travail;
Truth clad in hell fire, hate and steel, and night and chaos come,
And carnage rides triumphantly, for pity's voice is dumb.
I tell ye truth must reign supreme, be it for woe or weal,
And every heart beat of your world the hand of God can feel.
Your creeds and sects will pass away, with all their party cries,
And from the ruins of the old a fairer world shall rise.

. . . . . .

Sleep on, thou well hast won thy rest, our brave old warrior sage:
Our Hebrew prophet, heaven-inspired in "this dead-iron age"—
So long as men shall feel and own divinity in truth
Thy world-knit laurel wreath shall wear the immortal bloom of youth.

THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS.

Ye say that Germany's gi'en birth
To maisters great and grand,
Wha hae made glorious strains to flow
Ower a' their faitherland.
I winna doot their high-born airt,
I dinna say ye're wrang,
But ah! the music o' the he'rt
Heaves in an auld Scotch sang.

Whaur will ye hear, ower a' the warl',
A richer, sweeter soun'
Than flows in liquid sadness thro'
"Ye banks and braes o' Doon";
That speaks contentment o' the mind,
Tho' touched wi' gentlest woe,
Where heaven's ain smile is glintin' on
"John Anderson, my joe?"

What leal and true-born Scotchman yet
Could ever think to tyne
The lyric melody of love
That sighs thro' "Auld Langsyne;"
That strikes the "Emigrant's Farewell,"
On sorrow's deepest key,
And dies in soft and hallowed tones
Aneath the "Rowan Tree."

Oh! rare auld sangs, oh! dear auld sangs,
Sing, sing them ower ance mair;
They tak' us back to laddie days
When life ne'er kent a care.
We ne'er thocht then the warl' held
Sae mony sins and wrangs,
When roon' the ingleside at nicht
We heard thae auld Scotch sangs.

They're sung 'neath Afric's torrid zone,
In far Canadian woods;
They're pealed, sad-voiced, o'er Arctic seas,
Thro' Alpine solitudes.
And exiled anes hae heard the strains
Frae yearning souls out-pour,
And blessed auld Scotland's heather hills,
And happy days o' yore.

I've lo'ed them since a lisping bairn
Beside my mither's knee;
I'll lo'e them still, thro' guid and ill,
Until the day I dee.
The kindred touch that Nature yields
To ane and a' belangs,
And pours sic wild enchantment thro'
Oor dear auld Scottish sangs.

MY AIN JEAN.

Jean Symington, my ain Jean,
I am looking back this nicht
To days when earth was aye arrayed
In simmer's sunny licht;

When life, sun-crowned with hope, was young,
And hearth and han' were fain,
And a' the warld looked wondrous fair,
Jean Symington, my ain.

Ah me ! what waefu' storms o' care
Hae crossed our path sin' syne ;
What darksome cluds through which it seemed
Nae glint o' licht would shine ;
When thocht an' speech were burdened baith
Wi' desert winds o' pain,
And life and death were battling hard
Jean Symington, to gain.

A noble woman's work was yours,
Whate'er the warld may say ;
Ye tried to lift a darkened heart
To realms of purer day ;
And tho' it fell—weak, selfish heart—
And made your work seem vain,
Believe me, 'tis not wholly lost,
Jean Symington, my ain.

The gold of life will yet be purged
From all this base alloy,
The coronach of grief become
A madrigal of joy.
The perfect trust in God's good time
Will yet be ours again,
If we but wait with patient hearts,
Jean Symington, my ain.

I feel a subtle something steal
Through all these earthly jars ;
I see the pure, deep love of God
Traced clearly on the stars.
The tokens of his guardian care
Paint all the summer plain,
Then why should we yield up high hope,
Jean Symington, my ain ?

At worst, 'tis but a few more years
Of longing and unrest—
A fitful time of storm and calm,
Of langour and of zest.
And tho' life's music oftimes thrills,
With tear-voiced wails of pain,
A heavenly chord runs through each tone,
Jean Symington, my ain.

Oh ! if our faith, strong-winged, could rise
All radiant and serene,
And teach our hearts with fiery touch
To trust the Great Unseen.

The dark browed angel of Despair
Would find no room to reign,
While sunlit fell on God's green earth,
Jean Symington, my ain.

JAMES FLEMING BREMNER,

FAVOURABLY known by the *nom-de-plume* of "Goosequill" in the pages of the *Fifeshire Journal* and several literary serials, is a grand-nephew of Miss Marjorie Fleming, who was the great pet of Sir Walter Scott, and the heroine of Dr John Brown's "Pet Marjorie." He was born at Cupar, the county town of Fifeshire, in 1864, his father being chief constable of the county. James was educated at the Madras Academy there. At the age of seventeen, having passed the necessary law examinations, he entered the office of Messrs Pagan & Osborne, the Conservative agents of the county, as an indentured apprentice. His poetical "Views of Fifeshire," printed at intervals in the *Journal*, are about to be published in book form. They record with power deeds of heroism, and give graphic pictures of life in byegone years, while many of them contain pleasingly-condensed historic information, and excellent descriptions of old castles and other places of interest. His smaller poems are natural, felicitous in expression, and evince no straining after mere effect.

DAIRSIE CASTLE.

How sweet to muse in the twilight gray,
Beside some ruined keep,
When the beams of dying sunlight play
O'er the home of those who have passed away
And the mail-clad warriors sleep!

How sweet, when the moonbeam tints the wall,
Once all alive with men,
To see in the pale light's trembling fall
The armed retainers fill up the hall
And the songs resound again.

The lover breathe with his gentle lute
Thro' stilly ev'ning air,
The words of the soul when lips are mute
And love is hid in each tone of the flute,
To the ear of beauteous fair !

But clouds oppress the sad silv'ry beam ;
Their figures melt in gloom !
They are gone like phantoms of a dream ;
They have vanished away ; and yet they seem
To breathe thro' their crumbling tomb.

The roundelays of thy "barons bold"
Are sung now by the gale,
Which whistles a dirge o'er them now cold,
And bats have high carnival in the hold,
Once scourge of the Edenvale.

When Eden flowed in the silent hour
With starry-jewelled tide ;
When Luna silvered thy 'battled tower,
The lady stole forth to the trysted bow'r,
Adown the calm riverside.

And Eden flows in the silent night,
But where are thy brave lords ?
And where are the eyes that shone so bright,
That sparkled all over with mirth and light ?
An echo flings back the words !

Where Parliament sat in those old days,
Beneath thy vaulted dome,
Now nought except mice can riots raise,
And spiders now weave their nets in the ways
In the old Archbishop's home.

The plover cries in thy firwood shade,
When ev'ning's chill dews fall ;
Unfearing, the hare at thy gate is laid,
For never a sound 'neath thy arch is made,
Save the wind on th' ivied wall.

But near thy gate on the star-lit eves,
When all around is still,
The sighing lover once more receives
His ghostly mistress, and once again weaves,
A happy life-woof at will.

The maidens once more upon thy green
Dance on with willing feet;
And the knights in brave array are seen
As the moonbeam glints from their armour's sheen,
As they race on steeds so fleet.

Farewell! for the moon with rising horn
Is creeping up the sky—
The same paling orb that used to warn
The maid of the hour she had, trembling, sworn
In the days of far-gone-bye.

OLD AGE.

Ah, there he sits, the old and feeble man,
While night's grey herald, twilight, creeps apace,
As round his withered visage, pinched and wan,
The snows now occupy the raven's place.

He sits and gazes in the shining fire,
And visions back the past and youthful days
When life was new to him: while yet his sire
Smiled on his sports, and joined his childish plays.

When that dear Mother, now so long at rest,
Whose only wish was for his happiness,
Had held him as an infant on her breast,
And chastened ev'ry fault in fond caress.

And now they both are sleeping 'neath the sod,
While he is trudging on Life's hilly way,
While they, united, stand before their God,
He lives a lonely life from day to day.

He never knew until they died what love—
What almost worship—he had intertwined
Around their being—what esteem did move
Amid his heart for them, for ever kind.

He thinks upon the time when, older grown,
He had to go and fight the world for bread;
When often, overwearied and alone,
He thought he would have 'joyed if life had fled.

He thinks upon his wife; and, as he thinks,
The look of far-away steals from his eyes;
He hears her voice—his bosom swells and sinks,
As she comes back to him in memories.

Disturb him not. He lives upon the past,
And treads again a happy life-course o'er:
God grant him a safe passage home at last,
To see the dead as living evermore.

TO A PET BIRD KILLED BY A HAWK.

What tyrant cruel undid thy budding life?
What talons printed thy bedappled breast
With bleeding stabs? What savage in the strife
Veiled thy bright eye, for ever now at rest.

Poor bird, thou paid'st the penalty of love:
Thy very tameness was thine early death—
Mayhap thou would'st have yet entranced the grove,
In trilling forth thy music-laden breath.

Perhaps thy mate, unconscious, waits for thee—
Unconscious of the death that found her love:
Maybe for him they never more shall see
Thy callow young cry to the clouds above.

But Innocence is never any guard
Nor Helplessness protection to the weak;
They never will the evil mind retard
From deed of shame which crimson ev'ry cheek.

No more thy happy song will now be heard
At early morn, awakening the sun,
Thy heart is still for ever, little bird,
The work thou had'st to do on earth is done.

JOHN W. PAXTON

WAS born at Millerhill, near Edinburgh, in 1854. When he was five years of age his parents removed to Ash Glen, by Portobello, where his father remained for seventeen years. Young Paxton early developed a taste for literature, and his love of poetry quickly became a passion. Before he was ten years of age he committed to memory "Rokeby," large portions of "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," and Jean Ingelow's "Noble Mercer." He early began to give expression to his own thoughts

in verse, and, at the age of twelve, made his first appearance in print in the *Scottish Reformer*. This was a poem entitled "Up, rise ye sons of labour." Since that time he has continued to write at intervals —his verses, as well as his prose articles and sketches, finding ready acceptance in the pages of newspapers and periodicals.

Mr Paxton is presently employed as engine-keeper to the Marquis of Lothian at Newbattle Colliery, Dalkeith, and it is his intention to make a selection of his poems, and to publish them in book form. Home, with all the sweet and tender associations that cluster round it, forms the theme of many of his pieces. He sometimes writes in a pensive spirit, but he is always thoughtful and earnest, his diction is generally simple and melodious, and all his productions are creditable to the heart and feelings of the author.

YOUR AIN FIRESIDE.

When wintry blasts frae owre the moor
Heap snaw-drifts deep aroun' the door,
An' a' the plains are white,
Where is it that the winter's snow,
Can never change the happy glow
That gi'es your heart delight,
The spot you treasure far aboon
The hale wide warld beside?
'Tis 'mid the lovin' hearts aroun'
Your ain fireside.
There lauchin' an' chaffin'
In spite o' wind or snaw;
Wi' clashin' an' daffin'
Ye drive dull care awa.

When bairnies, grouped aroun' the hearth,
Do wake the echoes wi' their mirth,
Till collie barks wi' glee,
And grannie in the ingle chair
Doth hotch an' lauch until the tear
Will sparkle in her e'e.

Oh ! cauld indeed maun be the heart
That wad the bairnies chide,
And cast a shade o' sadness owre
Their ain fireside.
Be kind aye, an' mind aye
To join the bairns' sport ;
Nor froon aye, an' gloom aye,
Wi' face o' solemn sort.

Then when wee heids begin to nod,
An' Morpheus, the drowsy god,
Doth claim them for his ain,
Then lay them tenderly in bed,
An' breathe a blessin' o'er the head
O' each an' every wean.
'Tis thus you gain their early love,
Their early footsteps guide,
An' time brings added blessin's to
Your ain fireside.
When years then, an' tears then,
Shall change your hair sae black
To grey then, that day then
You'll get your blessin's back.

When weans are sleepin' ane an' a',
The guidman an' guidwife can draw
Their chairs thegither then,
To sit an' hae their canty crack,
An' in their stories travel back
To blythesome days again ;
Then, wi' a fond gude nicht caress,
They kneel doon, side by side,
An' pray the Lord abune to bless
Their ain fireside.
Come weal then, or woe then,
They're ready for it a' ;
Sae sweet then, their sleep then,
Until the day will da'.

Oh, Scotia ! weel I loe thy hills,
Thy bonnie glens, an' sparklin' rills,
But dearer far to me
Than boskie glen, or ripplin' burn,
Each bonnie, blythesome Scottish bairn
Wi' face sae fu' o' glee.

May peace an' plenty be their lot
O'er a' the warld wide—
Lang may they bless, in ha' or cot,
Their ain fireside.
Sae rosy, an' cosy,
My heart unto them yearns;
This day then, I'll pray then,
May Heaven bless the bairns.

RETROSPECT.

When weary work my limbs doth tire,
At evening by my cheerful fire
I sit me down and muse,
Then forms and scenes of long ago
Within the ruddy embers glow
In panoramic views—
Old scenes where I was wont to rove,
And forms that once were dear,
While voices that I once did love,
Fall sweetly on mine ear.
I greet them, nor seek them
To leave me and depart,
Believing they're weaving
A halo round my heart.

Here, from my window, if I gaze,
I see beneath the tree-crowned braes,
The lowly spot so dear
Where all my childhood's years were spent,
When blissful peace and sweet content
Did crown each fleeting year.
But what a dreary desert lies
Between that time and now—
I feel the tears rise to my eyes—
Again my head I bow.
While sighing and trying
To find a reason why
Dame Fortune, long sporting,
Should still have passed me by.

Ah, me! those years of blessed hope,
When fancy roams with fullest scope—
Anticipations vague;
The world all unexplored doth lie—
We yet have found no cause to sigh,
No cares have come to plague;

But swift the years of youth fly past,
The early blooms depart,
Then manhood's troubles, thick and fast,
Come crowding on the heart.
With fears then, and tears then,
We wait each morrow's dawn;
We ponder and wonder
Where all the flowers have gone.

Since first I left yon lowly glen
To wander 'mid the haunts of men,
And take my share of toil,
I've shared in follies not a few
(And had my folly oft to rue),
'Mid scenes that can beguile.
I've seen my early hopes laid low,
And cares have pressed me hard;
But care, alas! too well I know
Is folly's just reward.
To-day we may gay be,
And still keep ranting on;
To-morrow brings sorrow,
With youthful vigour gone.

And those who with me made a start,
When in the world's labour mart
We sought to know our worth—
Ah! where are they, the gladsome crowd,
With quip, or jest, and laugh so loud,
Could chase the hours with mirth?
With some, the sea between us rows;
There's some by death set free;
And some who, false to early vows,
Are worse than dead to me.
First careless and fearless,
We wander day by day,
We chide then, divide then,
And take our lonely way.

Thus, one by one, we step aside—
Opinions differ, cares divide,
Until we stand alone;
But yet, I thank my God that I
Have little cause to sit and sigh,
Except for what is gone.
I have my home, my wife so dear,
To aid me on my way;

I have the bairnies' laugh so clear,
To cheer me day by day.
So, humble and thankful,
We lift our eyes to Heaven ;
And praise still we raise still
For what the Lord hath given.

WHEN OOR YOUTH IS AWA.

Oh, mind aye, my freens, as we journey alang
On the high road o' life at oor ease,
That we'll no aye be young, an' we'll no aye be strang,
We maun gaun doon the hill by degrees.
We maun gaun doon the hill till we rest at the fit,
An' the grave is the bed for us a' ;
Though we think na the noo, that age will us boo,
Its a' altered then when oor youth is awa'.

When the bluid it is thin, an' the limbs growin' frail,
When the e's is less bricht, an' the cheek it is pale,
When the locks, noo sae braw, are white as the snaw,
Its a' altered then, when oor youth is awa'.

In the mornin' o' life when we start on the road,
Hoo jauntie we swagger alang ;
Each freen' that we meet helps to lichten oor load,
An' we banish dull care wi' a sang.
But oor freen's wear away as we creep doon the brae,
An' sorrow upon us will ca' ;
Then we a' hae to bide, what we canna avoid,
Its a' altered then, when oor youth is awa'.

Oh, think then, my freen's, hoo we waste precious time—
Sweet hoors that we canna reca',
We are prood o' the strength o' oor glorious prime,
An' loodly oor horns we blaw.
But when age comes at last, we will sigh for the past,
When we lean wi' oor backs to the wa' ;
When sae prood like an' high ilka ane passes by,
Its a' altered then, when oor youth is awa'.

Noo the point o' my sang's dinna frolic owre lang,
Remember that age will be here ;
To the auld folk be kind, for you often will find
A kind word will banish a tear.
Its but kindness they crave, when they're nearin' the grave,
Oh, be kind to them freen's ane an' a',
For the grim looks an' soor may yet come to be yours,
And its a' altered then, when oor youth is awa'.

DIED AT SEA.

Our noble ship was bounding o'er the ocean's heaving breast—
The waters gently murmured like a weary soul's unrest;
Our gallant ship was homeward bound, each heart beat high and glad,
While below, within his hammock, lay a dying Scottish lad.

On the day we weighed our anchor from that far Australian shore,
The young lad he had joined us to seek his home once more;
Now he's stricken down in sickness, and we sighed to think how soon
A grave beneath the waters should be his all too early doom.

On this night I watched beside him, and I knew 'twould be the last!
As I listened to the ripple of the waters rushing past,
The poor lad heaved a heavy sigh, and turned him on his bed,
And as I held his feeble hand 'twas thus to me he said:—

"My friend, if ye ever see auld Scotia's shores again
Will ye seek within the Loudons for the sweet Hawthornden?
There you'll find my faither's cottage, an' a message bear frae me
To my parents, frae their laddie that lies buried in the sea.

Ye will tell my aged faither that I think o' him this day,
I see on his broo each wrinkle, an' his hair o' silver grey;
I see again the lovin' smile, the blessin' hear again
That he used to breathe each evening o'er his only laddie wean.

And also tell my mither that, when tossing in unrest,
I could feel her airms aboot me as she pressed me to her breast;
I heard her whispered soothings, an' her hand felt on my broo—
It was a' sae real and tender, I maist think I feel it noo.

Oh, mither, dearest mither, ye will never see again
The laddie that ye lo'ed sae weel—your rosy-cheekit wean!
An' oh, I feel ye'll thole wi' me, an' think it no unmeet
A mickle, buirdly, bearded man should for his mither greet.

Bid my mither bear my message to the one I loved so well—
My boyhood's love, my manhood's hope, my ain, my darling Nell.
O bid her tell my dearest, when my spirit upward passed,
That the name I held sae dearly, it was on my lips the last.

Weel I mind oor hinmost pairtin' on the day I gaed awa',
As she sabbit on my bosom, beneath Roslin's castle wa',
I tried a' I could to cheer her, though my heart was throbbing sair,
As she sobbit oot—'Oh, darling, I will never see ye mair.'

But how fast the darkness thickens, an' I think my time has
come,
You will take my message safely to my childhood's happy
home—
You will give them all my last good-bye—my heart's best love as
well—
And now fareweel my true kind friend—my faither—mither—
Nell."

So died this loving Scottish lad—his earthly race was run;
A few short words—a sullen plunge—the last sad rites are done.
A notice under heading "deaths" is all the world may see—
A brief and simple line or two, announcing—"Died at Sea!"

CATHERINE MAXWELL STEWART,

IS a daughter of the late John Stewart, Esq. of Achadashenaig (or Glenaros), Mull, where she was born. From this happy abode where there was so much to stimulate her opening mind, and people her memory with poetic images, she removed to Rothesay in early life, and thence to Edinburgh, where she now resides. Under the initials "C.M.S.," Miss Stewart was induced some years ago to contribute to the *Family Treasury* a number of poems which attracted much attention and admiration for their imaginative originality and thoughtfulness. They are evidently the impulses of a poetic, highly accomplished, and devout mind, possessing much genuine poetry, and sound and vigorous piety.

The origin of the name of the first piece given is doubtful. "The Harper's Corry" is situated on the summit of Ben Doran, not far from the Black Forest, and on the way from Glenorchy to Glencoe—the ancient Cona. The name may have been given by some special bard, or because of the sound of the

wind among the rocks, or the shape of these last, which somewhat suggests a harp.

THE HARPER'S CORRY.

And does thy name yet echo from afar
  The harp of other years?
Didst thou hear Ossian's lay of love and war,
  Or see Malvina's tears?

Or was the wind the only bard that tuned
  Thine adamantine chords?
Thine own the music borne along the gale,
Through the grey rustling pine-tops to the vale,
  To mingle with the river's rushing words?

When the Black Forest stood against the stag,
  And 'twixt the purple stems gleamed Heaven's pure blue,
When Cona was the home of bard and chief,
In manhood's glorious summer bright and brief,
Or age's winter, bent in sightless grief,
  Still brave and wise and true.

When gazing far into the west,
  Beyond the Awe's enchanted spring,
Our fathers saw the islets blest
  Through gold and purple glimmering.

On that vague glory looking back,
  It seems as Scotland's youth were gone—
As if, that brilliant era past,
  Her age were slowly creeping on.

The warriors few and far between—
  Their ancient legends dying out;
And, in the lands where they were seen,
  Their very being held in doubt.

In solitude the hunter now,
  Or herdsman, treads the mount or glen,
And westering, in the sunset glow,
  Lie stretched the halls of "little men."

Faint echoes from the days of old
  We treasure, as they greet our ear;
But many a warrior's home may hold
  No tenant save the wild red deer.

How changed! and yet, a brighter day
  Now to our hills and glens is given
Than that of old, whose parting ray
  To Ossian seemed the gate of heaven.

No distant coast of sunlit gold—
  No islet in the pale green sky
That stretches westward far away,
And fades above to twilight grey
  Where crimsoned cloud-realms lie—

Not such the heaven we hope to know—
  That sight no mortal eye may share—
No eye hath seen the sinless land,
No ear hath heard the ransomed band,
Where God's own light is ever shining—
And endless day knows no declining,
  The heart's one rest, for Christ is there.

But waymarks all the pathway through
  Are set, that those who read may run,
And sure His promise is, and true
To guide the blind in ways unknown
Until they reach the Heavenly throne,
  And promised rest is won.

So turning from that misty past
  That distance gilds so bright,
We more—far more, rejoice that heaven
To Scotland's eventide has given
  The Star of Jacob's light.

THE LOST TREASURE.

Lost—while the golden dawn
Of Earth's first morning shone,
  Spreading across the faintly purple sky.
When the pale late moon was slowly waning,
And the little misty clouds were gaining
  Shape and colour as they floated by ;
When the Earth had youth, and peace, and rest,
And the dwellers there were glad and blest,
  (Before the rosy glow
Had left the distant land),
It was dropt from a careless hand,
  Long ago,
  At the bidding of a foe ;
And their gladness and their peace,
And their sunshine and their ease,
  All went to pay the cost
  Of what was lost

Lost—all unheeded
  As the day wore on :
Lost—to be needed
  As the dark night came down :

Lost—covered o'er with dust
In the country of the moth and rust;
While the nations passing to and fro
'Mid the heat and burden of the day
Trod it under foot, and did not know
In their dreary haste what lay below,
Though Earth's golden time had passed away
To pay the cost,
When it was lost.

Missed—in the twilight gray,
When the rain that had been gathering all the day
Fell ceaseless and chill:
Missed, with a drear misgiving
That without it all man's living
And good would end in ill,
Till his very life would go to pay the cost
Of what was lost.

Sought—by the loser
In sorrow and pain;
'Mid deepening shadows
Sought for in vain;
When the sun had set behind the hill,
And the night fog gathered dank and chill
O'er the plain.
Sought, by a flickering light—
Sparks of his own,
That blazed a moment bright,
Then, sinking into night,
Left him alone.
Through hot blinding mists of unshed tears,
In a feverish dream of shapeless fears,
Helpless, hopeless, as the midnight nears,
Of finding anywhere;
Nigh to despair,
When he tried to count the cost
Of what was lost.

Sought—by another:
Sought—by a brother:
Sought for with weary toil and pain,
Through the night wind and the drifting rain:
Sought by One who left His Father's house,
And went out among the falling dews,
Though the drops of night were in His hair
Heavy and cold:
And He, the lifting of whose face
Made the sunshine of the blessed place,
Was a Man, by grief and care
Made old;

For *He* knew the cost
Of what was lost.

Found—never to be lost again :
Found—by One who never sought in vain ;
For His breath can light the candle of the Lord,
And a light,
Through the night,
Shining in dark places is His word ;
And He knoweth what in darkness hideth,
For the light hath ever dwelt with Him,
And in cloudless radiance still abideth
Though the sun should change to darkness, and the moon wax red and dim.
Besides—He *paid* the cost
Of what was lost.

Found—to be stamped for ever
With the image and the name
Of heaven's King :
Found to be given back to Earth
In her poverty and shame,
That she yet, as at her birth,
Might have tribute-money in her hand to bring
To Him who did deliver
Her soul from perishing,
When she could not pay the cost
Of what was lost.

Found—to the glory
Of His name :
Found—that it might be freely spent
As a treasure He Himself had lent,
To spread the wondrous story
Of His fame.
Small in itself, and most
To be prized for what it cost
Him, when it was lost,
And all other help was vain,
To buy it back again.

Found—in the end
To be for His pleasure ;
To be set for ever in the light
Before His sight,
And be counted His peculiar treasure,
When all darkness shall have passed away,
And He maketh up His jewels
In the dawning of a cloudless day.
Earth little knows at most
Of what the finding cost,
Or of how He loved the lost.

A VISION IN A SOUL-GARDEN.

I stood in a garden ground,
  Which it seemed to me I knew.
It had once been fenced around,
  But the hedge was broken through.
I had *read* of it long ago,
How the thorn and the nettle grew
  All tangled over the place ;
But I felt as if I had *seen* it too,
  And the weeds were *my* disgrace.

As I wandered, musing so,
I heard voices sad and low,—
  Like the sigh of a weary sea
On a rocky shelving shore,
Where it beateth evermore,
  Helplessly.
And I turned to see
Where they might be.

In an arbour dark and lone,
On a trellis dim with mould,
Ivy (wreathed in many a fold)
With the deadly nightshade grew ;
And a straggling woodbine threw
Sickly branches to the air,
And I saw them gathered there ;
While a misty gleam that through
  Tangled weeds had found its way,
Giving motes and dust to view,
  On their anxious faces lay.

Love was weeping, and she said,
"I will sit apart,—
I have not a true heart,—
  How can I love except I see,
With a love that's worth His taking
  Can I tell if false or true I be,
Till there comes a day of waking,
  And Earth's shadows flee ?"

And Faith was leaning near
  The door with a helpless face ;
  But she started often in her place,
And stretched her hand,
  And drew it back again
  With a shiver of pain,
Murmuring, "This is the silent land,
  And night is coming on,
But it was not light to me
  Even at dawn.

I have spoken words of trust,—
I have striven the light to see ;
But I know that it would be just
If it never should shine on me."

Hope at her feet was wailing
In heart sickness dire ;
Her azure robe all soiled with trailing
Through the mire ;
And her listless fingers twining
In her hair,
Where the star-crown had been shining,
Now not there :
And she said to Faith,
"I have wandered far and wide ;
With Fancy for my guide,
And am tired almost to death.
She has wings like a butterfly ;
She can hold by a spider's thread ;
And she flits from flower to flower,
But they wither where I tread.
I once felt joyous and bold
As I looked on the years to come ;
But Hope is deferred, and my heart grown old,
And I seem no nearer home.
What if I hope in vain
For that I cannot see,—
What if I wait in pain
For a day that ne'er shall be.
Thou hast heard the words that shall never change ;
I have only had visions dim and strange,
And they vanished quickly too.—
Come forth with me,
So shall I see
If these my dreams be true."

And Faith made answer, "Yes I will ;
And with thee I will seek the light.
Though clouds and darkness veil it still,
And hide it from our feeble sight,
I know it shines beyond the gloom ;
I know it shall shine for ever,
And light the new Heaven, where the saved gather home
Round the Light-giver ;
And I *will* lie in His hand,—
I cannot be but there,
For He reigneth everywhere,
And His will none can withstand ;
But I'll choose it for my rest—
Let Him choose the way I take,
That I may be carried through,

Till the shades of night are past,
And the morning dawns at last,
And I meet Him when I wake
In the country of the blest."

Then they turned to Love and said,
"Wilt thou go?"
But she, sighing, answer made,
Dreamily and slow,
"O no!
I cannot go.
Sense and feeling, ever near,
Whisper softly in my ear,
That He does not hold me dear.
I might doubting hold you back—
I might wander from the track
When your way was clear.
Go—my heart goes with you;
But I will tarry here.
Where the thorns and briers are growing,
And the thistle its seed is strowing,
There is work for me to do.
I have slept while tares were sown—
I have dreamed, and never known—
How the little foxes crept
Near the vines I should have kept—
Oh, that *He* were come again,
Though the north wind and the rain
Might be sad to bear;
If I knew that he were there,
And would nerve my hand
To pluck up one weed,—
Words—vain words—my want is true,
And I am weary—Oh, if you
Find Him, tell Him *He* can do
All I need."

So those two went forth together
Slowly through the misty weather;
And the evening dew was shining
On the cobwebs Fancy weaves,
As they trod at day's declining
Through the falling leaves;
And I know not how they sped,
Or if they returned alone
To find the weeds still higher grown,
And Love faint or dead;
But I've heard of One who said
In the days gone by,
Words whose echo soundeth on
To the watcher for the dawn
Ever nigh,—

"I am this world's Light, and never
Shall one following after me
In the dark abide for ever,
But the light shall surely see."

ALEXANDER DUNCAN

WAS born at Dalmeny, Linlithgowshire, in 1823. His father was an industrious and respectable stone mason, who removed with his family to the village of Renton, in the Vale of Leven, in 1834. Alexander was the eldest of a family of ten, and at the early age of eleven years he was apprenticed to a tailor. The early age at which he began work prevented him from acquiring a good elementary education, but he continued during his apprenticeship to attend the evening classes in the village school. After working for some years as an operative tailor, he removed to Glasgow, and began business there in partnership with his brother-in-law as tailors and clothiers. The business did not prove successful, and he returned to the Vale of Leven in 1855. He now felt his health beginning to give warning that soon he would join the majority. He removed to Glasgow a second time, and, after a lingering illness of eight years, died there in 1864, leaving a widow and five of a family.

Alexander Duncan was an enthusiast for music, and qualified himself to officiate as a precentor, and while a member of the Wesleyan Methodists he often performed with much ability and acceptance both the duties of precentor and preacher. When laid aside by illness he found a solace in his love for music and in cultivating the muses. On the advice of his

friends he published, in 1858, a small volume of his poems entitled "Leisure Hours," dedicated to the late William Campbell, Esq. of Tillichewan. In 1862 he published another little pamphlet of his poems, "The Vial," and from time to time several booklets on local matters.

His poems breathe the simple Scottish piety which ennobles honest poverty. They are pervaded with the sad refrain of one who suffered much, and daily felt that he was near the end of his life's journey. He also sung of the sweeter joys, the privileges, and the domestic affection that fall to the lot of the virtuous poor, and of the scenes of his youth in his lowly rural home by the classic banks of the Leven. In his own sphere, Alexander Duncan fought manfully amidst many trials and difficulties his uphill battle of life. He lived and suffered, loved and was loved, shedding a loving radiance around not a few of Scotland's humble cottage homes.

The following is from an address delivered by the poet at a soiree of the Vale of Leven Association which is annually held in Glasgow:—

THE VALE OF LEVEN.

Fair Vale! thy name I love to hear,
It sounds sweet music in my ear:
'Twas there I first began to play,
And lisp the poet's humble lay;
'Twas there I first went to the school,
To learn to speak and write by rule;
'Twas there in fancy I did rove,
And first began to study love,
'Twas there, with parents kind and dear,
I spent in youth my vernal year.
Sweet Vale! no place on earth so dear!
In death my father slumbers here.
My bosom swells to write his name!
It kindles up love's quenchless flame;
It calls to view yon gorgeous scene—
Yon paradise where oft I've been.
Ah, yes! in yonder Eden fair,
I've heard a father's evening prayer;

His voice, though silent, echoes yet,
"Forget me not!" I'll ne'er forget.

A mother's love—that depthless sea!
In Leven's vale flowed forth to me;
And all the beauty of the grove
Doth fail when measured by that love!
Yes, love of loves is mother's part—
It spurs the soul and swells the heart;
And though eternal beauty fail
In Lebanon or Leven's vale,
That flame of love shall never die—
'Tis seen in every smile and sigh.

SUMMER SHOWER.

Refreshing shower! why should I mourn,
Although I'm ofttimes wet by thee?
Since flowery groves and fields of corn
Do hail thee now with mirth and glee.

Soul-stirring shower! thy drops are like
The pearly gems that stud the sky,
They cheer the heart that's like to break,
They speed the step and soothe the sigh.

Soft dewy shower! how sweet the gift
Of love, thou fallest on the ground
To satisfy her parching thirst:
All creatures chime thy humming sound.

The tiny flower which decks the plain,
And sturdy oak—the forest's queen—
Do clap their hands;—beasts wild and tame
Exult in song when thou art seen.

The running brook, the glassy lake,
And humming bird thou seem'st to please;
The cuckoo sings—nature's awake,
And insects flutter in the breeze.

How like the children round the hearth,
Glad telling what some friend has given,
Are singing birds, in hymns of mirth,
Returning thanks for gifts from heaven.

The broom, the thistle, and the brier,
The hazel, and the fair elm tree,
Seem to have only one desire—
To render thanks to God for thee.

And when thy mission thou has done
(Refreshing man, and beast, and ground),

Thou gently leav'st to let the sun
  Shed his bright, warming beams around.

Blest messenger ! thy work upon
  The bleaky leaf, how like the grace
Of God upon the heart of stone !—
  Death leaves his throne ; life takes his place.

Since violets smile, and warblers sing,
  And streamlets echo music sweet ;
Whilst Nature, wide, tunes every string
  The genial summer shower to greet.

Why should my heart still parchéd be,
  In this my summer day's decline ;
Why wither in eternity,
  Since Jesus showers his love divine,
Like dew upon the human soul,
To cleanse, to save, and keep it whole ?

"JESUS CHRIST THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER."

Happy, happy world of glory !
  Where seraphic spirits dwell,
Echo, echo forth the story,
  Sound it with the loudest bell—
That the Lord doth live for ever,
  King of kings in worth and name—
That His love is like a river,
  Ever flowing yet the same.

Pure created angels, praise Him—
  Ye who knew Him ere the Fall,
Lend your aid anew to praise Him
  Higher on the jasper wall !
Ere He laid the earth's foundation,
  Was He not your constant theme ?
Still He claims your adoration—
  All He was, He's still the same.

Ye who watched with marked attention
  As He drew this world's plan,
And admired the strange invention
  Whilst He made the being man,
String your timbrels, string them stronger,
  Give your Master all His claim,
For eternity, if longer,
  Would still echo—Christ's the same !

Ye who saw Him, moved with pity,
  Veil the majesty of God,

Coming from His golden city
To assume the sinner's load—
How His love evoked your wonder—
Heaven dazzled at his flame!
Could ye cease, in voice of thunder,
To exult—Christ is the same!

Ye who watched Him in the manger,
Cradled in a lowly bed,
Saw Him, too, a houseless stranger,
Without pillow for His head.
Did ye not extol His conduct,
Ever free from sin and shame?
Heaven spake it, earth responded—
Jesus was and is the same!

Ye who saw Him on this ocean,
Tossing on time's troubled wave,
Ye who chanted sweet devotion
Whilst He conquered death's dark grave—
Praise Him, sound the psaltery louder,
For mankind the Lamb was slain—
Spread the anthems, spread them broader,
Jesus is the same. Amen!

Praise Him river, lake, and fountain,
Catch the music, passing breeze,
Carry it o'er plain and mountain,
Tell it to the stirring trees,
That King Jesus never faileth;
Great in power, and worth, and fame,
Yesterday, to-day, and ever,
Jesus was and is the same.

Saint on earth, why stoop with sighing?
Thy Redeemer's on his throne,
Hours are passing, time is flying,
Soon shall all thy grief be gone.
Ever keep His love before thee,
Let it in thy soul abide,
And though tempests gather o'er thee
Safely still in Jesus hide.

Praise Him, praise Him, earth and heaven,
Stars and sun and all that be;
Let all voices He hath given
Echo through eternity—
That He was, and is for ever,
Yesterday, to-day, the same;
Nothing shall His kingdom sever—
Tell it, angels, with acclaim.

JAMES NORVAL,

ONE of our sweetest nursery poets, whose songs have been long popular in the hearts of his countrymen, and prized far beyond Scotland's "hills and dales," was born at Parkhead, Glasgow, in 1814. His father followed the trade of handloom weaving, a respectable and profitable calling at that period. When a year old James was removed to the "White Houses," Gallowgate, at one time a famous roadside inn, and the scene of his fine ballad, "The Wee Pickle Meal." In the vicinity of his dwelling was the famous "Witch Loans," at that time a terror to all Glasgow boys, from the many weird stories in circulation about the midnight cantrips enacted by the witches among its lone trees and hedges. His earliest recollections were the bonfires in honour of the acquittal of Queen Caroline, whose famous defence by Lord Brougham gained the latter his spurs; and the famous processions in 1820 to the "Clayknowe meetings," which gave the Government of that day so much trouble over their tobacco and whisky duties. Bands and banners passed the "White Houses," women walking in procession carrying long poles with caps of liberty on the top of them, and men with poles having whisky stoups and tobacco pipes with inverted heads.

At the age of seven our poet was sent to school, but remained there only two years, a circumstance he regretted very much. He was put to the loom, which trade he has generally followed since. Few in his walk of life have maintained such a good character for sobriety, as during his long and eventful career he has always espoused total abstinence principles, and this he did at a time when such were neither tolerated nor respected. He was made a

burgess of the city of Glasgow in 1868, and in that position was one of three who fought the battle of the people's park—the well-known Glasgow Green. In this he was successful, the Town Council being beaten, and the boundaries of the Green settled so as to prevent any further attempt at encroachment.

As a public speaker, Mr Norval has done good service in his day by advocating the interests of the working classes, and no more congenial work could be given him than denouncing those who were ever ready to trample upon working men. He indulged in a satirical and caustic style, making those shrink who came under his lash in a way to be remembered.

As a true Scottish poet, his numerous pieces will speak for themselves. They have a genuine ring of true metal about them not to be mistaken, many of them possessing great tenderness, beauty, and pathos. "My Daddie's Awa'," "My Ain Gate En'," "The Auld Stairheid," "Sabbath Bells," "Wee Mary Ann," "Wee Pickle Meal," and quite a host of nursery songs have long been popular by those who knew little about the poet, and will live while the pure Scotch Doric is read. To invest with poetic imagery and expression subjects interesting to children is admitted to be a species of composition which requires peculiar talent. His felicitous heart-utterances when sketching child-life are true to nature, and appeal to all our warmer sympathies. His songs have been hailed as sterling issues in the lordly ha' as well as in the humble cottage or the hairst rig—by the man of high culture as well as by the humblest peasant. Many of them display fine quiet humour, which occasionally breaks out into broad fun, while others are touched with a natural sweetness and pathos that commend them irresistibly to the affections and the heart. Most of his verses were honoured by Dr Hedderwick, of Glasgow, no mean critic and poet himself, with a place in the

famous "corner" of the *Citizen* in its early days, and now one of the most popular evening daily papers in Scotland. Our poet, although nearing the three-score and ten, is hale and hearty for his years, and still amuses his friends by adding fresh gems to his long list—proving that the fine poetic spirit has not left him in his old age.

THE WEE PICKLE MEAL.

I mind when I was geyan young—
  Aye geyan young atweel—
There cam' a puir wife to oor door
  Beggin' a pickle meal.
She socht it wi' a bitter wail
  That stopp'd my mither's wheel
Wi' "Waesocks me," and "Gude bless thee,
  Gi'e me a wee tate meal."

My mither bang'd up frae her wheel,
  And cried "Gude help the puir,"
And wi' a licht and eager step
  She cross'd the kitchen flure.
Her hand shook at the awmry door,
  Like some ane gaun to steal,
When frae our wee meal-pock she drew
  A goupinfu' o' meal.

"Ye maunna greet," my mither said,
  "Come dicht, O dicht your een,
For I can see in that pale face
  That better days you've seen;
And I can read in thy fu' e'e
  Ye ha'e a heart can feel
For ithers' waes; sae tak' frae me
  A blessing wi' the meal."

The beggar wife was sair o'ercome,
  She shook in every nerve—
"Was't no," she said, "for such as thee,
  The like o' me micht starve.
I've wandered unco far th' day,
  'Mang hearts as cauld as steel—
It's hard to hirple doun life's brae,
  Beggin' a pickle meal.

"Waes me, I hae seen better days,
  But noo, alack, they're gane;
I've had on earth a' that could mak'
  A woman proud and fain.

My kind guidman frae me was torn
To war's red battle-fiel' ;
He fell,—and I maun either dee,
Or beg my pickle meal.

"We had twa bonnie, sonsie bairns—
Dear Mary, and wee John—
Wha baith sleep noo aneath the yaird,
Beside the banks o' Don.
But when I think on a' I've borne,
Wi' grief the wa's I'd speel,
For noo I'm left in waning life
To beg a pickle meal."

Full thirty years ha'e row'd awa'
To memory's dusky shore,
Since that puir woman tauld her tale
At my kind mither's door.
My mither's gane whaur a' maun gang,
And nane but me can feel
The hallow'd burden o' my sang—
That goupinfu' o' meal.

AULD SCOTLAND'S SABBATH BELLS.

I like to hear the Sabbath bells,
Wi' their sweet tinkling soun ;
When sitting on a water side,
Miles frae the dinsome toun.
They bring me back life's sunny morn,
Wi' a' its witching spells ;
The clachan, burn; the yellow corn,
The sheep along the fells.

They bring me back a mither's love,
A father's fostering care ;
On memory's wings I flee awa'
To speel the auld kirk stair.
I stand within that sacred pile,
Where hymns in volume rose,
And peal'd along the sounding aisle,
To soothe the saint's repose.

They bring loved forms o' ither years,
That lang hae dooless lain,
An' flood my een wi' sooin' tears,
For youthfu' frien's that's gane
To sleep beneath the grassy turf,
By mountains, crags, and dells,
That aft in life hae heard wi' me,
These solemn Sabbath bells.

And when this weary wayward heart
Has ceased for aye to beat,
And scandal, wi' her cankering dart,
Can rouse nae mair to hate,
There will be hearts wha'll feel as keen,
Their deep and holy knells,
As e'er he did wha simply sings
Auld Scotland's Sabbath bells.

MY AIN GATE EN'.

I've climb'd the lofty mountain, I've cross'd the gowling sea ;
I've rested by the fountain that gushes 'neath the lea ;
I've been amang the truly great, alack, but even then,
My heart grew grit wi' yearning for my ain gate en'.

Oh, dear to me the scenes at my ain gate en'—
The wifies and the weans at my ain gate en' ;
There's no a spot on a' the earth that I sae brawly ken,
As the hamely auld white hoosies at my ain gate en'.

It isna for their grandeur—they hae nae gaudy show ;
It lacks a' dignity o' art, that lowly cottars' row,
Wi' its quaint auld theeked roofs, and its cozie buts and bens,
Whaur dwelt the douce and decent at my ain gate en'.

I've had muckle fun and daffin roun' my ain gate en' ;
Joy and comfort aye gaed lauchin' roun' my ain gate en' ;
Yet there's a'e bit mournfu' nook, a bonny fairy den,
Where I buried a pet Robin, at my ain gate en'.

Oh, I grat owre that wee birdie till I sca'ded baith my een,
And I busked a' the yirdie wi' the wild flowers frae the green,
And I thocht there was nae loss like mine within a' human ken,
Sae sicker is first sorrow at our ain gate en'.

Hae ye seen a wardless outcast cut aff frae freens and hame,
A-pining for that ingle, wi' its soul-stirring flame ;
What can thro' a' his bleeding heart sic thrills o' pleasure sen',
As a weel-kent bairn-time story o' his ain gate en' ?

A blink o' sweet remembrance glints owre his scowling broo,
A bygane blue-e'ed lassie is beside him sittin' noo ;
Again he wreathes her sunny hair wi' fox-bells doun the glen,
And he hears the waters *rushing* by his ain gate en'.

O, an unca witching charm has our ain gate en' ;
And we shrink frae change as harm to our ain gate en' ;
Frae the peasant on the lea to the wealthy and the hie,
We've a' a warm heart-liken to our ain gate en'.

THE DEEIN' WIDOW'S WAIL.

Carry me doun to yon auld wither'd tree
That stan's on the Common alane, alane ;
It's leafless and mateless, and geyan like me
That's lost baith my man and my wean, my wean,
That lost baith my man and my wean.

They sent my dear Pate ower the wild roarin' sea—
Alack, he sleeps noo wi' the slain, the slain ;
I micht hae borne that had cauld death left to me
The pledge o' oor fond love—my wean, my wean,
The pledge o' oor fond love—my wean.

I mourn when the day-star is closin' its e'e,
And gaun tae its bed in the main, the main,
And I weary for morn, like the bird on the tree,
To feed on my sorrows again, again—
To feed on my sorrows again.

I've gane clean aff my feet, and the cauld yird sweat
Gathers roun' my puir heart like rain, like rain ;
But I'll sune be at rest wi' the twa I lo'ed best—
My ain kindly Pate and my wean, my wean,
My ain kindly Pate and my wean.

AN AULD MAN'S SANG.

Oh, gin I was young again,
Hech, how ! gin I was young again ;
Chasin' bumbees ower the plain
Is just an auld sang sung again.

I'd gie the goud o' Indian mine
To feel noo as I felt langsyne—
A harum-scarum, thochtless wean—
I'm fleyed I'll ne'er be young again.

We canna see the win's that blaw,
Nor men's thochts when they rise or fa' ;
We're turning present joy to pain
Wi' craikin' to be young again.

We've had oor day—e'en let it gang ;
Ilk dog has his, sae rins the sang ;
Come sing wi' me this dear refrain,
"The blyth heart will grow young again."

When bairns' bairns stand roun' our knee,
Their green love fills oor heart wi' glee ;
Fair morning flowers without a stain,
Your fragrance mak's us young again.

Oh noo I feel I'm young again,
Tho' bent wi' eild and crunchin' pain ;
'Tis sweet as wee bird's spring-time strain
When bairn-time's lays are sung again.

WEE MARY ANN.

The simmer's tide is gane, an' I'm sitting here alane,
Moping by the chimla cheek, a sairy auld man,
Musing on the hours that I spent by Haldane's towers,
Daffin like a glaikit bairn wi' wee Mary Ann.

We clamb Glen Eagle's braes, whaur grow the nits and slaes ;
Through the wood in gleefu' mood, and ower the lea we ran ;
My heart was fu' o' joy, and again I was a boy—
Losh ! I forgot my gray hairs wi' your wee Mary Ann.

There wasna a wee flower nor a birdie in its bower,
The heather noddin' ower the cairn, the lily, pale and wan—
She kent flowers, birds, an' stanes as a mither kens her weans ;
I wat she is a knockie bairn, your wee Mary Ann.

I've been upon the sea when the waves danced in their glee—
Our noble ship she breasted them as gracefu' as a swan ;
I've been in fashion's ha', wi' the frivolous and the sma',
An' heard the flirt's ha, ha ! as she giggled 'hint her fan.

But of a' the gates I've been, or a' I've heard or seen,
Whether on the restless deep or on the solid lan' ;
I've never shared a bliss that I would prefer to this—
Scampering up Glen Eagles wi' your wee Mary Ann.

May He that reigns abune, an' gallops on the win',
Hauds the mighty waters in the hollow o' His han',
Adorn wi' every grace her mind, her form, and face,
While earth's the biding place o' your wee Mary Ann.

THE BOO-MAN.

Come awa' to your bed noo, my bonnie wee mannie,
And cuddle i' the bosie o' yer ain auld grannie ;
Dinna kick an' spur sae, let us sleep while we can ;
Wheest ! what the sorra's that ? Oh, there's the Boo-Man.
Oh, there's the Boo-Man, quo' she ; there's the Boo-Man ;
Hide yer head aneath the claes ; for there's the Boo-Man.

Hear him comin' doun the lum, wi' his muckle pock ;
Noo he's on the hearthstane snorin' like a brock,
Rattlin' roun' and roun' the house, like chuckies in a pan,
To fill his pock wi' waukrife weans,—oh, the Boo-Man !
Oh, the Boo-Man, quo' she, oh, the Boo-Man ;
I wish he minna tak' us baith, oh, the Boo-Man !

There he's in below the bed, purrin' like a cat;
Noo he's in the coal-hole, squeakin' like a rat,
Rampin' owre the dresser-heid, he'll coup the milk can;
Oh, the foul fa' the clairty feet; oh, the Boo-Man!
Oh, the Boo-Man, quo' she, oh, the Boo-Man;
Hirsel closer to me yet, for there's the Boo-Man.

Stridelegs on the billie-goat, he gallops roun' the biggin';
Noo he's on the hen's bauk; there he's on the riggin',
Dancin' roun' the chimly-tap, an' drummin' on the can,
Singin' owre his eerie croon,—oh, the Boo-Man!
Oh, the Boo-Man, quo' she, oh, the Boo-Man;
Watchin' aye for waukrife bairns, the weary Boo-Man.

He's warstlin' thro' the keyhole, an' dinglin' at the sneck;
Tumlin' owre the warpin' powl; deil nor he thraw his neck;
Roun' the hoose, an' doon the hoose, an' owre the hoose he's ran;
He's a gruesome chiel, a tricky deil, that Boosie, Boosie Man.
That Boosie, Boosie Man, quo' she, that Boosie, Boosie Man;
Close your een an' bless yersel, an' fricht the Boozie Man.

There he's in the awmry, eatin' a' the bannocks;
Noo he's breengin' thro' the house,—he'll shatter a' the winnocks;
There he's in the ase-hole,—noo he's on the cran;
Losh! he'll scowther a' his hinder en', the Boosie, Boosie Man.
Oh, the Boo-Man, quo' she, oh, the Boo-Man;
Wee Harry's gaun to sleep noo; gae wa', ye Boo-Man.

JOHN CAMPBELL

WAS born in 1846, at the pleasant village of Kilburnie, in Ayrshire, where his father practised the calling of a cotton spinner, until, to use his own expression, he was "literally starved out of the place." Our poet was "nursed in the lap of poverty," and when he was five years of age, the family removed to Glasgow, his father finding employment for a year or two in a factory at the east end, during which time John had his first experience of school in the one attached to the factory. Thence they removed to Kelvin Street in the north-west of

the city, a street which was then in an outlying suburb, between rows of fruit and vegetable gardens, and beside fields, trees, and flowers, rural walks and sylvan scenes. The "groozie" Kelvin, the classic Kelvin Grove, the Three Tree Well—chosen haunt of love and of the Muses—were all in the immediate neighbourhood. The onward march of the great city has, however, swept away the rustic beauties of the place, and now lines of stone and lime leave scarce a vestige of their existence. This was the "home of his happy days," and hither all his boyhood's recollections fondly turn. When about thirteen, he was apprenticed as a compositor in a small printing office in Jamaica Street, and it was there, in the second year of his apprenticeship, while setting up the poems of the late Hugh Macdonald, author of "Rambles Round Glasgow," "Days at the Coast," &c., the "Caleb" of the now defunct *Morning Journal*, that he first felt the stirrings of the Muses awakened by the sweet strains of that master of the lyre.

Mr Campbell is a man of unassuming nature, a bright and amiable companion, and a warm and sympathetic friend. Industrious, ingenious, and brimful of energy, going at whatever he undertakes with heart and will, his leisure hours have far more calls than he can meet, and the wonder is that he finds time to *think* poetry, not to speak of writing and printing it. A descendant of Covenanters, he is imbued with the faith of his fathers. He has written many excellent and touchingly sweet songs, and several of his lyrics have been wedded to appropriate music. With a true modesty, which forms a strong trait of his character, he has not sought wider publicity for his efforts than that afforded by a large circle of personal friends and admirers, for whom he printed, in 1874, a small collection of songs and short pieces, called "Wayside Warblings," a new and enlarged edition of which he has now (1883) ap-

proaching completion, printed, as before, for private circulation.

A MOORLAND SPRING.

'Mong the heath of the moor—on the breast of the hill,
Bright sparkle the stores of a clear mountain rill;
In a quiet sheltered hollow, its treasures, so sweet,
Flow murmuring on to the lake at our feet;
While down by its fountain our tired limbs we fling,
And measure a song to the sweet moorland spring.

Its waters, so pure, on their peebly bed,
Are brighter by far than the sky overhead,
As with soft invitation they cheerily play
Round the traveller's feet on the lone moorland way;
When, footsore and sad, to his heart he may bring
A gladness divine from the dear moorland spring.

Here children in groups come gamb'ling in glee,
And matrons and sires taste thy bounty so free;
At eve, ere the music is hushed in the grove,
Here voices are heard in whispers of love;
And words have been spoken, too sacred to tell,
And vows have been pledged at the lone moorland well!

Oh, hadst thou a tongue, thou lone moorland well,
At thy tales of the past, how our bosoms would swell!
Of faces that oft in thy mirror were seen,
Now far from thee parted, with oceans between!
Oh! tell me, if still, as a sacred thing,
They treasure the hours by the dear moorland spring.

Tho' I've seen it but once, in its home on the hill,
Tho' years roll away, I'll remember it still;
For a form has been there, and a face now I see
Looking up from its depths, as she tasted with me;
And a throbbing bosom shall own to the spell
That bids me forget not the old "Ladle Well."

HAIL! SWEET SEASON.

Hail! sweet season, smiling Spring,
Silent as on fairy's wing,
Wantonly again to fling
Beauty o'er the earth.

Season fair! whose mystic hand
Charms the bleak and cheerless land,
Wond'rous more than wizard's wand—
Death gives birth to life.

Ceased the wintry tempest's growl,
Stayed its fury, hush'd its howl;
Turbid torrents rippling roll
At thy gentle touch.

Since the gloom the scene forsook,
Beauty haunts each sheltered nook,
Wimpling burnies jink and jouk,
Light as hearts in youth.

Freed from thrall of ice and snows,
Bythe and bright the verdure grows;
In the glen fair Primrose blows,
With her golden smile.

By the margin of the brook
Dewdrops snowy lilies drook—
Flow'rets of a dream they look,
In the lap of Spring.

Heralding the bright'ning days,
Wild-wood songsters lilt thy praise;
Lav'rocks' hope inspiring lays
Welcome thy approach.

Fragrant flowers, the budding tree,
Birdies piping songs of glee—
Grateful Nature—telleth me,
God is God of Spring.

OOR LAMBS IN THE SHEPHERD'S FAULD.

Ay, betimes oor hearts were stricken
Sair, sair, an' like to break;
An' Death his fell dart had driven,
An' left oor hame a wreck.
Deep fountains o' sorrow welling
Up frae oor hearts need flow,
Sad wailings o' grief past telling,
For oor sweet lambs laid low;
But there cam' God-given healing—
They're gane frae the warld's cauld,
To shelter in Jesus' bosom—
Lambs in the Shepherd's fauld.

'Twas first in the dreary winter,
Weird was the nicht-wind's sigh,
As we watched beside the pillow
Whaur oor first born did lie.
Sae stricken an' dazed wi' sorrow,
We scarce could pray or weep,
O, sae gloomy was the morrow
Oor wee lamb fell asleep!

But there cam' this precious healing—
He's gane frae the warld's cauld,
To lie in the Shepherd's bosom—
A lamb in Jesus' fauld.

Again, when the flowers were springing,
An' nature donned her green,
Ance mair fell the clouds o' sorrow,
An' saut tears blint oor een;
For the dear sweet smile and prattle,
That cheered us wi' a thrill,
O' oor wee lamb, in a moment
Were hush'd, silent, an' still.
But ance mair cam' the sweet healing—
He's gane frae the warld's cauld,
To rest in the Shepherd's bosom—
A lamb in Jesus' fauld.

In ilka cauld winter that passes,
Sad though oor mem'ries seem,
Oor faith sees a brichter vision—
O, it 's mair than a dream;
An' ilka spring-time disclosing
Its treasures fair an' bricht
Seems a glint o' the heaven abune—
The day without a nicht.
O sweet is Faith's consolation—
Though death should lay us cauld,
A' free o' pain, we'll meet again
Oor lambs in Jesus' fauld.

THE HOUR I MEET THEE.

O give me the gloaming, the saft simmer gloaming,
When shadows dance licht frae the boughs o' each tree;
Tho' bricht is day's dawning, O gie me its waning,
For O 'tis the hour, love, that takes me to thee!

Tho' fair be the rising, the beauty surprising,
O' Phœbus' first smile as it spreads o'er the lea,
Mair prized is the treasure an' sweeter the pleasure
Which comes wi' the hour, love, that takes me to thee.

The day may be dreary, wi' heart sair an' weary,
An' heavy the care since morn op'd my e'e;
They flee at the wiling, sae witching, beguiling,
Which breathes in the hour, love, that takes me to thee.

Tho' fu' be the measure o' gladness an' pleasure—
Happy moments o' life ilk heart lo'es to pree;
Too soon these may perish, but aye I will cherish
The bliss o' that hour, love, the hour I meet thee.

Then gie me day's ending, when freedom is blending
Wi' love's gowden sun-glints on life's restless sea,
O then there comes stealing love's holiest feeling—
A bliss maist divine, love, the hour I meet thee.

JOSEPH TATLOW.

WHEN we admit Mr Tatlow to a place among the Scottish poets, we must do so as a proselyte, though rather as a *proselyte of justice* than as one of *the gate*—the former, among the ancient Hebrews, enjoying all the privileges of a native, while the latter was simply allowed to live among the chosen people. By length of residence, however, as well as by literary tastes, Mr Tatlow may freely claim a place among the poets of Scotland.

Born at Sheffield in 1851, he was taken by his parents to Derby when a few months old, and then to Birmingham, where his father was appointed agent for the Midland Railway Company. Between the age of five and eleven years, Joseph attended one of the Birmingham Parish Schools. In 1862, he removed to Derby, where his father became manager of the Mineral Department. At the age of fifteen, after receiving a good mercantile education, our poet also entered the offices of the Midland Company. In 1873, he removed to Glasgow and joined the Caledonian Railway service, and in 1875 he was appointed to a principal post in the office of the Glasgow and South Western Railway Company, which position he still continues to fill.

With a most decided *penchant* for literary pursuits, he has never in the least allowed these to interfere with the more serious business of life, and his methodical business habits and unremitting application to

duty would hardly lead one to suppose that his leisure hours were so often passed in the more pleasing bye-paths of literature. His nature, however, is of that active and enthusiastic kind to which work—mental work especially—is an absolute necessity, and which finds its recreation in change of occupation.

Mr Spurgeon has said that no country in the world has produced so many poets as Scotland, and it is undoubtedly the "land of the mountain and the flood" which has made Mr Tatlow's fine mental powers to blossom into poetry. During the last five or six years his poems have occasionally appeared in the *People's Friend* and several other publications. He has also contributed biographical sketches, tales, &c., to various magazines, and, by and bye, he is likely to give a volume of poetry to the world.

Mr Tatlow's poems display a well-cultured mind and a refined taste. Beautiful in sentiment and expression, there is never any want of that force which prevents simple beauty from palling the taste and tiring the reader. There is at the same time a quiet philosophic pathos in the productions of Mr Tatlow which both touches the heart and abides in the mind.

BY THE RESTLESS SEA.

On crimson tide adown the west,
The day floats homeward to its rest ;
The wild winds sleep, the storm is o'er,
The sea birds' cry is heard no more ;
Eve fills with peace the ambient air,
But still the deep is heaving there.

O heart ! stirred as thy depths are now,
Like yonder surging sea art thou !
Since thought and feeling first began
To sway the changeful soul of man,
The human heart, the restless sea,
Alike have been—and aye will be !

For though my loitering footsteps tread
A flowery path, and overhead
The clouds that frowned o'er other days
Are luminous with golden rays,
A void remains Earth cannot fill—
My yearning heart is restless still.

The force that moves the sea alway,
Is Heaven and Earth's divided sway;
The power that agitates the soul,
Is Heaven disputing Earth's control;
The sea's unrest with Time shall cease—
The wearied soul in Heaven find peace.

TO AN AGED FRIEND.

Dear Mark, upon the hill of life
A lofty ledge thy footsteps tread—
Beyond the din of common strife—
Whilst wreathèd snows encrown thy head.

Canst thou wait there until I climb
The same high point, that, side by side,
Our thoughts may range the fields of Time,
And o'er the broad past backward glide?

It cannot be. If, by God's grace,
I should attain that region fair,
'Twill be to mourn a vacant place—
'Twill be to find thou are not there!

THE DREAMER.

Dreamer! Phantasy enamour'd,
Quick, bestir thee, for the glamour'd
Hour is passing to its grave,
Bringing doom to king and slave.

Smoothly now the waves are gliding;
Smoothly now thy bark is riding;
Syren voices charm thine ear,
Shapes of beauty hover near.

Drifting, drifting, dreaming ever,
Such entrancement is felt never,
Save when, leaving Reason's realm,
Wayward Fancy takes the helm.

Dreamer! see the active bustle,
Where men, straining nerve and muscle,
Pass in quick succession by—
Fixed their hearts, and firm their eye.

Mark their toiling, hear their cheering,
Naught of danger are they fearing,
With the sails of life set fair,
They will never know despair.

Wake, awake! and look around thee;
Life's realities surround thee,
Wake, and string thy nerveless heart;
Wake, and bear a manly part.

MY BOY AND I.

See, a ruddy face is peeping
Through the garden trellis gate;
And two earnest eyes are asking
Why his father stays so late.

Ah, he sees me, what a ringing,
Happy shout of childish joy;
How he clambers up for kisses,
Does my merry madcap boy.

Now with winsome glee he tumbles
On the grass in blissful freak,
And the "crimson tippit" daisies
Print their kisses on his cheek.

From the ground he springs up nimbly,
Shouting out with wild delight;
Then a butterfly he follows
In its undulating flight.

Rude despoiler, he has caught it,
And he laughs in elfish fun;
Later on he'll learn this moral,—
Aims are brightest ere they're won.

AGNES.

As stars are dimm'd when full-orb'd Dian fills
With her resplendent light an Autumn sky;
As fragrant musk all fainter perfume kills,
And roses shame the flowers that blossom nigh:
So Agnes, pale and pure, thy charms outvie
The brightest stars in fancy's boundless space;
Soft as an od'rous zephyr is thy sigh,
And fairer than a lily is thy face.
But brighter still, and purer, and more fair
Than outward beauty, draped in cloth of gold,
Are those rich ornaments thy soul doth wear—
Truth, Hope, a Tenderness of depth untold,
A helpful Instinct, sweet as it is rare,
A Patience that abides, a Love that grows not cold.

ROBERT MEEK,

A POET of deep and tender feeling, the charm of whose productions consists in their simplicity and noble human sympathies, was born at Leith, in 1836, when Leith Walk was a country road between Edinburgh and Leith, and the resort of beggars of every description, who took advantage of sailors and others. His parents removed to Edinburgh when he was about four years of age, and he has remained in that city ever since. Our poet received his limited education at the out-door Heriot Schools. He was always a great reader, and when message boy in a boot and shoe warehouse, he weekly received with his half-crown of wages on the Saturday night three halfpence from his master to buy *Chambers's Journal*. In his spare moments he studied educational works, and thus strengthened his thinking powers. Mr Meek was over thirty years of age when he began to compose verses, and it was about this time that he received an appointment in connection with the city as public weigher at Hope Park End, Meadows. Here he became acquainted with the genial "Meadows Poet"—Mr John Taylor, noticed in our First Series. He read the fine productions of this bard, and became inspired with the poetic fire himself. In course of time he ventured to send his productions to the local newspapers and some of the religious periodicals and magazines published in Edinburgh. He was greatly encouraged by finding that they were warmly received, and he still occasionally contributes hymns and poems. Although often urged to make a selection of his pieces, and publish them in book form, he has not yet done so. We feel sure his verses would be read with pleasure by a wide circle.

Mr Meek has also written much in prose, and we

have no doubt that should he consent to publish portions of it, along with the cream of his poetical effusions, the work would command the admiration of all who are of an antiquarian and patriotic turn of mind. He depicts with a graphic pen many curious and forgotten characters and places, events and buildings, and gives many fine pictures of old Edinburgh as it was in his youth. Referring to his father's house, he informs us that it had been the dwelling-place of Scotland's nobility. Its walls were covered with oak panellings and oil paintings, while the fire-place was ornamented with hand-painted tiles and artistically carved marble.

Robert Meek's poems breathe the genuine tones of the Scottish lyre, with its pathos, truth, and native affection. His hymns show a pure heart in the highest and holiest sense—grace and refinement combined with religious fervour. Extreme modesty keeps him in the shade, like the sweet violet whose fragrance and loveliness must be sought after. Much of his spare time is spent in visiting the destitute, ignorant, sick, and wayward denizens of the dark and dismal closes and dens of the High Street and Canongate of Edinburgh; and many of his touching sketches of wretchedness and poverty have been inspired amidst such surroundings. He tells a homely story of grief or joy with truth and feeling, can paint an odd character with a stroke or two of his poetic brush, and in a fragmentary song of sorrow express the essence of an entire tragedy.

MY MITHER'S DEPARTURE.

I am lanely! I am lanely! since my mither's gane awa;
The hoose is nae the same, an' I canna rest ava.
Her ingle side is dark, an' her knock is stan'in' still,
An the flowers are no sae cheerie oot on the window sill.

I look into her roomie, and I gie the ither stare,
Aye thinkin' that my mither should be sittin in her chair;
But ah, waes me, a cloud o' gloom has gathered o'er her ha',
An' tears come drappin' frae my een as noo she is awa!

I am lanely ! I am lanely ! an' I dream the hale lang nicht ;
An' aye my mither's kindly face comes up upon my sicht.
I think I hear her loving voice, while she upon me smiles ;
But ah, I find when mornin' comes the vision but beguiles.

When hame I come at e'enin' frae the warl's toil an' care,
Nae mither's there to greet me, an' oor frugal dish to share ;
An' as I wander thro' the hoose, my heart gets wae an' sad,
For aye her countenance, 'twas said, made everybody glad.

An' when the mornin' comes o' that hallowed day o' rest,
I miss her aye the mair, tho' I ken she's wi' the blest ;
For aye it was oor priv'lege to read wi' her the Book
That tells us o' eternal life when we to Jesus look.

I am lanely ! I am lanely ! an' yet amidst my grief,
The parting words my mither spake brings me a sweet relief ;
For ere her captive spirit fled, it was divinely given
To her to breathe the precious truth, "There is sweet rest in heaven !"

An' so this hope lies uppermost upon our dowie heart
(That tho' oor ain dear mither hae been called frae us to part),
That when the thread o' life is run upon this hazy shore,
We'll meet in yon unsullied land, where weepin' is no more.

THE FORSAKEN BAIRN.

Wee Johnnie Wilkie, a bonnie, canty bairn,
The heart that turn'd frae him maun be as hard as airn,
To forsake the harmless laddie, sae sonsy an' sae neat,
Sae gentle an' sae blythe—O, it's like to mak' us greet.

To see his coal-black een an' manly lookin' head,
His sweet expressive face and hair sae neatly shed,
An' hear his tender voice sae fu' of childish glee,
It maks us pity them wha his virtues couldna see.

There's nane micht be asham'd to own this happy child,
Except the worthless parent wha wi' the drink gaed wild ;
He is nae fashious wean, nor fu' o' sulks an thraws,
Nor hashie like the swine, or noisy like the craws.

Still he has his wee bit faults, as ony ane may hae,
Yet there's something in his head that regulates his play ;
He's ancient, douce, an' wise, far far ayont his years,
An' when he says his prayers, we micht banish a' oor fears.

Sae we'll nae despair o' Johnnie, but commend him to the care
O' Him wha feeds the sparrows, an' kens our ilka hair,
An', if he's spared to manhood, he'll be nae idle drone,
O may his mind an' soul to guid be ever prone.

THE LADDIES NOO-A-DAYS.

When I was a laddie, 'twas different frae noo,
The graceless, the godless, were reckon'd but few;
Mair rev'rence was seen wi' the youth o' the city,
Mair strivin' to walk in the pathways o' duty.

We ne'er had a doot but the richt was the best,
That it aye led to peace, wi' the conscience at rest;
That oor fathers and mothers were wiser than we,
And what was best for us they surely could see.

But noo, what a contrast, O dear pity me!
Sic looseness in callants I never did see;
The tearin' an' swearin' we find among some
Is a proof that the heart is as foul as the lum.

The want o' respec' for the head wi' grey hairs
Is something maist awfu', an' makes us hae fears
That the folks in the future nae credit will gie
To us, their forbears, though wise we may be.

Could our forefathers see the queer ways that are noo;
Hoo laddies an' lassies gang early to woo,
An' hear their strange crack on the street or the green,
They surely would hardly believe their ain een.

Oor schules may teach knowledge, but what o' it a',
If our youth o' discretion will mak' a kick-ba'?
Let a' wha hae wisdom the richt way to run
Remember the braid road o' folly to shun.

THE MILK-MAID.

Nae mair we'll see the milk-maid,
Wi' the bonnie yellow hair;
Nae mair we'll hear her laughin' voice
Gae soondin' thro' the stair.

An' as she gangs frae door to door
Her face confirms the tale—
That she will sune be far awa',
In her ain native vale.

Anither maid may fill her place,
An' be as blythe as she;
But faces that we've kent sae lang
Are pleasant aye to see.

Where'er the lassie's lot be cast,
May it be ever smooth;
An' should she see afflictions sair,
May sympathy aye soothe.

May peace amid the ills o' life
Deep in her bosom dwell,
That peace o' God, which those wha hae
Will no be blate to tell.

JAMES KENNEDY

JS an excellent representative of the many self-expatriated Scotsmen who have found a home in the United States. His "Poems on Scottish and American Subjects" reflect the better sentiments characteristic of the typical Scottish-American. Loyalty towards, and admiration of, the land of his adoption is superadded to a fervent love of his fatherland. In his preface he alludes to that "love of our native land which, like all other loves, becomes more impassioned when separated from its object." He acknowledges that "the fair scenes of Caledonia" "have been the main influences that have called into vocal utterance much that the author presents in this volume." "It has not been," our poet adds, "the single object of keeping green the memories of the fatherland that has acted as the only motive in the author's mind. He looks upon the stories of the lives and fortunes of the people who leave Scotland and seek their fortunes in America as being peculiarly suited for imaginative treatment. There are no people more heroic. In the battle of life the burden of labour sits light upon them. They are self-reliant, and hence are marked by strong individuality, which gives rise to incident, which kindles imagination."

Mr Kennedy's lyre is not an instrument of one string. He passes with apparent ease from touching

pathos to broad humour, and sings with scarcely greater fervour of Caledonia,

> "Where the deeds o' martial glory
> Hallow ilka hill and dale,"

than of the Union's "bright flag's starry fold" with its "blended crimson, blue and gold."

Mr Kennedy is of Celtic origin, being descended through his father from the Kennedys of Badenoch, and through his mother—from whom he inherits his literary taste and poetic temperament—from the Macintoshes of Glenshee. After the '45, a branch of the Kennedys settled in Angus, and sought employment in the extensive quarries of the county. Their descendants chiefly followed the same occupation, and the poet's father rose to be a moderately successful contractor in the quarries of Aberlemno and neighbouring parishes. Dying when barely past the meridian of life, his widow was left burdened with the task of rearing a family of ten children, of whom James, born in 1848, was the seventh, and some of whom were in infancy. It says much for the independence, frugality, and industry of the Scottish mother that she not only brought up her numerous family, but managed to secure for each such education as a few years at the parish school afforded.

At the age of twelve James began life as a farm labourer, and took a prominent part in the agitation of 1865 for improving the condition of the agricultural classes. Shortly after this period, while an apprentice machinist in Dundee, he began his literary career. His verses, more especially, gained him a considerable local reputation.

At the age of twenty-one he emigrated to America, landing in New York in 1869. By attending the New York evening High School, and while still following the calling of a machinist, he made most laudable efforts to remedy the deficiences in his early education. In a few years he graduated in the

regular literary course. In 1875 he was awarded the first prize for English composition. In 1876 he was commended both for excellence in oratory, and for rapid progress in the study of the Latin language. His periodical contributions to the press of both Scotland and America demonstrated his growing culture. His language was rapidly becoming more vigorous and pure, and his thought more elevated.

Several of his humorous character-sketches made their appearance in the *People's Journal*, and some of his more serious pieces were published in magazines and annuals. In 1881 a serial story, "Willie Watson," from his facile pen illustrated his first work in fiction, and in 1883 his "Poems on Scottish and American Subjects" was published in New York, and has already reached a second edition. Still young, industrious, persevering, and undoubtedly talented, possessing the respect alike of his fellow-artisans and of his Scottish associates, and braced by the obstacles under which weaker men would certainly have succumbed, even more may be expected from Mr Kennedy than he has yet given us. He is a valuable accession to the ranks of that great army of poets who have sprung from the humbler ranks of the Scottish people. His poems have been well received by the press and distinguished *litterati* of America and this country. From a host of private testimony to their excellence we select the following characteristic letter from John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet:—"My Dear Friend,—I have read thy poems with great pleasure, especially the Scottish ones, 'Wee Charlie,' 'Address to the Mosquitoes,' &c., and the songs. 'Noran Water' is a very admirable piece of descriptive poetry. The mantle of Burns, the master singer, is too vast for modern bards, but surely his 'auld plaid' has fallen on thy shoulders. With hearty thanks, I am thy friend," &c.

TO THE HUMMING BIRD.

Braw birdie, when in brambly howes,
Whaur mony a buss entangled grows,
And bonnie flow'rs in beauty spring,
I've seen thee fauld thy quivering wing,
While rapt I stood, amazed to see
The glowing hues that gleamed on thee—
The red, the blue, the gowd, the green,
The pearly gloss, the siller sheen;
Then quick ere yet the eager eye
Had half perceived each dazzling dye,
Awa' ye fluttered frae the sight,
Like fire-flaucht in the cloud o' night.
Sae like's when in the day's dull thrang
Time drags the weary hours alang;
Bright fancy flashes on the mind
Some bonnie blink o' wond'rous kind—
Wild glens wi' burnies bick'rin' doun,
Far frae the stoury, noisy toun;
Green woods an' sweet secluded dells,
Whaur silence aye serenely dwells;
Fond faces—rare auld warks an' ways
That graced the light o' ither days—
Come sudden on the enraptured view,
Then vanish in a blink—like you.
But speed thee on thy fairy flight,
Whaur sweetest blossoms tempt thy sight;
An' round thee may ilk gladsome thing
Light as the flaffer o' thy wing
Aye keep thee blythe, nor aught e'er mar
The bonnie, braw, wee thing ye are.
Owrejoyed am I when happy chance
But brings thee in a passing glance.

BONNIE NORANSIDE.

When joyfu' June wi' gladsome grace
Comes deck'd wi' blossoms fair,
An' twines round Nature's bonnie face,
Her garlands rich and rare.
How swift my fancy wings awa'
Out owre yon foaming tide,
And fondly paints each leafy shaw
On bonnie Noranside!

O sweetly there the wild flow'rs spring
Beside the gowany lea!
O blythely there the wild birds sing
On ilka bush and tree!

While purple hills an' valleys green,
Array'd in Simmer's pride,
Spread lavish to the longing een
On bonnie Noranside.

The gay laburnum waves its crest
Abune the crystal stream;
The lily opes its snawy breast
To catch the gowden gleam;
The stately firs their arms extend
In shady coverts wide,
Where a' the charms o' Nature blend,
By bonnie Noranside.

Ye Powers wha shape our varied track
On life's uncertain sea,
As bright there comes in fancy back
Youth's fairy scenes to me,
Sae bring me back, I fondly pray,
To where my auld friends bide,
To spend ae lee lang simmer's day
By bonnie Noranside.

THE DROUKIT PEDLAR.

Ken ye ought o' Wat the pedlar?
Vow, but he's a graceless vaig;
Sic a waefu' wanworth meddler
Weel deserves a hankit craig.

Mony ane he's sair tormented,
Driven women's heads agee,
Till their dreams wi' Wat are haunted,
Pedling wi' his puckle tea.

Ilka ane wi' spite he stounds aye,
Aft their doors they'll tightly lock;
Wat, regairdless, goes his rounds aye,
Reg'lar as an aucht-day clock.

Fient the rap afore he enters,
Slap the door gangs to the wa',
Bauldly in the villain ventures,
Pedlar, paper-pocks, an' a'.

But the foot o' rude intrusion
Wanders whiles to sorrow's schule;
And the hand o' retribution
Wrought the pedlar muckle dule.

Jean Macraw, that carefu' creature,
Cleans her house wi' fashious fyke,
Night and day—it is her nature—
Working aye as hard's ye like.

Now the chairs an' stools she's drilling,
Ben the house in rankit raw ;
Now she's prappit near the ceiling,
Straikin' whitening on the wa'.

Little thought she, worthy woman—
Busy wi' her mixture het—
O' the waefu' peddler comin',
Or the droukin' he would get.

In he bang'd, the whitening whummlet
Wi' a sclutter owre his skull ;
Backlin's headlang doun he tummlet—
Buller'd maist like ony bull.

Dazed was he, an' fairly doitit,
Rack'd wi' anguish o' despair,
Sprauchled up, then owre he cloited,
Cowpit catmaw doun the stair.

Auld an' young in tumult gather'd,
Jeanie danc'd an' craw'd fu' crouse,
Wives delighted, blythely blether'd,
Roars o' laughter shook the house.

Wat, puir chield—nane did lament him—
Clear'd his een, an' sought the road,
Aff, an' never look'd ahint him,
Rinnin' like a hunted tod.

LANG PETER.

Lang Peter was an unco loun,
A queer catwittit creature ;
An' nought could please him up or doun,
But rinnin' to the theatre.
He bore his mither's wild tirwirrs,
For sad an' sair it rack'd her,
To think that weel-born bairn o' hers
Would turn a waugh play-actor.

But Peter wadna haud nor bind,
But lived in firm adherence
That some grand chance one day would find
His lang-look'd-for appearance ;

And whyles he gaed to sic a height
Wi' Shakespeare's grand creations,
That fowk were deav'd baith day an' night
Wi skelps o' recitations.

An' sae it chanced, an orra rake
Aft gripp'd in want's cauld clutches,
Though like a Jew, aye on the make
In ilka thing he touches,
Had fa'n upon an unco ploy—
Puir chield, an unco pity—
To play the drama o' "Rob Roy"
Owreby in Brooklyn City.

Frae far an' near the show fowk cam',
Puir hungry-looking villains,
An' some would play juist for a dram,
An' some for twa'r three shillings:
But Peter sought nae baser kind
O' monetary clauses,
But offered free his heart an' mind,
In hopes to win applauses.

And had he seen him on that night
When on the stage thegither,
I wat he was a gallant sight
For marching through the heather;
Wi' tartan kilt and braid claymore,
An' buckles glancing rarely,
Like chieftains i' the days o' yore
That fought for Royal Charlie.

But how can e'er my muse rehearse
The sad, the sair misfortune,
Or paint that sight in modest verse,
How when they raised the curtain,
A chield stood winding up the claith
Like playing on hurdie-gurdies,
An' in rowed Peter's tartan graith,
An' hung him by the hurdies!

A yell broke frae th' astonished crowd,
The very sky it rent it;
Some glaikit lassies skirl'd fu' loud,
An' ithers near-hand fainted.
Puir Peter squirmed, an' lap an' sprang,
Just like a new-catch'd haddock,
An' kick'd his heels wi' fearfu' spang
Amaist like ony puddock.

Some tried to free him frae his plight,
They cam' but little speed o' 't,
Ane broke the handle in his might,
Juist when they maist had need o' 't.
A chield grown desp'rate i' the case
Shut aff the big gas meter,
An' brought thick darkness owre the place,
An' some relief to Peter.

Daft gowk! he minds his mither now,
His stage career is ended;
An' may ilk foolish prank, I trow,
Thus be at first suspended.
Ye youths wha court the public e'e
Keep back in canny clearance,
Or some disaster ye may dree
Like Peter's first appearance.

WEE CHARLIE.

O gin my heart could hae its wiss
Within this weary warld o' care,
I'd ask nae glow o' balmy bliss
To dwell around me evermair.
For joy were mine beyond compare,
An' O how happy would I be,
If Heaven would grant my earnest prayer,
An' bring wee Charlie back to me.

He cam like sunshine when the buds
Burst into blossoms sweet and gay,
He dwelt like sunshine when the cluds
Are vanish'd frae the eye o' day.
He pass'd as daylight fades away,
An' darkness spreads owre land an' sea:
Nae wonder though in grief I pray,
O bring wee Charlie back to me.

When Pleasure brings her hollow joys,
Or Mirth awakes at Friendship's ca',
Or Art her varied power employs
To mak' dull Time look blythe an' braw,
How feckless seem they ane an' a'
When sad Remembrance dims my e'e,—
O tak' thae idle joys awa',
An' bring wee Charlie back to me.

But vain's the cry; he maunna cross
Frae where he dwells in bliss unseen,
Nor need I mourn my waefu' loss,
Nor muse on joys that might hae been.

When cauld death comes to close my een,
Awa' beyond life's troublous sea,
In everlasting joy serene,
They'll bring wee Charlie back to me.

ADDRESS TO THE MOSQUITOES.

Lang-nebbit, bizzin', bitin' wretches,
That fire my skin wi' blobs an' splatches;
Till vex'd wi' yeukie claws an' scratches,
I think I'm free
To say the warld has seen few matches
To Job an' me.

Sae aft you've gar't me fret an' fume,
My vera spirit ye consume
Wi' everlasting martyrdom—
Ye wicked tartars,
You've surely settled on my room
For your headquarters!

Asleep or wauken, air or late,
Like Nick himsel' ye are na blate;
But like the doom o' pendin' fate
Aboon my head,
Ye keep me in a waefu' state
O' quakin' dread.

Whiles like a fury I've been stan'in',
An' closed my mou to keep frae bannin',
Whiles some destructive scheme I'm plannin'
Your race to scatter—
O could I ram ye in a cannon,
An' then lat blatter!

When pensive in my fav'rite neuk,
I glow'r owre some auld-farrant beuk,
Like leeches then my bluid ye sook,
Then bizz an' flee;
An' then begins th' infernal yeuk
That angers me.

When lost in mazy contemplation
And soars supreme imagination,
How aft on fancy's fair creation
The curtain draps:
Ye bizz, an' blinks o' inspiration
At ance collapse!

O would some towsie-headed tyke,
Wha strives to make some new bit fyke,
Invent a plan to sweep your byke
Frae human dwallins,
I'd sing his praise as heigh's ye like
In braw, braid ballan's.

But fix'd ye are 'mang human ills—
Whose bitter cup your bitin' fills ;
Nor auld wive's cures nor doctor's bills
Can mend the case—
Firm as the everlasting hills
Ye keep your place.

But could I gain some grace or ither,
To teach me in ilk warslin swither
To tak the guid an' ill thegither
Without complaint,
Then might we dwell wi' ane anither
In calm content.

But sae it is,—ye maun hae food,
An' I maun guard my ain heart's bluid ;
But could ye scrape a livelihood
Some ither where,
I would be yours in gratitude
For evermair.

ROBERT SOMMERVILLE BOWIE.

THE subject of our present sketch, the Rev. R. S. Bowie, was born in 1846, in the classic Drygate of Glasgow. Although, in recent years, most of the old buildings in the Drygate have been removed to make room for those of a more modern kind, the house in which our poet was born still stands, and is situated near the auld Drygate Brig, celebrated in song and story, which spans the famous Molindinar Burn. The monks of old, like the shrewd men they were, seem to have been in the habit of building their monasteries near a well-wooded spot, through which some sweetly-flowing stream quietly glided, in order that the refectory might be well supplied with "flesh and fish." And so it doubtless was that Glasgow Cathedral was built near the banks of the Molindinar Burn, which runs between the Cathedral and what was formerly the "Fir Park," now the Necropolis. At one time the

Burn was so well stocked with "siller salmon" that the apprentice weavers were wont to make it part of their agreement that they were not to be fed on salmon oftener than once a day. Now, however, no fish could exist in this once clear stream, which, in its lower reaches at least, is nothing but a moving mass of muddy impurity.

Mr Bowie comes of the better class of our noble Scottish peasantry. His maternal grandfather was a man of rare genius, for to his skill is attributable the discovery of the manufacture of Iodine from kelp. Our poet is the second of nine children, seven of whom, with their parents, are still alive. At the age of ten our poet, after being six years at school, entered the employment of a firm of shippers. Here he remained for a number of years, and, by his assiduity and frankness of manners, gained the esteem of his employers. By attending evening classes at the Glasgow Institution, Anderson's College, and other institutions during several winters, he was able, on leaving the employment of the Messrs Graham—the firm of shippers—to enter upon the duties of an assistant teacher in West Regent Street Academy, of which Mr Buchan, author of "Buchan's Advanced Reader," and numerous other educational works, was principal. Mr Bowie was afterwards for sometime master of Dovecothall School near Barrhead. He is an Alumnus of Glasgow University, and was for nearly eight years minister of the Church of the Messiah in Dunfermline. Since leaving this charge he has acted as superintendent of the Christian Union Mission, Glasgow, which was founded by himself for the purpose of bringing the various denominations into a closer bond of union, in order that they might the more successfully promote the advancement of Christ's cause and kingdom. In this capacity he has visited many parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, preaching in churches of all denominations, and

always with great acceptance. Possessed of a rich, well-modulated voice, Mr Bowie is not only an eloquent pulpit orator, but he is also a celebrated public reader. He has been frequently requested to undertake once more the duties of a settled pastor, but has hitherto declined. We understand, however, that he is at the present time seriously contemplating the advisability of accepting a pastoral appointment which has been offered for his acceptance, and which will not interfere with his continuing to act as superintendent of the Union.

Mr Bowie is a prolific writer, and his productions are as pure in sentiment as they are correct in diction. He is the author of many highly meritorious poems, and has given to the world a small volume, entitled "Fireside Lyrics," also a hymnal respectfully dedicated to all who believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. His "spiritual songs" are of a truly graceful and deeply devotional character, and will bear favourable comparison with the productions of our best hymn writers. Mr Bowie has also published a selection of his songs under the title of "The Laverock," and one of the lyrics we quote— "The Parting Hour," so full of warm pathos — was set to music by James Kennedy, and sung by his sister Marjory in the tour made round the world by the eminent family of Scottish vocalists.

Mr Bowie has been a keen observer both of men and things, and like most of those who have risen from obscurity, his early path was steep and rugged. To him there is not only poetry, but the highest philosophy in the lines—

> "Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,
> Still springeth from the sod;
> And soul ne'er soared the starry seven,
> But pain's fire-chariot rode.
> They've battled best who've boldest borne—
> The kingliest crown's the crown of thorn."

In his poetry, simple and almost commonplace elements are woven into thoughts of much beauty. All his sentiments are fresh, pure, and ennobling, and he joins with true melody a deeply religious feeling.

THE AULD EMIGRANT.

Far, far frae Caledonia,
The land o' youth an' yore,
Whaur a' life's joyous days were spent,
I sit and ponder o'er
Each well known scene an' weel kent face,
That noo nae mair I'll see,
O cruel mem'ry ! wherefore bring
Sic waefu' thochts to me.

My father's cosy strae-roofed cot,
The burnie wimplin' by,
The wee bit kirkie on the hill :
The kirkyard, too, where lie
The banes o' a' my kith an' kin,
A sacred spot to me ;
Aft, aft, I've thocht to rest me there,
But, oh ! it canna be !

The hair that's noo sae snowy white,
Wis ance like raven's wing ;
The voice that quavers in ilk tone,
Ance cheerily could sing.
The limbs that stacher roun' the door
Ance danced fu' heich I ween,
'Mang lads sae rare, and lasses fair,
Upon oor village green.

Oh ! wonderfu', oh ! wonderfu',
To my sad heart it seems,
Sic scenes can ne'er be acted o'er,
Except mayhap in dreams.
That sic blythe hearts in this strange warl,
Should never, never meet.
O dinna winder younglins a',
Tho' noo ye see me greet,

For should ye live to be as auld
And ken as mony waes,
Ye'll doubtless think as I dae noo
On bygone happy days,
When cauld care never daured ye,
And your hearts were free frae pain :
When nicht brocht nane but happy thochts,
And morn brocht joy again.

N

Farewell, auld Caledonia,
Farewell thy heath clad hills,
Thy bonnie rivers famed in sang,
Thy thousand sparkling rills.
Farewell, but to my heart's first hame,
My heart's last sigh shall flee:
Although my banes maun moulder
Far frae Scotia an' frae thee.

WE SURELY CAN FORGIE.

As thro' this weary warl we roam,
Whaur a' hae ills to dree,
Let's dae oor best to help a frien',
Whate'er his fauts may be.
Gin those we help ungratefu' prove,
Which aft, in truth, we see,
Altho' we canna weel forget,
We surely can forgie.

The best o' folk will bicker whiles
Wi' those they lo'e richt weel,
And in a foolish moment say—
What they would else conceal.
But should we, therefore, keep up spite,
An' never mair agree?
Gude save's, tho' we may ne'er forget,
We surely can forgie.

We're only here a'e wee short hour,
Our life is but a breath:
We've only waked and rubbed oor een,
When lo! we sink in death.
But, joyful thocht! in yon bricht lan',
Aboon the stars sae hie;
We fin' a Frien' that can forget,
An' better still, forgie.

THE E'ENING BRINGS A' HAME.

Poor wand'rer's thro' life's dreary vale,
Whose hearts wi' grief are torn,
Who often breathe to Heaven the wish—
Ye never had been born.
Tho' dark and cheerless be your path,
And all unknown your name,
Aye keep in mind this cheering thocht,
The e'ening brings a' hame.

This warl's, 'tis true, 's a scene o' strife,
Whaur kindest hearts are chilled :
And een that ne'er seemed made to weep,
Wi' saut, saut tears are filled.
An' mony fu' in fortune's strife,
Who never toiled for fame,
But for a crust ! Yet, courage aye,
The e'ening brings a' hame.

When those ye love are laid to rest,
Aneath the kirkyard mool,
And ower their graves ye drap a tear,
An' sing a sang o' dool,
Ye'll comfort fin' in this sweet thocht,
'Twill kindle up hope's flame ;
" We're only parted for a wee—
The e'ening brings a' hame."

THE BRICHT SUN HAD FADED.

The bricht sun had faded frae view in the west,
When I flew to the lassie my heart lo'es the best,
To whisper a tale of fond love in her ear,
To kiss her, an' dawt her, an' ca' her my dear.

The fond mavis chanted a sweet lay of love
To his listening mate in the dark shady grove,
As I wandered wi' licht heart the lassie to see,
Wha's love is worth mair than the hale warl' to me.

As I drew near the sheilin' that staun's on the brae,
I heard her clear voice sing a soul-melting lay,
The burden o' which was, "O laddie be true
To the leal-hearted maiden that's trustin' in you."

Then I flew to the spot whence the sweet music came,
Wi' my pulse beatin' high, and my heart in a flame,
An' my arms roun' the neck o' my dearie I flang,
An' I kissed her fu' kindly, an' kissed her fu' lang.

An' whispered syne to her, O lassie ne'er fear
That I can prove false to thee ; no, love, I swear
That sooner shall streamlets rin back frae the sea,
Than I shall prove false, my dear lassie, to thee.

Oh ! this lassie o' mine, she is dear to my heart,
An' I'm aye dowf an' dowie when frae her I pairt ;
When I bask in the love-licht o' her witching e'e,
Nae monarch on earth is mair happy than me.

KATE M'NEILL.

BARNETT SMITH, writing recently in the *Christian Leader* on the subject of "The Religion of Poets," referred to the fact that in an age when the spirit of scepticism prevails in many intellectual quarters, it is satisfactory to reflect that the four great poets of England and America are on the side of Faith. "We do not mean" says Mr Smith, "that these poets are attached to certain creeds or dogmas, but they certainly hold, and hold firmly, the great cardinal doctrines of Christianity. Tennyson and Browning in England, and Whittier and Longfellow in the United States, have all written noble poems which breathe a profound Christian spirit." In the present work we have given numerous bright examples, proving that many of our own poets are richly and happily pious, and full of that kindliness and charity which does not evaporate in mere sentiment, but shines like a glint of sunshine through their every-day life. It would, indeed, be strange to find a true singer who had not a deeply religious nature, for is it not the office of the poet to trace the Creator in all the wonders of His hand, whether material, human, or spiritual? This is eminently the case with the young poetess now before us.

Kate M'Neill was born at Houston, in 1858. Her father is a working man, and when our poetess was eight years of age the family removed to Inverkip, and latterly to Glasgow, where she now resides. She attended school from her sixth to her fourteenth year. Her mother was an invalid for sixteen years previous to her death, and was carefully nursed by the subject of our sketch. During these years of close confinement, Miss M'Neill wrote many of her harmoniously flowing and deeply religious pieces.

"At the Feet of Jesus" was the first poem she composed; and after much thought and repeated emendations, she resolved (without anyone knowing except her mother) to send it to the editor of the *Christian Leader*. It immediately found a place in the columns of that excellent periodical, and ever since she has been a frequent and valued contributor.

Miss M'Neill is a poetess of pure and tender feeling. Her thoughts are the genuine offspring of a truly poetic nature, and she has drawn much of her inspiration from the highest and noblest of human sympathies and filial affection.

MARY AT JESUS' FEET.

At Jesus' feet! seems it a low position?
Yet higher up she has no wish to be,
This is the summit of her soul's ambition
For all eternity.

'Twas here she sat and listened to His teaching,
Here made her changeless choice of "that good part,"
Here, by her brother's grave, she knelt, beseeching
Balm for her breaking heart.

Thy tears were balm, Thou sad and sinless Weeper,
But more Thy voice that echoed thro' the cave,
And woke to life the darling, death-hushed sleeper,
And brought him from the grave.

Then, at the feast, when favour'd guests are seated,
And Lazarus among them at the board,
The furnace of her love is seven times heated,
She kneels beside her Lord.

Words are too feeble for her soul's emotion,
She breaks the box of odours rich and sweet,
And Christ alone can read her heart's devotion,
While she anoints His feet.

Falls on the scene the curtain-folds of ages,
But Jesus gives command that Mary's name
Shall shine beside His own in Gospel pages,
Sharing His spotless fame.

Time's blast shall quench the lights of carnal story,
But hers shines on in tranquil skies afar,
A bright, unclouded beam of deathless glory
Lit in the Morning Star.

Now she is safe within life's shadeless portals,
For her inheritance in light made meet,
Among the saved and sanctified immortals
Gathered "at Jesus' feet."

At Jesus' feet! be this my soul's position,
Where, 'mid a world of frowns, His smile I see,
Be this the holy height of my ambition
For all eternity.

MOTHER'S DEATH.

Ye who have bent above the dying lips
A loving parent's latest word to hear,
Have ye not felt amid life's last eclipse
The light of immortality more near.

Oh, God! I seldom thought of others' woe,
My tears in sympathy were rarely shed,
Until Thy chast'ning hand had dealt the blow
That laid my own dear mother with the dead.

We thought to listen for the midnight chime,
And hail the dawning year with mirth and glee,
But while we stood upon the verge of time,
She took the step into eternity.

Eternity! 'tis nearer than we think,
Time's precipice is veiled by earthly charms
That vanish when a loved one nears the brink
And leaps into the everlasting arms.

Oh! it becomes the creatures of a day
To *live* the priceless moments as they fly,
Would I be ready were I called away
While I am waiting for a year to die.

On Sabbath morn her spirit left the clay
Ere yet the Orient streaks had cleft the gloom,
As if to point us backward to the day
And to the hour when Jesus left the tomb:

Then wherefore should our hearts be rent with grief,
The weary nights of pain are over now,
And who could fail to read the deep relief
That death had written on the bloodless brow:

'Tis not in man to bid disease depart,
Transient at best the ease his skill could give her;
The Great Physician only touch'd the heart,
And, in an instant, she was healed for ever.

She's gone, and oh, the blank in home and heart,
We cannot trace the path her spirit trod,
But, after all, we're not so far apart—
Her life and ours are "hid with Christ in God."

NIGHT.

All alone, in lampless chamber,
Thro' the old Venetian bars,
I can catch the dreamy lustre
Of the pure and peaceful stars—

Stars in stately silence shining
Thro' the still and solemn night—
And the milky way above me,
Dense with undiscovered light—

Stars to British eyes as countless
As when viewed from Syrian sod,
Symbol of a seed unnumbered
To the childless "Friend of God."

Talk of the advance of science—
God of Nature guide her march
Thro' yon labyrinth of systems
Circling in cerulean arch.

Oh, the eyes that gazed in vision
On the world's last lurid night,
On the stars in wild collision,
And the folded heavens in flight.

Ah, those eyes were *that disciple's*
Who, amid the world's unrest,
Heard the heart-beats of Jehovah
While he leaned on Jesus' breast.

INVERKIP.

Sweet Inverkip, 'tis break of day,
I watch the sun's first genial ray
Rise, 'mid the dawn's dispersing grey,
To light thy lovely scenery.

Here, by the balmy breezes fann'd,
Ardgowan from its vantage grand,
Rises to look o'er sea and land,
With calm baronial dignity.

Here, the "Old Castle" seems to keep
Some tragic secret dark and deep;
One half expects a ghost to creep
From out the crumbling masonry.

Here, by the heaving breast of Clyde,
Where grove and garden skirt the tide,
A prince might wish to lead his bride,
'Mid Nature's artless symphony.

Noon, on the Lunderstonian height,
Gives sun-bathed mountains to the sight,
Broad floods far-flashing in the light,
And fields of rare fertility.

Bright girls with sunny tresses trip
Thro' the wild glen where roe-deer skip,
And, far below, the crystal Kip
Gleams thro' dishevelled shrubbery.

Glen Kip! 'twas here I used to stray,
Regardless of parental sway,
And dream the drowsy hours away
In childhood's chainless liberty.

I sat and watch'd the streamlet glide,
Or gathered flow'rs from its steep side,—
Flowers that might grace the fairest bride,
Or wreathe the brow of royalty.

Here have I read from Nature's book,
Alone in some secluded nook,
With scarce a sound save of the brook,
To break the weird tranquility.

Time, to its reputation true,
Flies, and the light is flying too,
Clouds sail across the boundless blue
In swift and silent majesty.

But to describe the river's flush
Caught from the sun's retiring blush,
And the soft twilight's holy hush,
Baffles both paint and poetry.

The soul is satisfied with calm,
The feather'd choirs suspend the psalm,
And grove and garden shed their balm,
On airs of vesper sanctity.

Sweet Inverkip, 'tis close of day,
I watch the last receding ray
Leave thee in darkness, on its way
To light no fairer scenery.

NEIL MACLEOD.

THE specimens we have given from the poetry of "Nether Lochaber," Peter M'Naughton, John Campbell, and others, prove that the race of Gaelic bards is not yet extinct; and Neil Macleod, the subject of the present sketch, is widely known as a writer of beautiful Gaelic songs, and lively and humorous poems, thus maintaining the bardic reputation of his forefathers. Mr Macleod was born in 1843, in Skye —the "Isle of Mist"—where the wild but beautiful scenery proved "meet nurse for a poetic child," and where fairies and ghosts and the heroes of Ossian took a firm root in the minds of the people. And now, away in "Auld Reekie," and while pursuing his calling of a commercial traveller, the scenes and people of his native island rise up so vividly before his mind that he is compelled to sing about them.

We are not qualified to speak of the merits of our poet's productions, but are able to give excellent translations made by Mrs Mackellar, Mr D. Mackay, and "Fionn." These show smooth-flowing versification, and abound in those happy felicities of expression which invest common ideas with novelty and fresh meaning. We recently heard one of his poems recited at a gathering of Highlanders in Inverness, and from the intense interest and excitement manifested by the audience, and the dramatic movements of the reciter, we could gather that it was deeply pathetic and powerfully tragic. The *Northern Chronicle*, a good authority, says that his harp is not loud-toned, but "it is very sweet, and Mr Macleod was well advised by the friends who counselled him to pick up his stray pearls and make a chaplet of them. And the chaplet they make is such as any bard might feel proud to wear."

As is characteristic of Gaelic poetry, our bard's lyrics are pervaded with a keen appreciation of scenery and a spirit of weird sadness. There are also love songs full of sweet and tender joyousness, and he occasionally draws a wholesome moral from a humorous story with telling effect and a keen sense of the ludicrous side of Highland character.

THE DESERTED GAEL.

The darkness descends
From the wings of the night,
And the mist is encircling
The steep mountain height;
The friends of my childhood
Have from me been torn;
Alone in this valley
They've left me to mourn.

The birds 'mong the branches
Are singing their lay,
And leaping with joy
'Mong the sweet-budding spray;
Their offspring around them
Are happy and gay,
But mine have, by death,
All been taken away!

My brow now is furrowed
And shaded with gloom,
For my helpmate once cheerful
Is laid in the tomb;
And three little children—
Our joy and reward—
Now sleep in the churchyard
Beneath the green sward.

When Winter, stern tyrant,
Makes all things look bare,
To a kindlier climate
The songsters repair;
Returning when Summer
Decks valley and lea—
No seasons can e'er bring
My friends back to me!

The homes of our fathers
Are bleak and decayed,
And cold is the hearth
Where in childhood we played;

Where the hungry was fed
And the weary found rest,
The fox has his lair,
And the owl has her nest.

No herd-boy's shrill whistle
Is heard in the vale,
No milk-maid at gloaming
Hies out with her pail,
Where oft I have heard
Her sweet song to the fold—
Her rich golden ringlets
How fair to behold!

The chanter is silent—
No harper is found,
To waken the echoes
From slumbers profound;
The lads once so buoyant
In innocent mirth,
Oppression has reft
From the land of their birth.

Success to the living
And peace to the dead—
The gloaming of life
Now encircles my head;
In the grave I'll soon rest
With the friends gone before,
Where sorrow and pain
Shall oppress me no more.

THE MAID OF BALLYCHRO.

One day I roam'd among the heights
Where crag on crag is piled,
Where antler'd herds delight to dwell
'Mong gorges lone and wild:
A hoary mist fell on my path,
Night's shades were falling low,
When like a star shone on my way
The Maid of Ballychro.

In accents sweet she calmed my fears,
And kindly bade me stay
Until the sun with kindly beam
Should chase the clouds away;
A couch of heather, soft and dry,
She would for me prepare,
And to my wants and comforts all
Attend with willing care.

There's many a dewy rosebud red
Ne'er praised by human tongue,
There's many a beauteous maiden bright
That minstrel ne'er has sung;
But never did the dewdrop rest
On rose so sweet and rare,
Nor Beauty grace a court or hall
Like Mary young and fair.

Though I might wed a lady fair
With coffers filled with gold—
That riches bring but cross and care
'S a tale that oft was told—
I'd rather list the cuckoo's voice
As through the glen I'd go
Among the kine, alone with thee,
Fair Maid of Ballychro.

And when so light at dewy morn
She treads the heather bell,
And tunes her joyous matin lay
Down in the hazel dell;
The birds that carol to their brood
Upon each leafy bough
In silence listen to thy lay,
Fair Maid of Ballychro.

Her eye, so beaming soft and mild,
Bespeak a mind that's pure,
Her graceful form and bounding step
A healthy frame ensure;
Sweet beauty, modesty, and love,
Enrobe her white as snow—
A lily by the fountain thou,
Fair Maid of Ballychro.

May richest blessings crown her life
In gladness as of yore—
Her lovely face and image bright
Shall haunt me evermore;
My mem'ry shall with fondness dwell,
Till death shall lay me low,
On her who first inspired my lay,
The Maid of Ballychro.

WHERE I WAS YESTREEN.

Nane can tell in a' the warl'
Where I was yestreen;
Nane was near but Mary Allan,
Where I was yestreen;

Dear the vows gat frae my lassie
'Neath the birken screen,
In the glen sae fresh and grassy,
Where I was yestreen.

Sweet the wild birds sang their carols
Where I was yestreen;
Dancin' on the boughs sae happy,
Where I was yestreen;
Honey dew like incense drappin'
Frae each leaf sae green;
An' nae city dust to darken
Where I was yestreen.

What cared we for moonbeams gowden
Where I was yestreen?
Wavin' boughs were bendin' owre us
Where I was yestreen;
'Mang the daisies white an' bonnie
Wi' my fairy queen,
Swift the hours flew licht an' happy
Where I was yestreen.

What cared we for warly treasure
Where I was yestreen?
Gowd nor lan' could e'er gie pleasure,
Where I was yestreen;
Ne'er for ony royal palace
Deck'd in silken sheen,
Wad I leave the grove sae rashy
Where I was yestreen.

Whilst I live my heart will linger
Where I was yestreen;
Wi' the maid sae kind and tender,
Where I was yestreen;
Till I'm laid in death's cold fetters,
Nought can change, I ween,
All I vow'd to Mary Allan
Where I was yestreen.

ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN

WAS born in a seaboard parish of Aberdeenshire in 1836. His parents were among the humble poor—a hard-working decent couple, whose home though lowly was in the broadest sense of the word a happy one. In his tenth year he "took the shilling" from a farmer, and by his half yearly wage added a little to the family exchequer. When herding on the green braes and flowery vales every spare moment was devoted to the improvement of his mind.

When scarcely fifteen years of age his father had him apprenticed to the "gentle craft" under one of the best of masters, who not only taught his boys how to become good tradesmen, but also at the same time watched carefully over their advancement intellectually and morally. On his apprenticeship coming to an end he remained with his first and only master for upwards of six years. About this time he began to write verses. He read with eagerness whatever books of poetry came in his way, his favourite authors being Burns and Cowper. Writing verse at first chiefly for amusement, sometimes reading them to a friend that he might hear them criticised, he was at length encouraged to submit one of his pieces to the editor of the *People's Journal* for a Christmas competition, and though the verses failed to take a prize they were published the following year in a volume entitled "Poems by the People." He also was presented with a handsome volume of poems. Since then several of his pieces have appeared in the *People's Friend*, and in more than one of the Aberdeen newspapers, and one found its way into a London magazine called the *Gentlemen's Journal*, for which the conductors pre-

sented him with a valuable volume of Wordsworth's poems. Mr Wedderburn's poetry manifests buoyancy and spontaneity of flow, pure sentiment, and occasional quiet pathos.

NAEBODY'S BAIRN.

His father, wha cared nae a flee for his laddie,
Ran off wi' a ship to a far distant shore
Before he had learned to lisp mam or daddie,
Or toddle alane 'tween the fire an' the door.

His mither, aye weakly, then grew broken-hearted,
Unable her sweet bairnie's livin' to earn;
In less than a towmon frae life she departed,
An' syne the wee callant was naebody's bairn.

When neighbours met roun' the cauld clay o' his mammie
The last solemn rite to the dead to perform,
He frisked and he played like a young simmer lammie
That kens nae the force o' the cauld winter's storm;

He shed nae a tear, had nae fit o' cryin',
Alas, little mannie, he yet had to learn,
What sorrow and sadness, what sabbin' an' sighin',
Was birthright to him wha is naebody's bairn.

AYE KEEP OOT O' DEBT.

There's mony a pithy learned saw,
The sayin's o' the sage
If acted on would guide us a'
Frae infancy to age.
On memory's tablet let them shine,
Their precepts ne'er forget,
An' 'mang them write this worthy line
Aye, aye keep oot o' debt.

It doesna need a silken purse
Wi' gowden guineas fu',
To cancell the primeval curse,
An' mak' us leal an' true.
If ye would bask in happiness,
In spite o' foes or fate,
The short an' simple method is
Aye, aye keep oot o' debt.

Nae matter tho' your coat be bare,
Or made o' hielan' 'oo',
The finest claith a man can wear
Lets debt win dirlin' thro'.

A patch or twa on hoddin' gray,
Ne'er mak's the body blate
Wha can haud up his face an' say,
I'm fairly oot o' debt.

Misfortune whiles may ding a man,
An' daud him when he's doon,
May alter mony a worthy plan,
Designed to mak' a croon.
Yet e'en misfortune's cursed pranks
Come doon at second rate
On him wha can gie God the thanks,
An' say I'm oot o' debt.

The clink o' siller aft commands
An easy life, 'tis true,
But carefu' heads an' workin' hands
Gie independence too.
Then eat the bread your hands hae won,
E'en scorn the parish plate,
An' wear the claith ye've paid or spun,
An' aye keep oot o' debt.

'Tis time enough when worn an' wan
To condescend to alms,
The conscience o' an honest man
E'en then will hae some qualms.
But tho' the ills o' life's short span
Come a' upon his pate,
He'll bear them a', an' feel a man
If he be oot o' debt.

PERSEVERANCE.

Life is all a fight for glory,
Onward is the battle cry,
Princes young and peasants hoary
Side by side their weapons ply.
Fickle hearts may be defeated,
Silly minds may quake with fear,
But the brave with nerves firm-seated,
Proves their motto—persevere.

Many a crooked perverse turning
Lengthens out the road to fame,
Wayward footsteps lead to mourning—
Folly's sure reward is shame.
Trifles light as airy-bubbles
Dance before the eyesight clear ;
But the brave o'ercome their troubles
With their motto—persevere.

Perseverance—maxim fatal—
To the world's alluring din,
Conquering in every battle
Fought with trial or with sin,
Trifling failures only teach us
How through life our course to steer,
And in warning tones beseech us
Gallantly to persevere.

JOHN PRINGLE REID,

GLASS-CUTTER, was born in the pretty little rural village of Aberlady, on the Haddingtonshire coast, in 1862. Both his parents were very highly esteemed natives of that locality, his father being a photographer, and also carrying on business as a general merchant in the village. When our poet was only a few weeks old his mother died, and he had the misfortune to lose his father when ten years of age. He was early sent to school, but at first made slow progress, preferring the playground and the village green to his lessons. Nevertheless, he ultimately acquired a fair elementary education, and left school in his fourteenth year. For some time he followed the occupation of a gardener, but this calling not being to his taste, he removed to the Scottish capital, and entered the employment of the Edinburgh and Leith Flint Glass Company, where he still remains.

It was not till he was in his seventeenth year that our poet evinced any taste for poetry, or thought of putting his reflections into rhyme. Since then he has written much in verse, many of his productions having appeared in local newspapers. Being of excellent character and kindly disposition, there runs through his verses a strong vein of purity; and the

scenes of bygone days, on which he delights to dwell, he portrays in affectionate language. He is a loving observer of Nature, and the sources of his aspirations seem to be expressed in the words—"All Thy works praise Thee."

SONG OF THE MERMAID.

The sea, the sea, O the deep blue sea!
My life, my home, and my joy's in thee!
Where the sea-fowl skim o'er the waters bright,
Or in screaming eddies take higher flight;
Where the rocks are lash'd by the restless wave,
Kind Nature has made me my ocean cave.

Far down in the marvellous deep I dive,
Where the finny tribes and the shell-fish live;
Where the zoophites and sea-weeds grow,
In wondrous beauty far down below;
Then I rise again and embrace the wave,
And dash thro' the surf to my ocean cave.

When blackening clouds dim the azure sky,
And the dark waves mirror them as they fly;
When the swelling seas, with a hollow tone,
Beat furiously on the rocks so lone;
And all around me the tempests rave,
I recline and list in my ocean cave,

For dear to me does that music prove,
Tho' not of the kind the sealchus love;
The crested wave and the battling wind,
Their voices together in concert blend;
While the bold sea-gulls, as the storm they brave,
Scream loud and wild round my ocean cave.

But when in a calm Sol sinks in bed,
And as he departs paints the waters red,
Then, with glass in hand, I comb my hair,
So thick and long, and so golden fair;
While the ripplets round me gently lave,
As they make their way up my ocean cave.

When the time shall come that I dwine and die,
And these scenes grow dim to my closing eye;
When the waves no longer my heart can cheer,
And their music dies on my dying ear;
Let the wild gull scream o'er the mermaid's grave,
And the sea make moan round her ocean cave!

THE AULD ROAD EN'.

I gaed the ither day by the auld road en',
Whaur some bairnies were at play at the auld road en';
Oh, I liked to see them fine,
For they brocht into my min'
A' the splores we play'd langsyne
At the auld road en'.

Yonder staun's the elm tree at the auld road en',
Whaur for 'oors we used to swee at the auld road en';
An' do ye min' yon day
When to schule we wadna gae,
But juist took oor fill o' play
At the auld road en'.

Aften ha'e we spiel'd the dyke at the auld road en',
Trespassin', laddie-like, at the auld road en',
Thro' the neeborin' fiel's we'd scour,
Pu'in' ilka bonnie flooer,
Syne terminate oor tour
At the auld road en'.

Mony lawless tricks we play'd at the auld road en';
Nestlin' expeditions gaed frae the auld road en';
For then, for mony a day,
Be't for kirk, or schule, or play,
Oor meetin' place was aye
At the auld road en'.

The scene is little changed at the auld road en',
Tho' afar we've sometimes ranged frae the auld road en';
Noo we've grown to grave-faced men,
Sae we'll never tryste again
To play as we did then
At the auld road en'.

Yet we'll sometimes tak' a walk by the auld road en',
An' o' bygane days we'll crack at the auld road en';
But the time 'll sune draw nigh
When the maist o' us 'll lie
I' the snug kirkyaird ower-by
At the auld road en'.

"BONNIE JEAN'S" LAMENT.

Departed that spirit sae loving and brave!
Oh why suld the best be the quickest to dee?
The foremost o' men is laid low in his grave—
"There's naught left but sorrow for Scotland and me!"

O Robbie ! O Robbie ! I'm weary an' wae ;
My een noo are dim an' my heart is fu' sair ;
For silent art thou noo, the pride o' thy day,
An' bleak is this warld sin' it hauds thee nae mair !

Ah, bairnie ! I see there's a blank on yer face,
Ye list for the voice that ye never will hear ;
An' still dae ye long for his loving embrace—
Alack ! yer dear faither is cauld in his bier.

Nae mair he'll denounce the vain hypocrite's creed,
Or gie to the honest the crown o' true worth,
Or lichten the hearts that in sorrow may bleed,
Or clothe in true piety the puir cottar's hearth.

Nae mair by "Sweet Afton" he'll pondering stray,
Or "adown winding Nith," or by "Banks o' the Doon,"
Or by Ayr or by Devon to gie them a lay—
Ah, no ! his sweet lyre never mair will he tune.

CHARLES GULLAND,

AN accomplished author and highly-gifted poet, known only hitherto by the letter "G.," was born at Falkland in 1840. Having passed a few years at the Parish School of that town, he, at the age of twelve, entered Edinburgh Academy, where his exceptional abilities soon made themselves manifest. In the Edinburgh University, under Professor Pillans, he took the poetical prize. Ever since Mr Gulland has devoted much of his time to the cultivation of the Muse, and he has done so with conspicuous success.

After a few years' training in London, our poet in 1865 joined his father in business at Falkland as a solicitor and banker. He still dwells there, amid the inspiring traditions of the locality—his lovely residence being bounded on the one side by the

romantic Lomonds, and on the other by the stately palace of the Stuart kings.

Mr Gulland's published works are—"Sylvanus, Netherton, and other Poetical Works," a large handsome volume, published by Wm. P. Nimmo, Edinburgh, in 1867; "The Lomond Hills," a poem (1877); "The Fairies of Falkland: a Metrical Romance" (1876); and "Scottish Ballads, and other Poems" (1881), besides other smaller works, now in their second edition, or out of print. "After: a Poem" (1875), also published by Mr Nimmo, is a work of much power and thought, being an imaginary narration of earth's decline, and fall, and judgment, as told by one angel to another in Paradise. In the introductory portion of part ninth we find the following lines:—

> Where be the Devils that corrupt the soul?
> Do they, envenomed, crawl upon the worlds,
> Working, invisible, a tale of woe,
> Whisp'ring with bated breath in the ear of the weak,
> The irresolute, the careless, the perplexed?
> Do they flutter by the side of mortal man?
> Are they present in the throng, in solitude,
> In the closet, by the couch, malignant watching
> With keen hawk-eyes the opportunity
> To enter and destroy the precious soul?
> Nay! man is left to battle out his life
> Unprompted by the sp'rits of good or evil.
> The Law, the Word, these be his legacies
> From Heaven, and the result is with himself.

Many of Mr Gulland's productions were first published in the columns of the *Fifeshire Journal*, among the contributors to which he holds a high rank. He is about to print a sixth volume, which will include two dramas—"Queen Elizabeth" and "Rothesay," and several poems hitherto unpublished, giving evidence of mature thought and careful finish.

From "Wallace," as well as other dramatic pieces, contained in his published works, it is at once seen that Mr Gulland is an author possessed of gifts far

above mediocrity. These show much feeling and power, and are marked by much clearness of outline and distinctness of plot. They, as well as his beautifully tender ballads, evince unusual powers of narration; and while scrupulously faithful to history, he succeeds in throwing all the charm and fascination of romance around the stirring and exciting period of Scottish history. As a ballad-writer—tragic as well as humorous—his narration is clear and concise, and his descriptions are vivid and vigorous; while the ring and rattle of action and quaint *sough* of the olden time, the home life, the manners and customs of "gentle and simple," of kings and their courtiers, of barons and their retainers, are reproduced with vivid naturalness and graphic power. His more ambitious poems, too long for quoting here, are full of nerve and pith, and contain many gems of thought. These will repay on the part of the reader deep and careful study. From the opening portion of "Netherton" we give the following:—

MORNING.

Blue the soft heavens, and blue the far ocean,
Gently their shores the hoarse waters sweep,
Hushed the dark forest, no quickening motion
Save in the breast of the tremulous deep.
Here on this pinnacle stand I and treasure
The musical notes of the deep-booming sea,
As they strike on the air with unvarying measure,
And murmur their drowsy but sweet melody;
See the foam of yon billow gleaming and glancing,
Night hath departed, day is advancing.
Night with her mystery, night with her sorrow,
Dark-wingéd shelter of evil and crime,
Flees from the reckoning voice of the morrow,
Heedless of aught but the finger of time.
Night with her welcome repose to the spirit
That battles in vain with the world and despair,
Surcharged with oblivion to such as inherit
The wide-spread bequest of heart-swelling care;
Not for long are the clouds from memory banish'd,
Night hath taken her mantle around her and vanish'd

. . . . . .

Hark to the throstle commencing his lay,
To the faint-breaking smile of the opening day,
From the poplar's high summit, unfetter'd and free,
Outpouring his soul in innocent glee;
Inspir'd with his gladdening slumbers and rest,
He carols his joy to the reddening east,
While his sweet-throated rivals aroused to the theme,
Confide their soft loves to the pure morning beam.
Now slow from the distance of waters uprearing,
The circle of day, in his splendour appearing,
Exults in the sheen of his glorious might,
And bathes the far landscape in glittering light,
O'erspreading with gladness th' wild frowning mountain
Erst towering uncertain in vapours and mist,
Illuming anon the shadowy fountain,
Now bright as the face which affection hath kiss'd.
On swift early wing, all impatient of leisure,
Loud hums the quick bee to her labour of pleasure,
Out-trills the calm blackbird, the lav'rock rejoices,
And blend in sweet medley their clear-ringing voices,
Thus the crown of the day, as higher and higher
He climbs the steep pathway enthroned in fire,
Is hail'd with applause by nature's wide choir.

"The Lomond Hills" is a poem containing numerous beautiful passages, giving evidence of a refined and cultured mind, keen observation, unvarying flow of thought, and a charming appreciation of the beauties of Nature. In this poem he depicts, in felicitous language, hill and dale, cottage and castle, hamlet and city. All the scenes are well chosen, and pass before the reader in beautifully-painted panoramas. Here is a fine picture of

SUMMER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

. But evening comes. . . See! at their doors
And on their outer steps the village dames
Are seated, and their nimble fingers ply
The glancing wires, while loud and voluble,
Echoes the gossip to their heart's content.
See too! by the church rail sedately sit
A row of townsmen resting from their toils,
Consuming at their ease the fragrant weed.
Now home the sleek cows hie, heavy and slow,
Nodding as they approach, and in the rear
The fair cheeked milkmaids walk, the ready jest
With gallant swain exchanging as they pass;
Lithe graceful girls, with locks of russet brown,

Posies of meadow sweet clasped in the hand,
A welcome smile for all their humble world.
There, too, the horses from the outfield come,
With drooping heads and slow advancing pace,
Mounted or led by youths proud of their task.
Lo! yonder animal, time worn and lean,
And jaded, bears upon his naked back
Time honoured master, bonneted and grave;
Before him, clutching earnest by the mane,
A child is placed, pleased with his dignity,
And close behind another urchin sits,
Clasping with ready hands his grandsire's waist.

YOUNG WALLACE.

(From "Scottish Ballads.")

Wha hasna heard of Wallace wicht
The stalwart son of Ellerslie?
A bolder or a likelier lad
In a' the round there couldna be.

One day he to the fishing gaed
Doun by the Irvine water side,
And when his basket was weel filled,
Three Southron soldiers he espied.

He turned him to the little boy
Who followed eager at his heel—
"My lad, there may be mischief here,
I'll haud the rod, and you the creel."

He took his lithe rod quickly doun,
His créel he to the laddie gave,
Then wi' his face turned to the foe
He calmly stude, sae swank and brave.

Ahent him stude the boy, and smiled—
"They dinna ken their man," said he,
"What though the carles be three to ane,
They canna fecht young Ellerslie."

Up cam' the soldiers, and began
The fisher youth to jeer and flout—
"Nae doubt you only fish for sport,
Gie us the basket wi' the trout."

"Ye arena blate," young Wallace said,
"And your demand I hold unfair,
I winna gie the creelfu' up,
But you are welcome to a share.'

"The whole or none," the soldiers cried,
And sudden rushed on Ellerslie,
Who dauntless waited ; save his rod
No weapon of defence had he.

The foremost of the three he struck
With his rod-end a crushing blow,
A single blow aneth the ear
That laid his adversary low.

Then caught he up his victim's sword,
And swift the blade cam' flashing doun
Upon a second Southron foe,
A deadly stroke that cleft his croun.

The third turned tail and ran awa' ;
Young Wallace grimly smiled—"I trow
My sport on Irvine stream is dune,
I'll follow ither fishing now.

"I'll no be hame this nicht my lad,
Nor yet will I be hame the morn,
Go, tell my folks I canna thole
To be the mark for Southron scorn.

"Tell them I've done a deed this day,
That stamps me England's enemie,
And to escape a cruel death
'Tis I maun to the mountains flee.

"Inglorious ease and tranquil days !
To them I bid a long adieu ;
And now, my puir down-trodden land,
My life I consecrate to you."

. . . . . .

Awa', awa', to the Loudon Hills
To rouse his brither Scots fled he ;
And England learned ere lang to dread
The outlawed youth frae Ellerslie.

YOUNG RAMSAY OF BALMAIN.

"O for a man of micht and power
To wear the Scottish crown ;
O for a King well worth the name
To haud the English down !

"Nae pleasure takes our King in war
Or in his armour bricht,
And for the tilt and tournament
He scunners at the sicht.

"He shuns his nobles, spends the time
Wi' men of low degree;
A tailor and a cunning smith
Are his best companie.

"Whaur is fair Scotland's honour gane?
Whaur is the Stuart pride?
A mason and a fiddler reign,
And we are set aside."

. . . . . .

To Lauder cam' the Scottish King
He and his proud array;
Atwęen the river and the town
His valiant army lay.

'Twas they wad meet the English host
To humble Edward's pride;
But James, a laggard in the war,
Did lang at Lauder bide.

Sair did the warlike nobles fret,
Their discontent grew loud,
Till 'gainst the fav'rites of the King,
An evil death they vowed.

In Lauder Kirk the nobles met
To lay their vengeful plan;
The oath they swore, and frae the kirk
On murder bent they ran.

They huntit high, they huntit low,
They huntit round and round,
Until their victims ane by ane
They unrelenting found.

And they have hanged the mason bold,
Cochran sae braw and trig;
With the tailor and smith for companie
Ower the middle of Lauder Brig.

The fiddler's gane the self-same gate;
And the rest of low degree
Are butchered some, and hangit some,
For nane had time to flee.

Then out spake Angus Bell-the-Cat,
As in the camp he stood
Aleaning on his weighty sword
That dreepit down red blood,

"My lords, this is a glorious day,
And well it has begun;

But James maun be our prisoner
Before our task is done.

"We'll tak' him on to Edinbruch,
And that richt speedilie,
That Scotland frae her silken bonds
Shall ance and aye be free."

Swift at the word the nobles rushed
With a rude following,
And haughty Angus at their head,
To beard th' unconscious King.

Lo! as they hastened through the Camp
To glut their flaming wrath,
A youthful fav'rite of the King
Did chance to cross their path.

A youthful fav'rite of the King,
John Ramsay of Balmain;
And when the rabble spied the lad
They yelled with micht and main.

The frichtened lad they huntit fast,
On instant murder bent,
Until they brocht Balmain to bay
Before the Monarch's tent.

. . . . . .

O but he was a bonnie youth,
His eyes were of the blue;
And his rich brown hair in clusters rare
Fell o'er his snowy broo.

He raised his eyes beseechingly,
But spake he ne'er a word;
Stern Angus pitied as he gazed,
And sheathed his bloody sword.

"Enough of blood," the Douglas said,
Filled with unwonted ruth;
"Thy face is like thy father's, lad,
And I spare thee for thy youth.

"Thy minions, King, are put to death—
'Tis thou shalt gang wi' me,
And I shall teach thee how to reign,
Butt men of low degree.

"Thy minions, ane and a' this day
To their account are gane;
Saving this boy now at thy feet,
John Ramsay of Balmain.

"And now, my lad, a word wi' thee—
I was thy father's friend;
I wad advise thy father's son
His silly ways to mend.

"Disdain to sit in silken tents
Clad in a silken suit,
And leave to fingers feminine
To strum upon the lute.

"Wear harness on thy back, my boy,
Rise in the early morn,
And let thy sweetest music be
The merrie hound and horn.

"Go, study war; unceasing strive
A worthy name to gain
'Mong Scotland's noblest, for the House
Of Ramsay of Balmain."

JAMES STEWART,

A RAILWAY POET, who sings sweetly of the birds and their hymns of melody in the green boughs, the morning sun causing the dewy fields to sparkle in silvery brightness, and sees in the sheep lying on the hillsides a graphic picture of peaceful content, was born at Grayrigg farm house, parish of Johnstone, Dumfriesshire, in 1841. His grandfather held the farm from 1799 to the time of his death in 1840, when the father of our poet succeeded to the lease. Owing to financial difficulties, he had to give up Grayrigg in 1855, and this so affected his health that he lost heart, and died in 1861, leaving a family of six sons and three daughters, all of whom are still living. The mother was an energetic, intelligent woman; her good example encouraged the family in well-doing and self-reliance, and the result is that they are now in good positions.

After receiving a fair education at Johnstone Parish School, Mr Stewart, at the age of fourteen, went to farm service. He remained four years at this work, and was afterwards several years coachman to a gentleman in Dumfriesshire. In 1862 he went to America. At this time the war between the North and South was raging, and after being in that country for about three years, he returned home. He joined the service of the Caledonian Railway Company as a porter at fourteen shillings a-week, and has continued in their service since 1865, rapidly advancing from guard to stationmaster at two important junctions. At present Mr Stewart is traffic inspector, looking after the Company's interests generally, over the whole line, with bright prospects of advancement in the immediate future.

For a number of years Mr Stewart has been a frequent contributor to the columns of the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Airdrie Advertiser*, and other newspapers and literary journals. He is about to make a selection of his poems and songs, and publish them in book form. His poetry is the result of keen observation and original thought. The rhyme is easy and flowing, the language generally felicitous, and he is occasionally very happy in delineating the humorous aspects of character; while there is a pleasing vivacity in his national enthusiasm that will make his volume highly appreciated by his countrymen at home and abroad.

THE MUCKLE BUBBLY JOCK.

Some freens were busy talking ower
  Life's troubles, great an' sma';
The hale o' them had felt their power;
  Nae ane was free at a'.
A beggar—silly—cam' alang,
  From cares they thought him free;
They speered at him if aught was wrang,
  That troubled him awee.
Quo' he, I'd trudge on wi' my pocks,

And happy walk alang ;
If 'twas na for the bubbly jocks,
Nae maitter where I gang.
Nae maitter where I gang,
Nae maitter where I gang ;
There's aye a muckle bubbly jock,
Nae maitter where I gang.

Some folks, ye ken, may happy seem,
They pass their time in song,
As doun the waters o' life's stream
They gaily float along,
Their face is all lit up wi' smile,
Nae trace o' grief is there ;
They'll joke and talk, but all the while,
Their heart is worn wi' care.
There's aye some trouble and some shock,
And mony a heartfelt pang ;
There's aye a muckle bubbly jock,
Nae maitter where ye gang.
Nae maitter, &c.

Yer neighbour ye may think gey queer,
Wi' strange and unco way,
He's had his troubles and his fear
For mony a weary day.
Then dinna fash him wi' your jeers,
Respect him if ye can,
He some big dreary trouble bears,
He canna tell to man.
O ! treat him weel, and dinna mock,
Fash ye may hae ere lang,
There's aye some muckle bubbly jock,
Nae maitter where ye gang.
Nae maitter, &c.

There's aye some nasty canker worm,
And mony groun'less fears,
But the sun shines amid the storm—
There's smiles as well as tears.
We need them baith to keep us richt,
Our pleasure's mixed wi' pain,
We grum'le whan the sun's aye bricht,
And get nae summer rain.
Then tak' your stan' firm as a rock,
And dinna turn and flee,
There's aye a muckle bubbly jock
Nae maitter wha ye be.
Nae maitter wha ye be,
Nae maitter wha ye be,
There's aye a muckle bubbly jock,
Nae maitter wha ye be.

LIFE!—A STREAM.

Away up high, 'mong mountain sides,
A streamlet from its birthplace glides,
And trickling rills
Its channel fills
With water gathered from the hills.

In swelling stream it plunges on,
The gorge resounding with its song;
Its torrent roars,
As on it pours,
And dashes down its rocky shores.

Down through the glen it runs with joy,
Then hides beneath the trees quite coy,
And swift it flows,
And downward goes,
Its banks o'erhung with hazel boughs.

It pours o'er rocks in silver stream,
And sparkles in the sunshine's gleam,
With onward rush,
And downward gush,
It hastes in pools its voice to hush.

O'er falls it leaps with gladsome cry,
A sheet of silver to the eye,
And roars away,
With shouts each day,
While battling in its showers of spray.

It lingers in the wooded dale,
To kiss the lilies of the vale,
With cheery song
It moves along,
Where flowers in thousands on it throng.

Down the valley, in graceful chain,
It winds and turns and winds again,
With onward creep,
And graceful sweep,
It dimples where the pools are deep.

With outstretched arms it rolls away,
And meets the waters of the bay,
And vessels ride,
With stately pride,
Upon its mighty heaving tide.

And such is life! for it would seem
So like this noisy mountain stream,
With its rattle

And its prattle,
And the constant fight and battle.

Like it, life has its sunny hours,
Though ruffled by some passing showers,
When thunders boom,
And black clouds loom,
And scowl like demons in the gloom.

Stream-like, turbulent, from its source,
Life onward takes its troubled course,
And nears each day
The peaceful bay
Of death—its sorrows there to lay.

But waters vapoured by the sun
Again are sent some course to run:
And so will rise
The soul that dies,
The new-born life above the skies.

THE LOVERS' MEETING.

The wee birds were singing, and loud was their piping,
As the sun was descending behind the green hill;
The gentle wee lambkins were joyously sporting,
And like gold was the sheen which the valley did fill.

Yellow trouts were leaping the active flies catching,
As they playfully flitted on the face of the rill,
The mavis sang clearly, the woods loud were ringing
As he whistled his notes—nature, list'ning, was still.

A bonny wee lassie, her e'en wi' love glancing,
Came tripping down gaily, with heart artless and true—
Her form was most perfect, e'en nature's best effort,
And her feet were the neatest e'er kissed by the dew.

The cows she was driving to pastures to thrive on,
Down to the green meadows, by the calm flowing stream;
As she sat on its banks, the minnows were sporting,
And playfully swam, while of love she did dream.

The elder leaves rustled, the warm air caressing,
As it passed up the vale, bringing joy on its wing;
The butterflies sported, each other were chasing,
As they felt the new life and sweet breath of the spring.

Far away up the vale some one gave a whistle,
Its loud echo was heard by the lass at the burn;
The shy trembling maiden, with joyous emotion,
At once started up, signalling back in return.

The bright day was merging far into the gloaming,
The maiden stood watching, with her heart in a thrill;
'Mid the rustling of leaves her love stepped from the glade,
And pressed her to his heart on the banks of the rill.

The two hearts, so joyous, in accord were beating,
And happy he kissed her as he called her his love,
Fondly she nestled whilst love he was whispering,
And they plighted their troth when the stars smiled above.

WI' CAUTION CROSS THE LINE.

Whene'er I travel on the line
A lesson there I see;
At ilka station there's a sign
Stuck up to catch the e'e.
In letters painted black or white
I see it ev'ry time;
Be sure you use the bridge in sight
Whene'er ye cross the line.
Whene'er ye cross the line,
Whene'er ye cross the line;
Wi' cautious care
Aye mount the stair
Whene'er ye cross the line.

Some folk may think the world is fair—
Their heart ne'er gaes a sten;
They're always free frae fash and care,
Though sorrows they may ken.
And when they see a thing they like,
Where follies dazzling shine,
They never think but in a fike
They reach it o'er the line.
They reach it o'er the line,
They reach it o'er the line;
They never think
But in a wink
They reach it o'er the line.

In joyous youth, when passions rife
Run wildly through your veins,
You grasp at a' the sweets o' life,
Nor think o' future pains;
But pleasure's cup wi' poison's fraught—
Then mind the railway sign,
And use the bridge and don't get caught
In crossing o'er the line.
In crossing o'er the line,
In crossing o'er the line;
Wi' cautious care
Aye mount the stair—
In safety cross the line.

When wanton pleasure's witching smiles
Are set to lure you on,
Avoid her false deceptive wiles,
For soon like flowers they're gone.
Impulse may led you to death's brink
If you for pleasures pine;
Then aye be sure to stop and think
Before ye cross the line.
Before ye cross the line,
Before ye cross the line;
Think of the snare
That's hidden there—
Wi' caution cross the line.

THE FISHER'S TRAGIC FATE.

One bonny smiling morn in May
The birds sang in the trees,
The field, bedecked with flowers, were gay,
And softly hummed the bees.

The children gamboled on the lea
Among the pretty flowers,
And loud were heard their shouts of glee
Down in the hawthorn bowers.

The fishing village by the sea
Lay gleaming in the sun,
While far away as eye could see
The fisher's boats had run.

The rolling waters of the bay,
Unruffled smooth and deep,
Like silver shining, peaceful lay,
And calmly heaved in sleep.

But clouds of blackness scowling rose,
Grim in the western skies,
And burst, like soldiers on their foes,
'Mid thunder's deafening cries.

A fearful whirl, and rushing sweep
Of wind came o'er the plain,
Which rudely waked the bay from sleep
And tossed the peaceful main.

. . . . .

The village lovely nestles there,
But widows lonely weep
Beside the sea, and linger where
Their husbands ever sleep.

THE STREET SINGER.

(This, and the following song are by R. M. Fergusson, p. 267).

In a bustling street, 'mid the city's din,
A poor girl moved along,
With clothes all worn, and tattered and thin,
And sung a strange street song.

'Twas eventime, and the lamps shone bright,
And the wind blew cold and keen;
The crowds passed by on the left and right,
And it looked like a shifting scene.

But still the poor, pale singer stay'd,
And sung her plaintive tune,
In the glimmering light the gas lamps made,
With the beams of the silvery moon.

She sang with a voice of the richest tone
A tale of the deepest woe,
How she had been left in this world alone,
With one small brother, Joe.

Her father sunk in a drunkard's grave—
Had left a dying wife,
Who pined away till no power could save
Her wretched and wasted life.

And now she roamed in the city street,
And sung of pain and woe,
Forlorn and sad, with cold bare feet,
That she might feed poor Joe.

But Joe, alas! had long been ill,
And pined for want of bread,
And now he lay at the Calton Hill,
Under an archway, dead.

. . . . .

When her heart with grief was like to break
She found a pitying friend,
Who cared for her for his Master's sake,
And made her hardships end.

THE SEA'S LULLABY.

Ripple, ripple up the beach,
Over the moving sand,
Kissing the peebles within my reach,
Murmuring low the song I teach,
Like the tale of another land.

Glisten, glisten in the sun,
As it sheds its golden light,

Over the rocks to which I run,
Over the stones which I have won,
And made my couch at night.

Coming, going all the time,
With froth, and spume, and foam,
Unheeding the sound of the evening chime,
Wafted along like a runic rhyme,
Till it dies in my ocean home.

Laughing, smiling every night,
As the boats creep up the bay,
Kissing a farewell to the light,
That fades in the western sky so bright,
The love-glow of the day.

Ebbing, flowing as of yore,
While the wavelets sport and play,
Hearing the shells upon the shore
Murmuring low their evermore—
The lullaby of a day.

JAMES CHRISTIE

A POET of sweet natural grace and remarkably fertile fancy, was born at Dollar, in 1827. He was educated at Dollar Institution and the Normal Seminary of the Church of Scotland, Edinburgh. Thereafter he became one of the Dollar masters, a position which he has held for many years. He has also been for a considerable period the respected librarian of the Institution. While holding this position he made a discovery of considerable interest in connection with Burns's poems.

Mr Christie has always been an enthusiastic admirer of the Ayrshire bard, and was perfectly familiar with all his songs. He was, therefore, surprised to find in a copy of the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1774 that two of Burns's songs, or what passed for his, had a place there anonymously. The songs referred

to are:—"Powers Celestial whose Protection" and "Could aught of Song declare my Pains?" The late W. Scott-Douglas, in his edition of Burns, has prefixed the following note to the verses of Burns beginning "Behold the fatal hour arrive":—"At page 350, under the heading of 'Memoranda' of pieces erroneously printed as compositions of Burns, the reader will find special reference to a literary discovery made a few years ago by which the number of Burns' lyrics was lessened by two. Just as we are closing the text of the present volume we are favoured with a polite communication from the gentleman who made that discovery– Mr James Christie, librarian of the Dollar Institution—which tells the interesting fact that in the same old periodical in which he found the two pieces alluded to. . . . Mr Christie has culled out of a straggling poem of sixteen stanzas, inserted in its "poet's corner," the following beautiful verses. These are undoubtedly the original of the song—"Behold the hour," &c.

The Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, to whom we are indebted for particulars of Mr Christie, as given in his interesting and able lecture on "The Poets of Dollar," printed in the "Magazine" of the Institution, says:—"Burns was just fifteen years old when the volume of the *Edinburgh Magazine* was published. He must have obtained possession of it; and it is surprising to find him appropriating so very freely, in three of his lyrics, the ideas and words of the nameless minstrels who contributed them to that old repository. The copy of the song, "Behold the Hour," sent by Burns to Clarinda in 1791, approaches even closer to the original than the verses supplied to Thomson in 1793."

Mr Christie has been known from his boyhood as a poet. While still a boy at school, Mr Wilson tells us, the reading of the Ettrick Shepherd inspired the

the subject of our sketch with ambition to tune the Doric lyre. Even then he wrote the verses we give, supposed to be addressed by a shepherd to his collie dog.

From the time of this early effort Mr Christie's Muse has never ceased to be productive. The result has been that his numerous graceful and tender lyrical effusions have earned for the poet a prominent place among the minor singers of his country. His "curling songs" have secured a popularity far beyond the locality where they were first produced, and one of them had the honour of being quoted with commendation in an article on curling which appeared in one of our most widely circulated magazines. Several of the sweetest of his songs have been published in the *Scotsman* and in other influential newspapers and literary journals both at home and abroad. In his Scotch verses Mr Christie makes excellent use of the "mither tongue"—pure and chaste—in all its wealth and pith of expressive terms and familiar idioms, and entirely free from what is too frequently met with in modern poetry—objectionable slang and vulgar provincialisms. His songs have the ring of inspiration, while his more ambitious themes are evidently not the mere dreamy effusion of mental fancy, but a faithful transcript of the impressions produced by mutual contact with the realities of life upon an honest heart and a discerning mind.

A SHEPHERD TO HIS COLLIE DOG.

Auld toozy Wylie, honest callan',
Thou'rt welcome aye within my dwallin',
For weel I wat thou ne'er wast sullen
To do my will;
At darkest hour thou aye wert willin'
To clim' the hill.

Whene'er I grasped my friendly crook,
Thy shaggy coat thou quickly shook,

And wi' a kind and cordial look
O' joy and glee,
Thrice round and round thou'd wheel aboot,
Syne follow me.

Thro' wind and weet, thro' snaw and frost,
A better dog I couldna boast;
For gin a sheepie had been lost,
Or gane astray,
Thou quickly brocht her to the rest,
Tho' far away.

But twal' lang years ha'e come and gane
Sin'e to the hill thou first was ta'en;
Then loodly at the rowin stane,
Adoon the brae,
Thou gar'd the rocks and hallows ring
Wi' whalpish glee.

Noo, canny ower the flowery brae
Thou hangs thy head, o'erspread wi' grey;
Yet still thy bite and sowp thou'lt ha'e,
And bear in min',
As lang's I see the licht o' day,
Thou hast a frien'.

THE FISHER'S CALL.

The mist is aff the hill,
The summer morning's breaking,
And ilka little rill
A merry music's making;
The shepherd's left his cot,
The clover-field the maukin,
Then up, let's hae a day o't—
Waukin, fishers, waukin!

A' nature's blythe and gay—
Bonnie flowers are bloomin'
On mossy bank and brae,
Wood and glen perfumin';
The mavis tak's the tree,
The wind blaws saft and steady,
Then up and follow me—
Ready, fishers, ready!

Bring the osier creel,
Bring the rod and tackle,
Bring the ready reel,
The woodcock wing and hackle
Yonder flows the river—
Troots in every eddy,
Drop your flees like gossamer—
Steady, fishers, steady!

A MITHER'S LOVE.

My mither flytes, my mither frowns,
For what, I dinna ken;
And aye she says, 'Ye glaiket lass,
Beware o' faithless men.
They'll deave yer young an' thochtless head
Wi' mony a lovin' crack—
Be unco fair afore yer face,
But lauch ahint yer back.

Wi' face as lang's a minister's,
An' hangin', dooncast e'e,
They'll swear by a' the powers aboon,
That for yer sake they'll dee.
But, mark me, read them backwards,
An' tak it a' as lees:
Their vows are like the weathercock,
That turns to ony breeze.

An' min' ye, Jean, ye're a' I ha'e,
An' it looks na weel ava
For modest lasses stappin' oot
When nicht begins to fa'.
'Tis better far to be at hame
Aside yer spinnin' wheel,
Than clishmaclaverin' on the road
Wi' ilka weirdless chiel.

I tell ye't for yer guid, Jean,
An' dinna glunch an' gloom,
Nor toss aboot thae stockins there
Wi' face as soor's a ploom.
A mither's love is strong, Jean,
An' my auld heart can feel;
Sae bide at hame—gang oot nae mair
An mind yer spinnin'-wheel.

"THE FAUSE LOVE AND TRUE."

"A gowpen o' gowd and fairlies braw,
And a hame in a lordly 'keep,'
And servants to beck and boo at my ca',
And saft doon beds to sleep."

I spurn yer offer Sir Roderick Grahame,
Yer fleetchin is a' in vain;
Wad ye mak' me but wife in name,
And cringe like a hound in a chain?

Wha slichted the lass o' Fernie Tower,
And Jean o' the Hazel-Dell?

Wha slew the Knicht at gloamin's hour,
As he drank at the "Maiden Well"?

Wha brak the heart o' Mary Gray,
The flower o' the Boreland Glen?
Yer cheek grows pale, and weel it may,
For thae tales dae I brawly ken.

Young Jamie the laird is dear to me;
Health smiles on his manly broo;
I live in the heart o' his deep blue e'e,
For his heart like his sword is true.

Then awa, fause lord, nae langer bide;
Yer gowd and yer gear awa!
A cosy biel' on the green hill-side
Wi' Jamie is mair than a'.

WHEN LIFE WAS YOUNG.

To The Glen let us repair, bonnie lassie, O,
The flowers are blooming fair, bonnie lassie, O;
And 'neath the hazel screen,
By ilka e'e unseen,
I'll busk ye like a queen, bonnie lassie, O.

The laverock sings fu' sweet, bonnie lassie, O,
As from the "dewy weet," bonnie lassie, O;
He mounts on quiv'rin' wing,
Where gowden cloudlets hing,
To hail the smilin' spring, bonnie lassie, O.

We will wander by the stream, bonnie lassie, O,
That flows like sunny dream, bonnie lassie, O;
And through the birken shaw,
Where gentle breezes blaw,
We'll list the lintie's ca', bonnie lassie, O,

Then haste and come awa', bonnie lassie, O,
And dinna say me na, bonnie lassie, O;
For withoot your witchin' e'e,
A' thing wad cheerless be,
Baith streamlet, flower, and tree, bonnie lassie, O.

CURLING SONG.

The spring has gane wi' its smiles and tears,
And the summer's sunny glow,
And autumn has bless'd the golden fields
Till our garners overflow;
The russet leaves in the sweeping blast
Fa' fast frae the forest trees,

While curlers greet wi' welcome meet
Their King frae the frozen seas.

The hills are wreathed in a sheet o' snaw,
And the little burnies hushed,
That lately, bricht in their siller sheen,
Wi' fairy music gushed ;
The sky is swath'd in a leaden hue,
And the day has a misty e'e,
But the curler's cup of joy rins ower
By the roaring rink and tee.

O ! sweet is the broom in its tassell'd gold
On the mossy bank and brae,
Where the lintie's love-lilt saftly blends
Wi' the blackbird's melting lay ;
But the buskit broom in the winter-tide
Has a greater charm to me,
When soopin the rink that the laggard stane
May rest by the magic "tee."

When winter days are snell and cauld,
And ice like the north wind keen,
We'll ply the game wi' a hearty will
Frae peep-o'-day till e'en ;
Then snugly met at the smoking board,
Wi' social crack and glee,
We'll croosely sing o' oor vict'ries won,
And pledge the "Rink and Tee."

SONG.

My auld-farrant mither wid say
(A weel-tae-dae body she rankit),
"Be honest, and eident, and thrifty,
That nane may say 'boo' to your blanket."*

This kindly advice o' my mither
Has a' through my life to be thankit,
For I've aye kept the "croon o' the causey,"
And nane can say "boo" to my blanket.

I married when jist a bit lassie ;
What I brew'd, uncompleenin', I drank it ;
We liv'd but a wee while thegither,
Yet nane could say "boo" to my blanket.

I didna sit doon and lament ;
My feelin's cauld care never fankit ;
Licht hearted I wrocht late and e'er,
That nane could say "boo" to my blanket.

*The saying "Nane can say 'boo' to my blanket," means that no one can cast any reproach on me.

I hae a cot hoose o' my ain,
A hunner notes tae I hae bankit;
I've a bite and a soup for the needfu',
And wha can say "boo" to my blank et?

TO THE DEVON.

Stream of my childhood,
Deathless in song—
Through moorland and wildwood
Winding along;
Kissing the wild flowers
On meadow and hill,
Brushing the hazel bowers,
Turning the mill.
Onward in gladness,
Placid and slow;
Now leaping in madness,
The chasms below,
Foaming and raving,
Like giant in war;
Now peacefully laving
Grey boulder and scaur.
Stream of the mountains,
Joyous and free,
Bright are the fountains
That murmur to thee;
From lone glen and corrie,
And moss-covered height,
They flash in a glory
Of beauty and light.
My own native river,
Deathless in song,
Dreamlike for ever,
Flow singing along.

ROBERT MENZIES FERGUSSON, M.A.,

BELONGS to a family in several of whose members poetic genius has asserted itself. His father, the late Rev. Samuel Fergusson, minister of the parish of Fortingall, Perthshire, was the author of the well-know volume entitled "The Queen's Visit,

and other Poems." Mr Fergusson is also related to the Gaelic singer, Dugald Buchanan, to the memory of whom a memorial fountain was lately erected at Strathtyre. The historic "Braes of Balquhidder" was the dwelling-place of his ancestors.

Mr Fergusson was born in the manse at Fortingall in 1859. He received the greater part of his education at the public school of Stanley. Thence, in the autumn of 1877, he went to Edinburgh University, at which he graduated as M.A. in 1881. From that time till now he has studied theology at St Mary's College, St Andrews.

While a student at the University of Edinburgh, Mr Fergusson occasionally wrote short pieces for Professor Blackie. These were generally translations from Greek and Latin poets. The learned and versatile Professor during the time he occupied the Greek Chair did much to foster a poetic spirit in several members of his classes, and being a genuine "Son of Song" himself, never failed to encourage any youthful aspirant. Mr Fergusson was one of the competitors for the prize poem in the class of English Literature, and though unsuccessful—there being but one prize given—his poem was highly commended by Professor Masson. For several years he has been a contributor to the *Edinburgh University Quarterly* and other magazines. His chief work, however, is his volume of "Rambling Sketches in the Far North" (London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; Edinburgh: Menzies & Co). Many of these were originally contributed to the columns of the *Fifeshire Journal*, and consist of a series of poetical pieces, describing the manners and customs, and crystallizing the history and romance of the remoter Highlands. The peculiar beauties of the Orkney Islands are here described in a very able and graphic manner, and the existing folk-lore is for the first time introduced to the public.

Mr Fergusson's verse is very chaste, and several of his poems indicate considerable philosophic insight. Through a number of his songs the attentive ear can discern a note of the melancholy that characterizes the genuine muse of the country in which he lives. The rhythmical cadence and touching pathos of these are sufficient to cause tears to "spring unbidden from their source." The language of the poet is always elegant and musical, and we find in all that has been submitted for our consideration much delicacy of sentiment, and charming sweetness of thought.

DREAMING AND WORKING.

"Until the day break and shadows flee away."

Man is weary, ever weary, waiting for some coming time,
And is listening for the pealing of some sweet and deep-toned chime.

Sighing for the fancied goodness of the better days to be,
When the shadows will be scattered, and the captive will be free.

See him dreaming of a kingdom where each man will be the same,
Free and equal, and called brothers—brothers only in the name.

There he fancies truth will triumph, and the right will rule supreme,
But, alas! 'tis all a fancy, and no better than a dream.

If the world is to be better, let us strive to make it so,
And not waste our time and talents all in dreaming here below.

Man must work and fight in earnest 'gainst the passions of his heart,
If he ever means to conquer, and perform the better part.

It is not by class or faction that the rights of man will sway,
But by every party working for the coming of that day,

When the noble and the simple will be in the selfsame mood,
And when both will spend their talents in the common cause of good.

Then will be that "good time coming" when a man can say he's free,
When the shadows shall be scattered, and the world of Christ shall be.

"LONGING FOR THE MAY."

At my window in the evening I am sitting all alone,
Weary with the task of study, thinking of some absent one;

While the gloaming stealing softly gilds the western hills with gold,
Tripping o'er the smiling meadows and the far extending wold.

But the session is not over, and my spirit longs for rest,
Far from Academic studies, near the one that I love best.

Weary with the glare of gaslight, students long for summer's sun,
For the days when Nature scatters wide her charms on every one.

From the city with its pleasures, to the rustic village life,
We would fain transport our fancy far from college care and strife.

There, in peace beside the murmur of some rapid mountain stream,
We would pass the pleasant moments as if life were but a dream.

'Mid the charms of Nature's music we would roam, as students should,
O'er the valley and the mountain, through the shadow of the wood.

In the garden of creation we would chant a better tune,
Where the streaks of golden sunlight and the silver of the moon

Weave themselves in wreaths of glory, waiting for the coming King,
Who will waken sweeter music than the melodies we sing.

Then we see the coming goodness of the better days to be,
When the clouds of error scatter, and the foes of mankind flee.

In the future all is brighter, and the past is left behind,
As the world is slowly conquered by the mighty force of mind.

THE VIKING'S BRIDE.

An Orcadian Ballad.

In the cold grey dawn of an autumn day,
As the sun peeped over the sea,
A Norseman's bark sailed out of the bay,
With the sails full set and all so gay,
Away to the west went he.

'Twas a Viking bold from the Norway shore,
And a tall Sea King was he;
But he sailed away to return no more,
Nor to hear again its deep-toned roar;
For he sank 'mid the foam of the sea.

The Orcadian Isles was the land he sought,
And a royal bride to wed,
Who was waiting now till the North wind brought
To her watching eyes—that looked for nought—
The sight of the Dragon Head.

And this brave Sea King, with his crew so gay,
Were as happy as men could be;
For they left their shores at the break of day,
And they cheered their friends as they passed the bay,
And steered for the open sea.

As their hearts were light, and their bark was tight,
And their limbs so stout and strong,
They would fear no foe nor the dark wild night,
As they steered their bark by the pale moon's light,
But sang this Orcadian song:—

"The sea is wild and free, my boys,
The sea is wild and free,
And o'er the back of the ocean wide
We steer our barks by wind and tide,
And sing aloud in our glee, my boys,
And sing aloud in our glee.

We play with the foam of the deep, my boys,
We play with the foam of the deep,
That gleams in the light of the moon so bright,
And sinks with the stars to sleep, my boys,
And sinks with the stars to sleep.

We fish at the turn of the tide, my boys,
We fish at the turn of the tide,
And whisper low, while the breezes blow,
Of the girl that's to be our bride, my boys,
Of the girl that's to be our bride.

Oh, we are happy and gay, my boys,
Oh, we are happy and gay,
We love to sail with breeze or gale,
And then return to the bay, my boys,
And then return to the bay."

When the music ceased there arose a gale
That became a hurricane blast,
And the cheek of the Norse sea king turned pale
As he heard the sound of the ocean's wail,
And saw the bending mast.

With a shriek and moan all the shrouds were rent,
And the mast went by the side,
While the brave Norsemen 'neath the billows went
With their bark, and all that the king had sent
To deck his bonny bride.

. . . . .

In a Jarl's home, on a lofty tower,
Sits a maid by Orcadia's sea,
And she weeps and sighs from hour to hour
For the Viking bold to claim her dower,
But he sleeps in the moaning sea.

AN ORCADIAN CRADLE SONG.

Ba, ba, lammie noo,
Cuddle doon tae mammie ;
Trowies* canna tak' thoo,
Hushie ba, lammie.

Me bonnie peeriet bird,
Sleepin' in me bosie,
Wee mannie speak a word,
Pirrin's‡ noo sae cosie.

Ba, ba, peerie t'ing,
Sleep a bonnie nappie ;
Tho'll sleep an' I'll sing,
Makin' lassack¶ happy.

Fedder's fishin' i' the sea,
Catchin' cod wi' herrin',
Bringin' hame his fish tae thee,
Tae me sonsie bairn.

Ba, ba, lamie noo,
Cuddle doon tae mammie ;
Trowies canna tak' thoo,
Hushie ba, lammie.

*Trows, the fairies of Orcadian superstition.
†*Peerie*, small, *wee*.
‡A name applied to a little girl in Orkney.
¶Diminutive of lass.

JAMES WILKIE

WAS born at Musselburgh in 1862. He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, where he studied English under the late Dr John M. Ross, the distinguished scholar and writer. In his seventeenth year he entered the University of Edinburgh, where, in 1879-80, he gained a prize and first class honours in Rhetoric and English Literature. Having studied Logic, Metaphysics, and Moral Philosophy, Mr Wilkie has now entered on a course of training for the legal profession. His first printed verses (on "Deeside") were written at Braemar, and contributed to the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*. He has since contributed, both prose and verse, to *Chambers's Journal*, *Glasgow Herald*, *People's Friend*, *Fifeshire Journal*, *North British Advertiser*, &c.

Mr Wilkie is the writer of "Notes from the Modern Athens," in *Fifeshire Journal*. These articles have an excellent literary tone about them, and are full of information, presented in an instructive and pleasing style. We regret being able to give only two specimens of his verse. These show decided promise —refined sentiment, and pure and elevated thought— and hold out hopes that our poet will produce something of high quality.

A LULLABY.

Rest thee, the daylight has gone from the valley,
Night from the eastward is gliding again;
Dusky shades lurk in each tree-woven alley,
Slumber will rule in the night's dark domain.
Rest thee, then, rest thee, western winds sigh;
Night voices chant lullaby, lullaby.

Rest thee, the lake murmurs faint in its dreaming,
Stirs like a child that has visions of joy;
And Venus in radiance effulgent is beaming,
Guarding from aught that thy rest could destroy.
Rest thee, then, rest thee, western winds sigh;
Night voices chant lullaby, lullaby.

Rest thee, sleep on till the grey dawn is stealing,
And the star of the morning is fainting in light;
Sleep till the mist armies, breaking and wheeling,
Flee from the hill with the going of night.
Rest thee till morning breaks, western winds sigh;
Night voices chant lullaby, lullaby.

THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT WIND.

Softly and plaintively, cool from the mountains,
From cavern halls where the dim twilight sleeps,
Waking to louder song, brooklets and fountains,
When the daylight is dying on sunkissèd steeps,
Comes forth the night wind rustling and sighing,
Chanting the dirge of the day that is dying.

Dim lies the lake in the hour of the gloaming,
Mystery haunteth each tree-covered isle,
Far off the gleam of the white cascade foaming,
Night winds to love and to song would beguile;
Still in the reeds the night wind is sighing,
Chanting the dirge of the day that is dying.

What is there else that the night wind is telling,
Whispering low in the pines on the hills;
Sighing and sobbing, anon ever swelling,
Melody mingling with song of the rill?
What is the secret the night wind is sighing,
Ebbing and flowing when daylight is dying?

Many a fragment of eerie tradition,
Many a tale of love that is true,
Many a legend and old superstition,
Told in the time of the falling of dew.
These are the songs that the night wind is singing,
When dark pinioned night from the eastward is winging.

DAVID BRUCE,

LIKE the late Robert Tennant, is a postman and a melodious poet. The son of a working shoemaker, he was born at Cupar Fife in 1860. Being the fourth of ten children, and his father's weekly wages never exceeding ten shillings, his early edu-

cation was scanty. At ten years of age he was sent to learn the trade of a tailor, and on completing his apprenticeship he went to Glasgow, where he resided for several years. He returned to Coupar in weak health, but daily walks by his "ain burnside" brought back his wonted strength, and not being particularly fond of tailoring, he applied for a situation in connection with the post-office, and was appointed one of the letter-carriers in his native town, which situation he at present holds.

When our poet went first to Glasgow, he knew nothing of grammar, and "blushed at the sight of his own signature," but by dint of diligent practice he was soon able to write a good hand, and also mentally improve himself. Mr Bruce has contributed verse with much acceptance to the columns of the *Fife Herald* and other newspapers. He sings in the praise of local scenery with much sweetness, and his miscellaneous poems show neatness of phrase, pleasing thought, and freshness of imagery.

THE CITY OF THE SAD.

(Suggested by a walk to a Lunatic Asylum.)

A strange weird stillness chains the earth and sky;
A gloom hangs over flower, and field, and wood;
A mystic thrilling dims the mind's quick eye,
Deep'ning the solitude.

Whence came that hollow, wild, unearthly yell
That wakes the solemn echoes of the lonely wood?
The echoes die! and gathering fancies tell
The wreck of womanhood.

Perhaps the voice that shrieked that ghost-like sound
Hath mourned a mother from a father's hearth—
With fondest love hath decked the grassy mound
That gave to madness birth.

Or else she may have loved with fondest faith
Some secret one the world may never know,
Till disappointment with its blighting breath
Changed joy to bitter woe.

Again ! she may have sought her blessed Lord
To light her darkened soul and make her glad,
Till growing weary, flung aside His word,
And thus, alas ! gone mad.

Now fitful fancy's fevered train of thought
Hunts after reason through the brain's glib cell
In vain, to find 'midst senses over-wrought
Some settled spot to dwell.

Oh, noble man ! oh, woman, gentle, mild,
Essence of thought sublime and light of love !
Can there remain in you, e'en as a child,
A sense of Him above,

Who stills the storm and makes the calm appear,
Restores to life the dust that fills the urn,
Lifts up the fallen, dries the widow's tear,
And comforts them that mourn ?

Silence is the only answer. Earth and sky
Share in the gloom o'er flower, and field, and wood,
A mystic thrilling dim's the mind's quick eye,
Deep'ning the solitude.

Weird whisperings bid me quit this lonesome wait,
Nor ever grieve too much, nor be too glad,
Lest it may lead me to this gloomy gate—
The City of the Sad.

GIN I HAD A LAD O' MY AIN.

Oh, dowie's the cosy fire en',
An' sair 'tis to toddle alane,
An' see ilk bit lassie I ken,
Wi' her laddie out sportin' at e'en.
Can it be that my beauty is puir ?
Can it be that I canna behave ?
Oh, I kenna the cause or the cure,
But I wish I'd a lad like the lave.
Oh, gin I had a lad o' my ain,
I wad gie him a heart fond an' true,
I wad kiss him and cuddle him fain,
Gin I had a laddie to lo'e.

There's Sandy the miller, next door,
I aft think his wealth will be mine,
For the laddie ance asked me afore,
An' he's maister o' twa mills sin' syne.
I buy a' my meal frae his mill,
An' I get a' my milk frae his kye,
An' I never said a word, guid or ill,
That wad gar him be keen to gang by.
But gin I had a lad o' my ain, &c.

There's Jamie, the pride o' the toon,
Wha sae modest and bonnie as he?
His smile ilka sorrow can droon,
An' sweet blinks his bricht hazel e'e.
He has horse, he has hens, and a quey,
A bit land, and an acre o' grass;
'Od, I think I will lie in his way,
An' gie 'im a bit smile as I pass.
For gin I had a lad o' my ain, &c.

An' there's Johnnie, a fine, decent chield,
He has sax hunder sheep in the fauld,
He is laird o' a fine cosy bield,
An' his mither, puir body's, growin auld.
I could help her to bake an' to wash,
Keep the hoose snod, while Johnnie an' me
Could cleed her an' keep a' her cash,
And cheer her auld heart till she dee.
But gin I had a lad o' my ain, &c.

But Sandy, an' Jamie, an' John,
An' mony braw laddies I see,
Wi' their lasses gang aft doon the loan,
An' there's no ane left looking for me.
Sae I fear I maun toddle my lane,
Sin' I've juppin' sae far ower my teens,
Staff in hand to some garret abune
Wi' a cat an' a parrot for frien's.
But gin I had a lad o' my ain, &c.

FIFE, AN' A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.

The Hielands brag o' war-like clans,
And rugged rocks whaur eagles shelter,
High tow'rin' hills an' deep dark glens,
Whaur torrents rush out helter-skelter;
But tow'rin' Bens and dark ravines
Are free to them whase love can suit it;
I wadna tak' their boasted scenes
For Fife or ae bit land about it.

What though o' clans they brag an' blaw,
And wild-like scenes; nane e'er saw ony
Sicht half sae grand, here or awa',
Than Howe o' Fife, sae braid an' bonnie.
Nae heather trash, or torrents rash,
But peace and plenty, dinna doubt it,
For eident hands mak' fertile lands
O' Fife an' a' the lands about it.

Adown the hills rin bonnie rills,
Wi' here and there a cosy clachan,
While flooers an' grain whilk fill the plain
Send sunshine owre her landscape lauchin',

Wi' busy mills an' weel-filled mines,
She warsels through an' ne'er 'ill moot it,
But keeps hersel', an' brichter shines
Auld Fife an' a' the lands about it.

Wha hasna heard o' Cam'ron Brig,
Or Leven saut and Markinch sabies,
Or ancient houffs whaur ye may dig
For kings that moulder in her abbeys.
Though scant o' cash, 'twill thole nae snash
Frae ither lands that try to cloot it,
But firm defies a' wha'd despise
Bauld Fife or ae bit land about it.

Sae though they brag o' lonely tarns
An' passes wild wi' nature's bounties,
"The Kingdom's" dens, her braes, her burns
Wad deck the brawest norland counties;
Her fields are fair—I'll tell you mair—
The nation couldna dae without her;
Sae joy an' health, long life an' wealth,
To Fife an' a' the folk about her.

SLEEP.

Blest messenger of peace,
Soul of some cause divine,
Say what strange spell of magic power
Steals gently through the lonely hour
And binds our hearts to thine.
No earth-born force
Dare stay thy course,
Nor man's inventive mind faint trace thy silent source.

All beasts that live and die
On earth, in air, or sea—
The soldier on the battle-plain,
The sailor on the troubled main,
Find rest and peace in thee.
Yea! lions wild
Thou hast beguiled,—
Kind nature yields to thee, and thou art nature's child.

For thee, when revels o'er,
Much would the gay forego—
The poor and lonely find in thee
An oil to calm life's troubled sea,
For thou canst conquer woe;
Grief flies away,
And 'neath thy sway
Earth's gloomy night is lost in Heaven's eternal day.

For then what dreams arise,
To dazzle mortal sight,
Celestial peace with friendship blends,
There love is law, there sorrow ends
While pure, and calm, and bright;
High Seraphim
And Cherubim
Around God's Holy Throne chant an immortal hymn.

Then guardian of our souls
Clasp thou our erring hands,
Oh guide us to our Father's side,
And lead us not where sinners hide,
And Satan, tempting, stands;
From sin's increase
Grant thou release,
Great Captain of our cares, oh germ, oh fount of peace!

Descend celestial dove,
My weary eyelids close,
Come from the regions of the blest,
And 'neath thy wings I'll softly rest
Deep in thy soul's repose,
While world's roll
From pole to pole,
Till death steal gently on, and soothe my longing soul.

ALEXANDER WINTON BUCHAN.

AYRSHIRE has long been the land of song, and while none can approach its royal bard, still many have trodden diligently his footsteps, animated by somewhat of his inspired energy, and refreshing themselves with invigorating draughts from the perennial wells by the way. We have repeatedly shown that the race of singers has not disappeared, and we now have much pleasure in introducing to our readers a name that will live as one of the most thoughtful and sweetest of the Ayrshire poets.

Alex. Winton Buchan, the author of the well-known poem "The Song of Rest"—a poet of strong imaginative powers, and whose productions are often adorned with images of rare poetic beauty—was born at Kilmarnock in 1814. He was the only remaining son of honest working people, and received a good education. His mother, who had fine literary tastes, died when he was about thirteen, and at the early age of seventeen he became a teacher. He did not, however, deliberately choose teaching as a profession, but rather was gently drawn into it. A neighbour, we are told, having been spoken to by several farmers who were on the outlook for a teacher for the "Side School" at Underhills, in the parish of Craigie, said—"there is a nice lad ower the street that would answer you fine." Mr Buchan was offered the situation, and, humble as it was, he gladly accepted it, thinking that, as his health was not good, the bracing air of the country would act beneficially.

In a series of excellent sketches of the "Irvine Poets" appearing in the *Express* of that town, by, we understand, the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, an esteemed minister at Dollar, we are told that so precocious was the intellectual development of our poet that he seems to have "stepped at once from the position of a pupil to that of a "master!" In this situation Mr Buchan remained for two years, when he removed to Kilmarnock, where he proved himself a very successful teacher, and thence, when not yet twenty-one years of age, he was invited to a school at Irvine, which he conducted from 1838 to 1843, when, through his fame as a teacher, he was appointed to St James's Parish School, Great Hamilton Street, Glasgow. Here he taught with much success for fifteen years, after which he removed to the west end of the city, and conducted for other fifteen years West Regent Street

and Bath Street Academy. As illustrating his energy and love of culture, it should be mentioned that while connected with St James's School, and prosecuting his laborious duties as a teacher, he attended the University, took all the usual art classes, and fulfilled the regular college curriculum of four sessions. He has now retired from the active duties of his profession, and enjoys a well-earned repose in the pleasant town of Saltcoats. Here Mr Buchan occasionally cultivates the muse—in his own words "he hums away still"—and enriches "the poet's corner" of the newspapers by his more recent productions.

Mr Buchan first appeared as an author in 1866, when he published the "Song of Rest, and other Poems." This work met with such an encouraging reception that in 1873 he was induced to follow it up with a dramatic poem entitled "Esther"—a poem which, although perhaps not so popular as his miscellaneous and less ambitious verses, shows that the author is not only well read in his subject, but that he has also the power, to a considerable degree, of unfolding shades of character, and developing them in action. Throughout the poem there is a grave and dignified tone, and the thoughts are often adorned with images of rare beauty. "The Song of Rest" pictures in beautiful colours the life of man from childhood to old age, following him through all the chequered scenes of earth, through all his failures and successes, his trials and joys, and through all his wanderings, until he reaches the home of peace—the high eternal rest. While there are scattered throughout it the traces of deepest feeling and the expressions of loftiest aim, the characteristic tone of the whole is that of a subdued well-regulated spirit which has passed through many a varied experience, and has at length found rest in the beautiful, the good, and the true. There are many passages giving signs of the warm heart and true

motive in the all-important labour of educating the young. We have touching memories of the happy days of childhood and old school companions, and as it is difficult to give quotations from a poem of such length without destroying its unity, and interfering with the skill and imaginative strength of the poet, we must content ourselves by showing the natural ease and grace with which he depicts the scenes in the playground of a country school during the time set apart for recreation.

> "Happy forms are there,
> Clear voices ringing through the summer air;
> Life, hope, and health, and wit with endless freak,
> And rosy laughter, with his dimpled cheek
> And shaking sides, clapping his joyous hands,
> All heedless of the schoolroom's stern commands.
> Their brows are shaded by no cloud of care;
> The fragrant breezes wave their glossy hair;
> Their satchels, from their willing backs unbound,
> Lie with their caps upon the welcome ground.
> Some spin the top, some strike the bounding ball,
> Some tig and run, some ride upon the wall,
> Some dart the marble with unerring aim,
> While others, stooping, watch the skilful game;
> Some overleap a comrade bending low,
> Some give and take in sport the friendly blow.
> Their happy spirits sparkle in their eyes,
> Bound in their limbs, and echo in their cries,
> No errors past wake up repentant tears,
> No coming sorrow calls for present fears;
> Their hearts are busy and their thoughts are free,
> Joy wings this hour, the next they do not see."

In the more popular department of lyric literature Mr Buchan has produced several songs expressing with the utmost simplicity and tenderness the pathos of the domestic life of the humble classes. Mr Wilson, in his sketch already alluded to, says Mr Buchan's "poetic vocabulary is copious, his expression always clear, and sometimes sweet and strong, while his versification, always correct, is not seldom also marked by a subtle and pleasing melody." We entirely agree with this estimation; and these features come out perhaps more strikingly in his minor poems

and songs. Occasionally our poet shows a happy vein of pleasantry and quiet humour; and when he chooses to make use of the Scottish dialect, it is in the pure expressive Doric of the classic writers of the grand old speech. Altogether, in everything that Mr Buchan has written, there is evidence of a heart fully strung to give out the purest and tenderest tones of love, and faith, and Christian sympathy. In illustration of his themes, he brings materials gathered from within his own observation and experience, and in all his productions there is evidence of the true poet, lively imagination, a sound knowledge of poetic diction, beautiful and attractive imagery, and simple and unaffected language.

MY HEART'S NO MY AIN.

Awa' wi' thae offers o' goud and o' gear,
And awa' wi' the love that sic offers can gain;
My heart is a jewel that canna be coft,—
And mither, dear mither, my heart's no my ain.
The auld laird could mak' me a leddie, I ken,—
But what were a carriage and silk gown to me,
When wi' the young shepherd that wons in the glen
Contented and happy I only could be.

The burnie that wimples by yon castle wa'
Sings saftly to me in my sweet gloamin' dream,
But lang ere it reaches yon mist-cover'd hill,
Its music is drown'd in the big roaring stream;
And sae the young lassie that blooms in the cot,
Transplanted, would wither and fade in the ha';
And her voice that sang blythe in her ain bonnie glens,
In the struggle o' fashion, would soon die awa'.

Ah, yes! my poor bosom would weep were it ta'en
Awa frae these hills and these meadows sae green;
It would lang for the time when sae merry I sped
To weir in the sheep in the calm summer e'en;
It would sigh for the wild flowers sae modest and pure,
The gowdspink and linnet that warble sae clear;
But oh, it would break when my memory brought back
The young shepherd laddie that lo'ed me sae dear.

But no! I shall never prove fause to my love—
Do you see yon green shaw smiling gay in the sun?
My Sandy waits there in its close leafy shade—
We trysted to meet when the day's wark was done.

Sae awa' wi' thae offers o' goud and o' gear,
And awa' wi' the love that sic offers can gain ;
My heart is a jewel that canna be coft,—
And mair, my dear mither, my heart's no my ain.

HAME IN THE MORNING GRAY.

When Jamie came to woo and win—
For win my heart did he—
Frae morn till e'en, at our house en',
I wrought and sang wi' glee ;
And now that we are man and wife,
And the bairns are at my fit,
My Jamie loe's me mair and mair,
And I sing the blyther yet.
Oh he sails south, and he sails north,
In Irvine's bonnie bay,
And takes the luck God sends, and hame
He comes in the morning gray.

Oh there they go, the fisher lads,
And there the dark-sail'd boats,
But Jamie's is the brawest craft
On the kindly wave that floats ;
For I see it mair through a warm, true heart,
Than through a cauldrife e'e,
And love in the thing that it lo'es weel
Can nought but beauty see.
Oh he sails south, and he sails north,
In Irvine's bonnie bay,
And catch he many, or catch he few,
He's dear in the morning gray.

The Arran hills in the gloaming fade,
And the bonnie Heads o' Ayr,
And Aisla Craig in his hazy plaid
Has wrapped his breast sae bare ;
While a gentle breeze frae the south comes up
And curls the skinkling sea,—
My lad will ha'e good luck the nicht,
Good luck for the bairns and me.
Oh he sails south, and he sails north,
In Irvine's bonnie bay,
And hame wi' a thousand three times told
He'll come in the morning gray.

Oh lie ye still, my sweet wee bird,
Your sister's sound asleep,
And faither in his bonnie boat
By the nets his watch doth keep ;
He'll draw them syne, and the silver fish
He'll bring to you and me ;
For wi' the lave he'll get his share—
And there's plenty in the sea.

So he sails south, and he sails north,
In Irvine's bonnie bay,
And oh that Heaven may bring him hame
Aye safe in the morning gray.

FREEDOM'S WAR-SONG.

Brothers, patriots, sons of freedom,
Heaven has brought the pray'd-for hour;
Face to face we stand confronted
By the bloody tyrant's power.
Now the sword of righteous vengenance
Quivers in the oppressor's eyes,
Heralding his dread destruction
Ere yon sun forsakes the skies.

See the goddess Freedom beckoning,
Mark the glory of her face,
What prevents her sons from rushing
Into her divine embrace?
Shall the coward tyrant's legions,
Ministers of death and woe?
Up and hurl the living barrier
To its kindred shades below.

Hark! your country's voice indignant
Swelling from her battle plains,
"Shall the land where Freedom shelter'd
Now degraded wear the chains?
Shall the men whose freeborn mothers
Taught their infant lips to say,
God and freedom, home and country,
Crouch beneath a tyrant's sway?"

Crouch,—no never! by the birthright
Which our noble sires have given,—
Never! by our trembling children,—
Never! by our hopes of heaven.
Draw the sword, then, and remember
Heaven no second hour will give;
Raise the watchword, "Death or Victory!"—
On—ye true hearts—strike and live!

TO A CAGED SONG-BIRD.

Sweet native of the groves and open sky,
How comes it that within this narrow space
Wire-fenced thou pour'st with tremulous energy
A flood of melody, in which no trace
Of sorrow falls upon my listening ear
That thou hast lost thy liberty so dear?

Hast thou forgot the green fields and the stream,
The leafy glades, the boundless arch of blue?
And see'st thou never, even in springtide dreams,
Thy dear-loved mate, maternally so true,
Upon her nest, whiles from a neighbouring spray,
Resting from husband-toil, thou sing'st thy lay?

Has nature faithless tutor'd thee to sing
The songs of liberty in bondage vile,
So making tyranny a sweeten'd spring
Of summer joy thy weakness to beguile,
Thee having robb'd of all the heart doth prize,
Home, friendship, love, earth's flowers of paradise?

If so, 'tis well! And yet it is not well
That free-born life should learn to hug the chain;
Better, methinks, the prison'd heart should swell
With noble rage, till, finding effort vain
To 'scape the thrall, it break and cease to force
Life's crimson tide along its weary course.

But no! the voice of nature is not dead
Within thy frame; for true to her soft hand—
Soft as a mother's on her darling's head—
Thy heart-strings thrill responsive with the band
Of feather'd choristers that make the groves
All resonant with music of their loves.

When rosy-handed morn unbars the east,
And earth and sea laugh into life and joy,
Thou know'st the hour; and, like a faithful priest,
Arisest straight thy sweet gift to employ
In praising Him who sits above the sky,
But ever beckons earth to venture nigh.

In spring and summer's love-awakening reign
Thou feel'st thy bosom thrill with soft desires,—
What is it else that makes thee dash in vain
Thy little bill against these cruel wires,
And in the gloaming cower upon that spar,
Like one from home and country banish'd far?

These shrill notes echoing from thy captive cell
Are but a protest 'gainst the lawless power
That placed thee there all hopelessly to dwell,
Torn from thy mate and summer-builded bower.
Yes! strains of freedom sung in slavery
The tyrant tell "The free-born should be free."

I freedom love, and in her full defence
Would boldly dare, if need were bravely die,—
Sooth are these words—then under what pretence
Keep I thee, linnet, from thy native sky?—

I do thee wrong,—but oh 'tis love to thee
That holds thee, now at least, in slavery.

For captured in the woods—but not by me—
Shut long within this cage, thy wing untried,
Poor weakling were I now to set thee free,
Thou couldst not winter's shivering blasts abide ;
If spring were here I think I'd let thee go—
When spring was here my tender fears said no.

But pleased am I to note that thou hast come
To know me lovingly, for when my nail
I draw across the wires of thy cage-home,
Calling thee Dick, poor Dick, thou dost not fail
To answer with a chirp, and turn thine eye
With sidelong glance upon me tenderly.

Love is the element in which the heart
Doth live and grow ; so, linnet, be at rest,
And charm me with those notes, untaught by art,
That I may learn to soothe the weary breast
Of human nature with some poet strain,
That, heard but once, shall never die again.

I, linnet, like thyself, am prisoner too
Within this city, kept from year to year,
All anxious to escape to taste a true
Repose of mind 'mong scenes to memory dear
With my soul's mate, and with her meekly mourn
"O'er joys departed never to return."

There weeds in season, water from the spring,
And grateful seeds thou shouldst have these in store,
And when the sun his influence did fling
Athwart the earth, outside my cottage door
Thou wouldst outshower thy notes upon the air
To swell the joy outbursting everywhere.

But the great Father wills that we remain
In this vast Babel yet a little while—
To His decree we humbly say "Amen"—
But anxious that on us His face may smile,
Or here, or in that long'd-for rural rest,
For then, and only then, we can be blest.

So, linnet, sing meanwhile, and I shall dream
Of trees and streams, of meads, of hills and dales
Of rustic life, the poet's darling theme,
Content that here where man's weak hand prevails
God keeps my love for nature pure and strong
Even by my cagèd linnet's simple song.

SECRET SIGHS.

They are falling, falling round me,
  Like the leaves in Autumn's blast;
On the lovely boughs of friendship
  My longing eyes I cast—
But I miss, oh! many a dear one,
  And hark! that doleful moan,
Through the spectral branches sighing,
  "Thou wilt soon be left alone"

Oh, tell me, Memory, tell me!
  Can it be that I am old?
It seems but just like yesterday,
  Since I was brisk and bold
Among my young companions;
  But now I, starting, find
They have gone, and left me standing
  In the whistling Autumn wind.

They are falling, falling quickly—
  Do the children look at me,
As I looked upon the old man's face,
  In my days of childish glee?
I cannot, cannot think it,
  For my heart is tender still,
But then, where are my old friends
  If I feel not age's chill?

Oh, surely, I have wandered
  From the earth I knew of yore;
Then all was bright, behind, beside,
  But brightest still before;
Then, fairy music charmed the air,
  And day still chased black night,
And loving hearts were ever near
  To taste and give delight.

But now, ah! woe it is to think
  Regret, and loss, and fear,
Are bearing sway around my path
  Throughout the weary year;
Now gloomy night o'er-rides the day,
  And sound is but a moan—
My oft-put question echoing back,—
  "Where are my old friends gone?"

They pain me, those new faces,
That stare and rush along;
And 'tis a language strange and cold
I hear amid the throng;
Their joys and griefs, I know them not,—
And oh! *they* cannot tell
The depth of sad and sparkling thought
Which in *my* soul doth dwell.

Dear friends!—how could you leave me?
Oh, ye were good and fair,
And bright, and blythe, and quick, and true,
And free from selfish care;
And I was full of trust and love,
But yet I've lived to say:
"Oh, strangers! kindly look on me,
My friends have fled away."

Where have ye hidden from me?
Alas! and is it true
That ye are sleeping 'neath the shade
Of cypress and of yew?
Ah! then, I should be leaning now
Upon the lettered stone
That speaks your worth, for, in this crowd,
Indeed, I *am alone.*

MRS STUART MENTEATH.

ALTHOUGH the heroic struggles of Wallace and of Bruce for freedom and independence can never be forgotten by Scotchmen, and while the remembrance of their deeds will serve to nerve the patriot's arm, and continue to shine like beacon lights of liberty till latest time, still the more recent contendings of the Covenanters have, in some degree, withdrawn the gaze of the modern sons of freedom

from the earlier heroes, to fix it on those who battled so bravely for religious liberty:

> "And now for them the poet's lyre
> Oft wakes its notes of heavenly fire."

Burns had a word to say on their behalf, so also had James Hogg, he doing so with power and pathos, both in his poetry and prose. James Graham, in his beautiful poem "The Sabbath," has sung of their undaunted deeds in strains that will never die. The harp of Cowper never gave forth a truer or a loftier tone than when he sung—

> "They lived unknown
> Till persecution dragged them into fame,
> And chased them up to heaven!"

James Hyslop has breathed one short but deathless song in praise of Cameron and the slaughtered heroes of Airsmoss. William M'Dowall celebrates them quite as worthily in his "Nithsdale Martyrs;" and James Murray melts the heart and moistens the eye in his touching "Songs of the Covenant Times;" but the most sustained and truly noble poetic tribute which ha sever been laid upon their tombs is the one by the subject of this sketch.

Mrs Menteath is sprung from one of the most worthy families of Wigtonshire, and is the youngest daughter of the late Major-General Agnew of Dalreagle. She, however, was born in London, where, and on the continent, she resided till she had reached the age of nineteen, and, till then, she knew nothing of the religious struggles of her country. At that time she made a long summer visit to her father's friends at Lochnaw Castle, in Wigtonshire, when a new world of thought opened upon her, and hence the burning fervour and the lofty enthusiasm with which she sings of our Covenanting ancestors.

In 1841 she was united in marriage to Alexander, sixth son of the late Sir Charles Granville Stuart

Menteath of Closeburn and Mansfield, Bart. Shortly after, several spirited poems from her pen appeared from time to time in different publications, and were much and deservedly admired.

In 1851, this gifted lady collected some of these poems, which with others, all commemorative of scenes and incidents in the Covenanting era, she published under the title of "Lays of the Kirk and Covenant." These at once became popular. She is not merely the poet of the Covenanters, however, but is also a sweet singer of Nature and her boundless and numberless beauties. The influence of the varied and delightful scenery of her ancestral Galloway (where she read Rutherford's letters beneath the shadow of his own kirk wall of Anwoth) is largely seen and felt in her fresh and vigorous poems. The lone crest of the mountain; the woods of summer green, with their dew-dripping branches; the bluebells by the brook; the quiet valleys; the grey mists creeping over the hills; the clear and indescribable beauty of the light of the autumn morning; the lichen-covered stones which mark the martyrs' graves; with "the murmur loud and cadence low" of the never-silent sea, give visions of delight, and glow through her vigorous and harmonious verse.

Notwithstanding a long life of exile on the continent—at first for the health of her children, latterly for her own—Mrs Menteath has still a heart as warm as ever towards all that relates to Scotland and the Covenanting times. These circumstances have prevented her from publishing another volume, though the "Lays" soon passed into a second edition, besides one or two in America. The work, however, has been out of print, and much sought after, for more than thirty years. We trust that it will not be long until a new edition is in the hands of the public; and that to these will be added some of the poems which Mrs Menteath occasionally contributed to

various periodicals. Our space will only permit of one quotation from

THE MARTYRS OF WIGTON.

Ay ! bonnie hills of Galloway, the clouds above ye driven,
Make pleasant shadows in your depths, with glints and gleams of heaven ;
And ye have fairy hidden lakes deep in your secret breast,
Which shine out suddenly like stars, as sunbeams go to rest.
And ye have dells and greenwood nooks, and little valleys still,
Where the wild bee bows the harebell down, beside the mountain rill ;
And over all grey Cairnsmore glooms—a monarch stern and lone,
Though the heather climbs his barrenness, and purples half his throne.

O ! bonnie hills of Galloway, oft have I stood to see,
At sunset hour, your shadows fall, all darkening on the sea ;
While visions of the buried years came o'er me in their might—
As phantoms of the sepulchre—instinct with inward light !
The years—the years—when Scotland groaned beneath her tyrant's hand,
And it was not for the heather she was called the "purple land,"
And it was not for their lovliness her children blessed their God,
For the secret places of the hills—and the mountain heights untrod.

Oh ! as a rock those memories still breast time's surging flood,
Her more than twice ten torture years of agony and blood !
A lurid beacon light they gleam upon her pathway now,
They sign her with the Saviour's seal—His cross upon her brow !
And never may the land whose flow'rs spring fresh from Martyrs' graves
A moment parley hold with Rome—her minics—or her slaves ;
A moment falter with the chains, whose scars are on her yet,
Earth must give up her dead again, ere Scotland can forget.

A grave—a grave is by the sea—a place of ancient tombs—
A restless murmuring of waves for ever o'er it comes—
A pleasant sound in summer tide—a requeim low and clear,
But oh ! when storms are on the hill, it hath a voice of fear.
So rank and high the tomb weeds wave around that humble stone,
Ye scarce may trace the legend rude, with lichen half o'ergrown ;
But ask the seven years' child that sits beside the broken wall,
He will not need to spell it o'er—his heart hath stored it all.

A peasant's tale—a humble grave—two names on earth unknown ;
But Jesus bears them on his heart before the eternal throne ;
And kings and heroes yet shall come to wish their lot were bound,
With those poor women slumbering beneath the wave-girt ground.
The earth keeps many a memory of blood as water poured—
The peasant summoned at his toil to own and meet his Lord—
The secret hungering of the hills, where none but God might see—
Ay, Earth had many martyrs—but these two were of the sea.

. . . . . .

"The redcoats, lass ; the redcoats !" cry the weans from off the street ;
Who knows but Claver'se' evil eye may blast them if he meet !
Nay, only Bruce and Windram come, but oh ! wae worth the way—
They have gotten Gilbert Wilson's bairns in their cruel hands to-day !
See Annie, bonnie Annie ! oh but she is wasted sore,
With weary wandering on the hills—this seven month and more—
And Margaret, with her bleeding feet, and weather-stained brow—
But surely One alone could breathe the calm upon it now !
She recks not of the jibing words those ruthless soldiers speak—
She recks not of her bleeding feet—her frame so worn and weak ;
She sees not even the pitying looks that follow as she goes—
Her soul is filled so full of pray'r—that God alone she knows !
Long hath she looked for such a day—with awe and shuddering dread
Its terror in the night hath fallen, haunting her cavern bed ;
And she hath prayed in agony, that if He might not spare,
Jesus would bear her charges then, and He hath heard her prayer.

They have brought her to their judgment hall—a narrow prison room,
And once she looked up as she crossed from sunlight into gloom,
And a sound of bitter weeping close behind her now she hears,
And she wished her hands unshakled, just to dry her mother's tears.
They have questioned of her wanderings –they have mocked her with their words—
They have asked her if the Covenant could shield her from their swords,
Or if she sought a miracle to test her call the more—
That she ventured to her father's home—right past the curate's door.

. . . . . .

"O man! but they are bitter tears, ye cause the houseless weep,
With haunting thoughts of food and fire—that will not let them sleep,
And temptings of home words and ways—even whispering as they pray,
Until another takes the load—once tempted even as they!"
There was a murmur through the crowd—first hope, and then despair,
For in the scoffing laugh of Bruce—was that he could not spare—
"O lass! ye should hae ta'en the bay—ere there was light to see!"
She answered to that pitying voice—"I dared na for the sea!"

Alas! it is a little stroke draws from the flint the fire—
And but a little spark may light the martyr's funeral pyre—
And in the hearts of evil men, such mischiefs smouldering herd,
That cruel thought, to cruel deed, may kindle at a word!
"Ho, ho, the sea, the raging sea, and can it tame your pride!
My sooth! we'll frame a covenant with the advancing tide—
To-morrow, when the dawn is dull, in Blednoch Bay we'll see
What mild persuasion harbours in the cold kiss of the sea!"

. . . . . .

The guards are met, the stakes are set, deep, deep within the sand,
One far toward the advancing tide, one nearer to the land;
And all along the narrow shore, that girdles in the bay,
Small groups of anxious watchers come—as wane the stars away!
Low lie the fog-clouds on the hills, blank in their curtained screen,
Each crest of beauty veils its brow from that abhorred scene;
While eastward far, the straining eye through mist and gloom may see
Large raindrops plashing heavily into the dull, sad sea.

They come—they come—a distant sound—a measured marching, soon
On mail-clad men the dewdrops rain from off thy woods Baldoon!
The trodden grass, the trampled flow'rs—alas, poor emblems they
Of all a despot's iron heel was crushing down that day—
They shall revive—the harebell, see, uprears its crest again,
The falling dew hath cleans'd anew its purity from stain,
And thus beneath the oppressor's tread and hell's opposing powers,
God's truth throughout the land shall spring, a sudden growth of flowers.

. . . . . .

Sad silence deepened on the throng as near and nearer came
The victims to their place of doom—the murderers to their shame—
And there were blank and hopeless looks, white lips dry parched with fear,
Low murmurs—suddenly suppressed, lest they who rule should hear—
And men bowed down with women's tears until the sod was wet,
But Bothwell Brig unnerved their arm, and crushed their manhood yet.
Woe for the land! the despot's rule hath lined its soil with graves—
And left beneath the frown of God—but taskmasters and slaves!

. . . . . .

A sound—it cometh from the sea! and many a cheek is pale—
A freshening wind and fast behind—that hurrying voice of wail—
"Beshrew my heart"—cries Windram now—"haste comrades while ye may;
With Solway speed, I red ye heed—the tide comes in to-day,—
Now, mother, to the stake amain, your praying time is past—
Or pray the breakers, if ye will, they race not in so fast!"—
Her grey hairs streaming on the wind—they bear her to the bay,
While nearer roars the hungry sea, that raven's for its prey.

And Margaret stands, with cold clasped hands, that bitter sight to see,
And now toward her own death-place they guide her silently;
A sudden impulse swayed the crowd, as those young limbs were bound—
A moment's movement—stilled as soon—a shiver through a wound,
And they have left her all alone, with that strong sea before,
A prayer of faith's extremity faint mingling with its roar;
And on the eyes that cannot close—those grey hairs streaming still,
While round about, with hideous rout—the wild waves work their will.

. . . . . .

They will not cease—they will not sleep—those voices of the wave,
For ever, ever whispering, above the martyr's grave;
'Tis heard at night, 'tis heard at noon—the same low wailing song,
In murmur loud, in cadence low—"How long, O Lord, how long."
A cry against thee from the tide, O tyrant banned of Heaven!
It meets the blood-voice of the earth, and answer shall be given!
A little while—the cup fills fast—it overflows for thee—
And thine extremity shall prove, the vengeance of the sea.

Ay! gnash thy teeth in impotence, the fated hour is come,
And ocean with her strength of waves bear the avenger home,
See! eager thousands throng the shore to hail the advancing fleet,
While baffled Dartmouth vainly strives that heaven-sent foe to meet,
And post, on hurrying post crowds fast, with tidings of dismay,
How the glassed waters lull to aid the landing of Torbay—
Away! prepare thy coward flight, thy sceptre scourge cast down,
The sea pursues thee with its curse—thou King without a crown.

FRAGMENTS.

(Intended for a later edition of the "Lays.")

Far off amidst the hills,
The wild bird hath her secret nest,
And the lone trickling mountain rills
Gladden the earth's green breast;
And there the sun's last rays are thrown,
And there the storm-cloud broods alone,
And Spring's soft dews, and Summer's glare
Freshen and fade the wild flowers there!

Why should I seek the spot?
Are there not lovelier scenes by far,
Wild woods, where day intrudeth not,
Skies, that neglect the star.
Why should I track the hunter's path,
Why should I brave the tempest's wrath,
To stand with thee at evening lone,
Beside a lichen-mantled stone!

Hush! this is holy ground:—
Thou, who this very day hast prayed,
Thy children kneeling all around,
None making thee afraid,
Muse on that time when praise and prayer
Ascended through the midnight air,
Only from lips and hearts nerved high,
To glorify their God, and die!

This is a martyr's grave!
And surely here the dews are given
In richer show'rs, and wild flowers wave
More in the smile of Heaven!
And something in the stirring air
Tells us that angel wings are there,
And angel watchers keep the space,
To be their own sweet resting place!

. . . .

They feared to tell his mother,
A widow poor and lone,
She had been deaf for many a year,
But she caught the first low tone!
Then suddenly stopped the whirring wheel,
And suddenly snapped the thread!
As she tossed her withered arms to heaven,
With one wild heart cry—Dead!
Well hast thou sped, my dear, dear son!
Soon hast thou reached the goal;—
The cruel archers shot at thee,
But they could not reach thy soul!

OLD FRIENDS.

Fair fell the light on Erskine's bowers,
'Twas summer's latest, loveliest day,
With two old friends I gather'd flowers,
And wiled the pleasant noon away!

The stately halls, the sheltering woods,
Brought other scenes before our eyes—
We seemed to gaze on Arno's flood,
To wander 'neath Italian skies.

And much we spoke of byegone days,
Where each sustained a mutual part,—
Those nothings, which a thousand ways,
Entwine old friendships round the heart.

O! mighty is the spell that lies
In having shared youth's springtime weather;
The heart has some deep melodies
Old friends alone can sing together!

We may have other holier ties,
We may be severed far and wide;
And dearer, deeper sympathies,
For all, and each may heaven provide.

But still, the sealed up, secret spring,
The fountain of life's freshness gone;
Where Hope first bathed her rainbow wing,
Can flow for early friends alone.

And still, when bends the suppliant knee
To blend beloved names in prayer,
The cushat voice of memory,
Murmurs of early loved one there.

MYLES MACPHAIL

WAS for a considerable number of years a bookseller in Edinburgh, and the publisher of a monthly ecclesiastical magazine bearing his name, which the Disruption in the Church of Scotland called into existence, and which, with considerable ability, took the side of the Establishment. Possessing much mental power, and being a man of excellent culture, he not only acted as editor of the magazine, but wrote largely for it himself. Pecuniary difficulties caused him to give up business, and to emigrate to Australia many years ago, where his literary friends soon after lost sight of him, nor are they able to say if he is still alive.

Although an occasional writer of poetry, his only separate publication was "Burns' Vision of the Future," which appeared in 1859. It is a vigorous and well-written poem, and greatly superior to the numerous odes and verses which appeared about that time on the same subject, and which, with wearisome and sickening inanity, still continue to flood the world. The following is the concluding part of

BURNS' VISION OF THE FUTURE.

He started back—a Figure stood
Whom once in vision he had seen;
Now she assumed a loftier mood,
A sterner and a haughtier mien.

Her brow was with the holly bound,
A tartan plaid was o'er her thrown,
She spoke—and as he looked around
Both hill and dale were fled and gone.

"You wished, you hoped, and breathed a prayer,
What future times would mark your name;
A deathless chaplet you shall wear,
Your country will protect your fame.

"As ruthless Time on Lethe's shore
Sweeps all into the silent sea,
He'll drop his scythe, and pass thee o'er—
He will not touch or injure thee.

"All hail! my own illustrious Son,
A far-off morn I will unveil—
That glorious future is thine own,
Behold it—'tis no idle tale."

He looked, and saw a palace fair,
It bore no crown or coronet;
No gloomy tower of stone was there,
No martyrs' blood it wore on it;

Its crystal domes caressed the sky,
The stars in wonder gazed to see
The fairest Fame ere raised on high
Since rose the earth from out the sea.

"Six thousand years of strife and blood,—
The Tyrant's rod—the Nation's cries;
Yet—there the People's Palace stood,
I knew it would one day arise.

"Art shone upon its crystal walls,
And Science all her trophies hung,
Its ancient and historic halls
Shrined all that ere was said or sung."

He gazed upon the rolling crowd,
While loud hurrahs broke on his ear:
'Some Victory gained," he said aloud,
"A Nation's thanks—a British cheer."

Fame grasped him by the hand and said,
"Thou long'st to know what that may be,
My Son," exclaimed the enraptured Maid,
"Behold—Thine own Centenary."

'Mid shouts and cheers the curtain fled,—
He gazed with awe and joy by turns,
A laurel crown entwined—the Head,—
The sculptured Form was—ROBERT BURNS.

CATHERINE PRINGLE CRAIG,

LONG an admired contributor to the *Glasgow Citizen* and other papers and magazines, and author of the well-known dramatic poem, entitled "Mary, the Mother of Jesus," as well as several volumes of poetry, was born in Brechin, in 1826. Her grandfather was for a long time the respected minister of the Secession Church in Kinclaven, Perthshire, and her father, at the time of her birth, was minister of the United Secession Church in Brechin. She left that town at an early age, and was brought up in the house of her grandfather. Miss Craig was at one time a frequent contributor to the magazines, but of late years she has suffered much on account of bad health and imperfect sight; and we have heard that literary friends and those who have derived pleasure and profit from the perusal of her works have of late been endeavouring to procure for her a grant from the Government Literary Fund.

Miss Craig's first appearance in print was in the pages of the *Glasgow Citizen*, and her youthful efforts were greatly encouraged by the poetical and talented Dr Hedderwick, who was then editor of that paper. So far back as 1844 she published a volume of poetry in Glasgow, entitled "Isidore, and other Poems," while "Mary, the Mother of Jesus," a work of much thought and chastened grace of expression, and which attracted wide attention, was published by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton in 1872; while her third volume, "Zella, and other Poems," was brought out by the same publishers in 1877.

Her best-known poem is written in a beautiful and reverent spirit, and the poet gathers the incidents

with which Mary's name is connected in Scripture and weaves them into smooth and elegant verse. At times it glows with pictures of great poetic beauty, while throughout the portrait of the mother of Jesus is drawn with dignity and meekness, fortitude and purity. The late George Gilfillan said—"The whole poem shines in the subdued light of reverence, and could only have been written by one combining the spirit of profound piety with that of female tenderness and poetical feeling." As showing the reverent spirit of the poet, one of the characteristics of the poem is the fact that while Christ himself—his work and suffering—constitutes the great theme, He is never introduced as a speaker. It is thus evident that she has adhered closely to the sacred narrative, simply endeavouring to impart the full detail and warm colouring of actual life to the outline which its statements and hints supply. We have only space for one quotation, and give the concluding scene, where Mary is represented conversing with her friends after the ascension. She has seen the end of the great mystery, and she surveys the whole with a plaintive satisfaction, longing for repose and triumphing in hope.

MARY TO SALOME.

"I ever in my prayers
Remember all my children, yet no more
Can I among them dwell. Jesus for me
More wisely chose, knowing my timid heart,
My spirit's weakness, ever prone to feel
Its sadness with the past, where he with John,
Arranged for me a home—not needed long.
I feel the evening of my life declines,
And the sweet night of peace and rest is near;
I know that Jesus will not leave me here
To faint beneath the weariness of earth;
I am not sad now, all my thoughts are tuned
To pleasant undertones of hope and joy;
Only my work seems o'er and I would sleep.

This mortal form is weak, and the deep woe
Of these four days has shaken all my strength ;
The sword that pierced His side struck through my heart.
That wound is bleeding still. Often I start,
Surprised by sudden pain, and press my hand
Upon my breast to check the rising moan."

Miss Craig's minor productions are all marked by sweetness, pathos, and piety, and show a heart and mind not only guided by intellectual power, but by the higher power of Christian love. She has evidently held sweet converse with the beauties of Nature and the sublime teachings of Scripture.

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

Child of the laughing eye, careless and free,
Tell me what smile of joy heaven wears for thee.

"The flowers of that land are all fairer than this,
And no winter comes o'er them to darken our bliss.
My lost mother is singing those bright bowers among ;
'Twill be heaven to hear her, so sweet is her song."

Maiden who weepest, sad and forlorn,
What dost thou sigh for in heaven's happy morn ?

" A friendship undying, a truth that shall last,
No fears for the future, no grief for the past ;
No cold frown to chill me in eyes that I love ;
This—this is the heaven I look for above."

Man of the furrow'd brow, wither'd and old,
Say, what do those realms to thine eyes unfold ?

" I am weary with breasting the billows of time,
And I long for the peace of that sunnier clime.
No toil and no trouble, no sorrow, no tears ;
I shall win back the freshness of youth's faded years."

Christian, scorn'd and forsaken, yet calm in thy faith ?
What seest thou beyond this cold region of death ?

" All, all that can waken glad thoughts within,—
A mind ever busy, yet no whisper of sin ;
My Saviour exalted, that glory I'll share,
And his love-breathing accents shall welcome me there,
All my work shall be worship, each song shall be
praise ;
Oh ! my joyous hosannas how fondly I'll raise

Unto Him who hath won me my robe and my crown,
And the sun of His favour no more shall go down.
Oft it shines on me here in this lowly abode,
And the holy heart's heaven is the smile of its God."

THE FLOWER O' THE MAY.

The baron's towers rise proud and strong, his lands lie wide and fair;
But his young daughter, Marjorie, is the sweetest floweret there.
Her mother looks wi' smiles o' love on the fair face at her side,
While her father counts her beauties o'er, wi' words o' mickle pride.
O many a lover sought her bower, wha sadly turned away,
For ill to please, and hard to win, was the baron's bonnie May.

There came a harper to the ha' when winter nights were lang;
He touch'd the strings wi' ready hand, and mony a lay he sang.
His cheek was wither'd o'er wi' age, his locks were thin and white,
But the e'e that on the maiden smiled, wi' youth's warm fire was bright.
His doublet was o' coarsest cloth, his cloak was worn and bare,
But on each was wrought a cross o' blue, in silken colours fair.

"Why do ye wear that cross o' blue, so bright wi' colours fine?"
"It is the badge o' a knight I served, in the wild wars o' langsyne."
But what has changed the gay maiden? her lightsome laugh is still'd,
And the cup she to the harper bears wi' trembling hand is fill'd.
Nae mair she dances through the ha', her step is hushed and slow;
And sittin' at her mother's side, her sighs come deep and low.
"Your sangs o' luve," the baron said, "they may ring sweet and clear,
They make my Marjorie to sigh, and ye bide nae langer here."

When summer came, and the young birks hung a' their tassels out,
And sweet scents met the westlin' winds that roam'd the glens about,
The maiden sought her woodland bower, beside the waters clear,
To see the yellow trout glide by, and the birdies sang to hear.
It canna be the mavis' note that sounds sae soft and low,
Wi' whispered words o' luve, that make her cheeks like crimson glow.
It canna be the harper auld, wha at her feet doth pray;
And yet he wears a cross o' blue upon his doublet grey.

"Oh, flee wi' me, fair Marjorie, I've loved ye true and lang,
And hameward to my southron ha' alone I canna gang:

'Twere vain to seek your father's towers, his pride and scorn to dr ee,
I would but pine in dungeon dark, and thou in sorrow be.
My steed is swift, my sword is bright, the way ye needna fear,
And four and twenty stalwart youths lie in the woodland near."

"I canna wi' a stranger flee, and leave my father's tower;
I'd wither like yon violet, stol'n frae her native bower.
Can I forsake my brothers brave, my mother fond and dear?
Oh, rise ye up ye gay gallant, your words I maunna hear."

The winter nights were lang and mirk, the sleet was driftin' white,
When by the gate the maid again spake wi' the southron knight.
"My followers a' are wear'in' sair, my sisters mourn for me;
Now I am come then, lady fair, to bid farewell to thee.
Your father will a' bridegroom find, nae bride shall e'er be mine,
Your norland skies are no sae cauld as that young heart o' thine.
Far distant on my homeward way, when breaks the dawn I'll be,
And ye wi' smiles may greet the day, and think nae mair o' me."

She laid her lily hand in his: "This night I'll be your bride,
I'll meet you at the lonely kirk, the twisted oak beside.
For you I'll leave my mountain hame, my brothers a' behind;
But waes me for my mother dear, my father, true and kind."

The cock crew loud before the ha', that sleepin' maids might hear;
The dawn came glintin' up the east, and touched the Ochils near;
Yet still beside the twisted oak, the southron knight doth stray:
"My bootless tryste nae mair I'll hold, it's time I were away."
He turned him round wi' hasty step, while the tear stood in his e'e;
"How could ye break your plighted troth, ye false, fair Marjorie?"

"O why this morn does bonnie May sae close her chamber keep?
I'll ride without my stirrup cup, since she sae sound maun sleep,
Unto her, when she seeks the ha', her father's blessin' tell,
But wake her not till I come back, if she wake not hersel'."

The gloamin' mists were gatherin' grey, when homeward frae the chase
The baron rode bold up the steep, and a cloud was on his face.
"The deer were swift, the hounds were slow, the ready scent they miss'd;
I rode without my stirrup cup, my May I hadna kiss'd."

Wi' heavy tramp he trod the ha', nor wife nor child could see.
"Oh sleeps she still," at last he said, "my bonnie Marjorie?"

In haste he to her chamber came, nae sleepin' maid was there,
But on her bed was left a lock o' her lang gowden hair;
And near it lay a snaw-white glove, mark'd wi' a cross o' blue,
And a feather that had aften flapp'd when far the raven flew.
The baron's brow grew black and stern, for well he read the sign.
"I'll make nae maen for that light leman, she is nae child o' mine."

They spread the feast as they were wont, held wassail in the ha',
In laugh and jest the baron's voice rang loudest o' them a'.
But oft her mother bent to hide the salt tears in her e'e,
And her brothers speir'd wi' wonderin' look, "Where can our sister be?"
But little kenn'd they a' how changed was that young smiling face,
And little wist the southron knight o' his bride's sleepin'-place.
In the dark stream beside the fa', aneath a treach'rous stane,
O there the bonnie Marjorie lies cauldly a' alane.

The Yule log blazed upon the hearth, and a' was cheer within,
When to the baron's door a hand came tirlin' at the pin.
The touch was light, as snow-flakes fa', or leaf by zephyr stirr'd,
And yet the sound rang out sae clear, that ilka reveller heard.
And they hae open'd wide the door, when there stood Marjorie,
Wha thought the maiden fair before, should now her beauty see.

In fairest robes o' silken sheen the lady she was drest,
And rarely wrought, a cross o' blue shone on her snowy breast:
Her hair was deck'd wi' roses gay, her gown wi' mony a flower,
That neither grew in lowland shaw, nor yet in highland bower.

"I am nae light leman," she said, "but a wedded bride sae true,
And I canna rest wi' me bridegroom, for the love I bear to you.
Gie me ae kiss, my mother dear, your blessin', father good."
The wonderin' baron raised his hand, and blest her where she stood,
Her brother rose to lead her in, but Marjorie was gone,
And on the floor a watery foot was marked upon the stone.

Sae they hae search'd the darksome stream, and there her corpse they found,
And now beside the twisted oak she sleeps in holy ground.
But frae that night, for her fair May, the mother grieved nae mair,
For she soon gaed to the bowers above, to meet her daughter there.
And still beneath the birks the stream gaes singing on its way,
But aye that maiden's name it bears, this water o' the May.

VOICES OF THE PAST.

When the gay morn smiles on vale and plain,
To the fond heart they come
Like the echo of a happy strain
Born from the spirit's home;
And a deeper charm o'er our joy is cast
By the gladsome voices of the past.

Musing alone, at the noontide hour,
They break on memory's ear,
Stirring the soul with a nameless power,
In their silvery tones so clear;
And bright young hopes that fled too fast
Come back on the voices of the past.

In the low soft breath of the evening air,
How sweet are their notes of love,
While no dark whisper of change or care
The listening heart can move!
But the present seems a desert vast
Peopled with visions of the past.

When the clouds of midnight veil the sky,
And no other sound is heard
From the secret caverns where they lie,
Each long-forgotten word
Returns with the force of a trumpet's blast
In the well-known voices of the past.

Hope shines on the brow of the future years—
A star to lure us on;
Bravely we struggle through doubts and fears,
And deem the strength our own;
Nor think how strangely our life is cast
In the mould of the deep-toned viewless past.

JOHN THOMSON.

EARLY impressions frequently tinge the future life, and so it has been the case in the career of the Rev. John Thomson, of St John's Church and Parish, Hawick. He was reared amid rural scenes, and his sermons and platform speeches abound with

illustrations drawn from pastoral pursuits. We get the first glimpse of our poet as a "laddie herdin' kye" on the banks of the Ale, on the farm of Hopeton, of which his father was farmer. Here, while surrounded with the hum of bees and the songs of birds, he is seen plaiting his helmet and sword of green rushes, and, hastening to the fray, defending the weak and overthrowing imaginary despots. At other times he betakes himself to the rustic labours of the farm. Amid the sandbanks of the murmuring stream he marks out a field, ploughs it with the branch of a tree, sows his seed, and carries home with joy his rustling sheaves. Frequently he has been heard to say that he did not like to hear the glad earth called the great mother of us all. She is too youthful—too buoyant and fresh for such an idea. "The sunrise is very dear to me, and when I wake up at early morn mid sparkling dews and glistening flowers, it appears as if all were fresh from the Great Creator's hands."

We are indebted for several of the following particulars to an interesting sketch of Mr Thomson's career that appeared some time ago in the *Hawick News*. At college he was a diligent and distinguished student. In the second Greek Class he was awarded a valuable prize for an essay proving a knowledge of the classics essential for the study of the law, medicine, and theology. In the moral philosophy class he was treated by Professor Wilson as a companion and friend rather than as a student, and the genial Professor spoke of him as one of his best students. Mr Thomson was licensed in 1853, and at once became assistant to the late Dr Munro, Campsie. He was also assistant for some time to the late Dr Gillan of St John's, Glasgow, and afterwards filled the same position to the late Mr Campbell, Selkirk. In 1857 he removed to Hawick to take charge of the Mission Station in the Old Church. By his great

activity in visiting, teaching, and preaching, the church and district were formed into a parish *quoad sacra*, and Mr Thomson was ordained in 1860. There he laboured with much success for nearly twenty years. On resigning his charge in 1879 he visited the Holy Land, and has since written and lectured much on the subject of its hallowed associations.

Mr Thomson was ordained to the new Church and Parish of St John's, Hawick, in 1881. As a preacher, his style is said to be original and unique, interesting and attractive. Although he alludes freely to passing events, he never fails to be thoroughly reverent and sincere. The temperance movement has ever found in him a warm supporter, and in his frequent appearances at public meetings he is received with enthusiasm. The young and poor are especially welcome at his beautiful residence of Rosalee, and many a hearth is made happy by his kind and seasonable gifts. He has also taken a deep interest in building societies and improved houses for working men, and has given much attention to the laws of health, having taught classes in physiology and kindred topics, and his practical hints on ventilation, exercise, food, and clothing have been productive of good results. He is also an ardent Freemason, and many of his poetical effusions are in praise of the "brotherhood."

Much of Mr Thomson's leisure time is devoted to literature, and he has published several works of importance, as well as racy sketches and short tales. He has also contributed learned papers to the Archæological Society on "Lake Dwellings" and other subjects. Mr Thomson has not yet published a separate selection of his poems and songs, but many of these have appeared in newspapers and magazines, and a number of them on patriotic subjects have been printed in the *Scotsman*. Several of

his songs have been wedded to music, and, being neat and tender, are quite popular. His poems evince ease and felicity of expression, and an imagination which can produce pictures of poetic beauty.

THE PLOUGHMEN LADS.

The ploughman lads are strong and true—
With head and heart we work together ;
Wise to revere
Earth's simple cheer,
And find in every man a brother.

All round the world from year to year,
Directed by the same kind Father,
Teach Fatherhood,
And Brotherhood,
And cease our scorn of one another.

The soldier draws his glistening blade,
And drains the life-blood of his brother :
We turn the lea
With joyous glee,
Draw life and bread from earth, our Mother.

Ten thousand lessons every day
We from the fields and seasons gather—
We hold the plough
With beaming brow.
In partnership with God our Father.

Mid shade and sunshine on we toil,
The farm and heart our husbandry ;
'Mid mud and corn,
Some may us scorn,
But God approving, what care we !

THE BROTHERHOOD.

As iron rails join land to land,
Blending all nations in one band,
Electric wires join part to part,
Flashing kind words from heart to heart ;
Thus mystic signs of Masons' good
Bind man to man in brotherhood.

Thus round the world all bright and free
We find true Masons all agree
In teaching one great Architect
The poor and friendless to protect,—
Where ere the mystic sign is found
We find a brother on that ground.

This then the Mason's duty stern
Taught all who join the lodge and learn,
With despot's sword no more we slay
Weak brothers of the short-lived day;
Like air and light we work for good,
And form 'mong men one brotherhood.

Thus wave on wave of love divine
Roll past from the eternal shrine;
The Brothers trained to fight and kill,
No more one drop of blood will spill;
They rush into each other's arms,
Enjoy God's peace and all its charms.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

(New Version.)

Sweet flower of the forest, sae charmin' and bonnie,
You have stolen my heart this many a day;
Away wi' your moanin', your sighin' and groanin',
The flowers of the forest are not wede away.

At mills in the mornin' the blythe lads are smilin',
The lassies are cheery and happy and gay;
There's daffin' and gabbin', nae sighin' and sabbin'—
The flowers of the forest are not wede away.

At e'en in the gloamin', the younkers are roamin'
'Mong stacks wi' the lassies at boglie to play;
Nae maiden sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie—
The flowers of the forest are not wede away.

My work is in Hawick, my heart is in Ettrick,
A' alane I walk dowie and sad by the way;
But a bright day is comin', a sweet home to live in,
Then, sweet flower of the forest, I'll wed you that day.

ROBINA F. HARDY

IS the talented author of "Jock Halliday: A Grassmarket Hero," recently published in a most tasteful form by Messrs Oliphant, Ferrier & Anderson, Edinburgh, an interesting tale full of

vivid and faithful pictures of humble Scottish life, and numerous popular stories for the young, including "Nannette's New Shoes" and other delightful works. She is a grand-daughter of the late Dr Thomas Hardy, one of the ministers of St Giles', Edinburgh. Dr Hardy is mentioned in Cockburn's "Memorials of his Time" as "Hardy the eloquent Professor of Church History." Along with Dr Logan, he wrote several of the Paraphrases, but his papers got mixed up with Logan's, and it is not generally known how many he composed, but literary friends inform us that at least the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth were by Hardy. Miss Hardy's father was a medical gentleman, and died in his prime.

Miss Hardy, who resides in Edinburgh, has for a number of years been popularly known as a very pleasing writer in the pages of magazines and newspapers, and takes a very substantial interest in Dr Robertson's Vennel School. Along with another lady she gave a class of older girls lessons in cooking, and the result of their experiences is published in a very interesting little book, edited by Miss Hardy, entitled "What I Saw at the Vennel School." This valuable institution was founded nearly forty years ago by the late Dr Robertson, New Greyfriars. It has educated, fed, and clothed over 12,000 children, a large proportion of whom have passed from the school into positions of respectability and usefulness. At present the number on the roll is nearly 400, and each receives daily, besides education, a substantial breakfast and dinner. The expense of keeping up the school is nearly £700 a-year, and of this sum about £185 is defrayed from Government grants earned, and a few pounds are received as fees from less destitute parents. For the rest of the discharge the Trustees have to look to annual subscriptions, donations, and legacies, and it might here be added

that the profits from the sale of Miss Hardy's little book, published by Messrs Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier, are devoted to the school.

In 1879, Miss Hardy published a beautifully-illustrated volume of poetry, entitled "Whin-Bloom." These "blooms" are richly laden with genuine poetry, and the freshness of the fields and the fragrance of the humble wayside flowers breathe in many of her poems. They possess all the beauty of their wildling name, and form a series of graphic pictures of Scottish life—both in town and country—startling pictures of destitution melting the heart with pity, and pleasing descriptions of the joys and sorrows of the industrious poor, which, as we peruse them, awaken our national feelings. Her poems and songs are full of simple tenderness and devout pathos, and altogether the productions of Miss Hardy—whether in poetry or prose—afford evidence of much depth of feeling and purity of sentiment, and are such as can touch the heart and live upon the memory.

OOR AIN KIRK-BELL.

It 's cracket noo an' jinglin',
  It's failin', like mysel'—
Yet weel I lo'e the jowin'
  O' oor ain kirk-bell.

Its chime cam' owre my cradle,
  In days sae lang gane by;
I've heard it on the hillside,
  A bit laddie herdin' kye;
An' whiles when i' the preachins'
  I slinket frae the 'Fast,'
Wi' gurly growl it followed me
  On ilka wand'rin' blast!
But times are changed, an' deed! the Fast's
  Mair like some mickle fair;
The toll-road's in a swirl o' stour
  Wi' twenty gigs an' mair;
A haundfu's i' the kirk, whaur ance
  The countryside itsel'
Wad gaither at the jowin'
  O' oor ain kirk-bell.

An auld, grey-headed, feckless loon,
I wait this Sabbath day,
To hear the weel-kent, silvery voice
Ring owre the breezy brae.
An' oh ! the white wa's rise again
Wi' blossoms bricht an' fair—
The cosie bield that sheltered me
In days that are nae mair ;
I see my mither's lithsome gait,
My faither's word I hear ;
An' e'en the verra 'carritches'
Are ringin' in my ear ;
My sister Kate, my brither Jock,
My bonnie May hersel',
Come ance mair at the jowin'
O' oor ain kirk-bell.

I bide at hame an' mind the bairns ;
It's sair against my will ;
My hirplin' feet'll gang nae mair
To Zion's holy hill.
Yet, wafted on the summer air,
A message comes to me—
It comes like gladsome tidin's
Frae a far countrie—
That tells me o' a better land
A brichter Sabbath-day,
A hame, frae sin an' sorrow free,
That will not pass away.
An', whiles, it comes into my heid
That angels—wha can tell ?—
Hae sped that welcome jowin'
O' oor ain kirk-bell.

That kindly voice is crackit noo,
There's little need to tell !
Yet weel I lo'e the jowin'
O' oor ain kirk-bell.

WILLIE.

Our wee flow'r ! our ae flower !
It blushed at mornin' tide,
Sae dainty, sae genty,—
Our lowly biggin's pride !

The muirland spanned his little life
The heather was our hame ;
An' life an' love were young wi' us
When our wee Willie came.

A gowan spreadin' to the sun
Ilk morn its starry rays;
Our wee bit wild-flow'r blossomed sae,—
Sae sped his infant days.

An' syne we watched him chase wi' glee
The butterfly's bricht wing,
Or staun' ae moment, still an' quate,
To hear the laverock sing.
Whiles graspin' wi' his tiny hands
The blue-bells wavin' free;
An' rinnin' back to stow the gear
Safe on his mother's knee.

And there at e'en he laid his head,
An' lisped 'Our Father' there,
While sunset tinted his white gown,
An' lit his yellow hair.
There fell a day—a mirk, mirk ane!
For tho' the sunlicht lay,
A glory on the gowden gorse
An' on the heathery brae;
An' tho' the blue-bells lichtly waved,
Swung by the westlin' air,
While mony a glintin' wing flew bye,—
Our Willie wasna there!

An' oh! he sate sae listless then,
Upon his mother's knee;
A crimson cheek against her breast
Pressed hot and heavily.
An' yet a day,—a darker day,—
Its slow hours glided by;
We little recked o' sun or shower—
O' fair or clouded sky,
Till glitterin' stars looked silently
Doun on a silent form;
Life's little play-hour past an' gane—
And fever's briefer storm.

Lane, lane an' cauld our dull hearth-stane,
We sate wi' hearts sair riven,
That day, when back to earth again,
Our ae wee flower was given.
We tried to think of him, at peace,
For evermore with God;
But oh! the bonnie curly head,
Low-laid aneath the sod.

We crossed the muir, an' climbed the hill,
When Sabbath bells were ringin',
And at his grave we thocht how sweet
Our bairn in Heaven was singin'.

An' dearer seemed the ivied walls—
An' sweeter rose that day,
The solemn psalm, the gran' words read,
Sae near where Willie lay.
Or e'er they died away, we said,
'He took but what was given!'
'This is indeed the House of God—
The very gate of Heaven.'

. . . . .

Ance mair I tread the muirland turf,
Ance mair the auld hame see;
An' oh, the wimplin' o' the burn,—
The sang o' bird an' bee,—
Hae backward rolled the tide o' time,
An' brocht the years again;
The three brief years that swiftly sped
When Willie was our ain.

Anither land, anither hame,
We lang hae called oor ain;
An' ither bairns lang hae played
Around our braid hearth-stane.
At e'en upon the mother's knee
A curly head is laid,
An' lips—sae like to *his*—repeat
The prayer that Willie said.
They need that prayer,—*he* needs it not!
Safe, an' set free frae ill,
An' lang won hame; but they an' we
Pilgrims an' strangers still.

. . . . .

L'ENVOI.

Only some whin-bloom on a bleak hillside;
Glad in the sunset glow,—the flush of morn,
Far from the great world's glory and its pride;
Unguarded but by tiniest spears of thorn—
Gaily it bloomed. Till one sweet springtide eve
A shadow of misgiving darkly fell,
And, all at once, as those who turn to grieve
At sudden sounding of the passing-bell,
Its blossoms drooped, and paled their golden glow,
For 'Is there need of us?' they murmured low.

Low at their feet the gorgeous city lay,
They saw its palaces,—its gilded towers;
And marked, 'mid silvery fountains ceaseless play
Or crystal-shrined, a dazzling wealth of flowers.

From that far city rose the glad refrain
That echoed up the glen,—o'er moor and lake ;—
'We deck the bride,—we deck the sacred fane ;—
Give us your fairest blossoms for their sake !'
Low drooped the whin-blooms on the mountain-side,
'Joy hath no need of us !' they sadly sighed.

And one bright morn the city-gates were thrown
Wide open to receive her hero-son ;
A thousand voices made his triumphs known,
A thousand told the trophies he had won,
And up the mountain-side their echoes came
Now loud, now faint, until they died away ;
'Great is the victor !—Great his deathless fame !—
Give us your richest flowers to strew his way !'
Then they who listened on the lonely hill
Said, 'Glory needs us not !' and sorrowed still.

Clouded and tearful, rose another morn
When sorrow's wail fell sadly on the ear ;
Forth from his stately home a youth was borne
Pale as the lilies strewn upon his bier.
Low, low and soft the whispering echoes wound
Far up the mountain,—o'er the lonely lake,
'Fair was our blossom ! Let his grave be crown'd !
Earth ! yield your purest, sweetest, for his sake !'
And paler grew the whin-bloom's golden glow,
'E'en Sorrow needs us not !' they murmured low.

Yet ere the changeful spring had passed away,
There came a weary and wayfaring man ;
By mountain-track and moor, he sought his way,
Rejoiced to feel his native breezes fan
Once more his furrowed brow. Resting awhile
To taste the common gifts of earth and air,
Gladly he greeted, and with friendly smile,
Some golden patches scattered here and there ;
The little whin-blooms met that kindly glow,
And 'Welcome home !' they whispered soft and low.

And last. When pale-faced city-folks, one noon,
In happy exodus came trooping there
To while away some sunny hours of June,
And drink fresh vigour from the mountain air ;
Oh ! many a hard-wrought hand was fain with glee
To pluck the fragrant flower,—the thorny spray ;
While children capered with delight to see
How bright the whin-bloom looked that holiday !
And so, that day, upon the green hillside,
Those blossoms lifted up their heads with pride,
For, 'There *is* need of us' they gaily cried.

DUNMORE.

In the far, far East,—on a battle plain,
All strewn with the wounded and the slain,—
A soldier lad lay dying.

The wild war-blast had died away,
There, 'neath the darkening skies he lay,
With the night winds round him sighing.

His fevered agony was past,
And the life was ebbing,—ebbing fast,
From the heart so brave and fearless.

The moonlight fell on his yellow hair;
It smiled on the face so wan and fair,
And the blue eyes dim but tearless.

And far away from the death-strewn plain,
The burning village,—the trampled grain,—
His fainting spirit wandered,

Back to the land that gave him birth;
Back to the days of careless mirth,
And the boyhood lightly squandered.

In that brief vision rose once more,
The lowly roofs of sweet Dunmore,
By heathered hills surrounded.

Green were the glades of the tasselled larch;
White gleamed the kirk thro' its mouldering arch
With the 'graves o' his ain folk' round it.

Then he watched the schoolboys at their play,
While the glow of sunset died away,
And the long, long shades were falling.

And again, as he lingered a little while,
By the hawthorn hedge, and the broken stile,
His mother's voice was calling;

Calling her boy to his home once more.
He answered the call as in days of yore,—
Was she there, indeed, to hear him?

'Mother, I come,' he whispered low;
He was weary and faint; and longed to go
To the rest that seemed so near him.

And so he passed from the battle-plain,—
From the blood-dewed sod,—and the silent slain,
And the comrades round him lying.

His blue eyes closed to the soft moonlight,
And he passed to the land that hath no night,
And the Life that knows no dying.

DUNCAN M'FARLANE M'NEIL

WAS born at Renfrew, in 1830. When the subject of our sketch was about three years old his parents removed to Paisley. At an early age, and ere he had yet had the advantage of school training, young M'Neil was sent to work as an assistant to his father and other weavers in the capacity of "draw-boy," in which he had long hours and small wages. But his education was not in the meantime altogether neglected. Like many more of our Scottish youths of promise, his memory was stirred and his imagination fired by listening, at the fireside and in the weaving shops, to the recital of our national legends, ballads, and songs, which were more generally circulated half-a-century ago than they are now. When he reached the age of ten years, Duncan was taken from work and sent to school, but he only remained there for about a year, when he was sent back to his former employment. By this time, however, he had learned to read, and soon he was deep in the enjoyment of Tannahill's songs, Hector M'Neill's "Will and Jean," Wilson's "Watty and Meg," Burns' poems, and books of a similar nature. At the age of fifteen years he was apprenticed to the baking trade, employing his spare winter hours in attendance at an evening school. Fond of solitary rambles by mountain, wood, and glen, our poet's soul was also fed and nourished at the fountain head of all true inspiration, and soon he began to express himself in verse. In 1860 he published a small volume of poems and songs, which had a very favourable reception, and the edition was speedily sold off. While this volume certainly contains a few blemishes, chiefly grammatical and orthographical, arising from the defective education

of its author, it also as unmistakably displays many of the characteristics of the true child of song. We have the poet's sympathy with the beauties of Nature, his insight into the peculiarities of character and social life, and his ardent delineations of the tender passion.

Very shortly after the publication of his volume our author removed to Glasgow, where he has resided ever since, with the exception of three years, during which he was in the village of Duntocher. Of late he has occasionally contributed poems and songs to the local newspapers, the *Scottish Banner*, the *People's Friend*, &c.

THE BIRDS AND BARDS OF BONNIE SCOTLAND.

The birds of bonnie Scotland, sae pleasant aye to hear
Their music in the shady wood, sae sweet, sae pure, and clear;
They fill the mind wi' heavenly thoughts, wi' bliss they fill the heart,
Ye birds of bonnie Scotland, O may we never part.
Ye bards of bonnie Scotland, come join wi' me your praise,
To sing the birds of Scotland in many happy lays;
Till music sweet, and pure, and clear, shall from your throats arise,
Till mortals on this earth shall think 'tis music from the skies.

I hear the linnet singing saft among the heather bells,
I hear the blackbird's rounded notes adown the wooded dells;
O what a happy throng I hear, O what a joyous choir,
Ye birds o' bonnie Scotland! ye fill my heart wi' fire.
Ye bards o' bonnie Scotland, O be ye wae and sad,
Come up among the slaethorn dens, your hearts will there be glad;
And wi' a thrill o' happiness, ye'll sing along wi' me,
The birds of bonnie Scotland, o'er meadow, hill, and lea.

O what a glorious gloamin' hour, the sun sinks in the west,
A glow is o'er my raptured soul, as on this bank I rest;
But oh, what music now I hear, 'tis far beyond my ken,
'Tis echoing in ilk dingle, 'tis echoing through the glen.
Ye bards of bonnie Scotland, anew your harps now string,
And wi' the mavis doon the glen, O come wi' me and sing;
It heralds in the morning sun, and sings it to the west,
Ye birds of bonnie Scotland, wi' love ye thrill my breast.

The lark is now on quivering wing, 'tis soaring out of view,
And from its speckled breast hath flung the morning's pearly dew;
O happy bird to sing sae sweet, and thus your notes prolong,
But oh, how little power have I to sing so sweet a song.
Ye bards of bonnie Scotland, wi' you I would prevail,
To sing the shilphie's lively note, the yieldrin's mournfu' tale;
O'er broomy knowe or heathery hill, in glen or flow'ry lea,
O blythesome birds of Scotland, ye sing wi' muckle glee.

IN OOR HOOSE AT E'EN.

Blink, blink, and lowe fu' bonnily, an' drive the cauld awa',
The win' is sharp, the frost is keen, an' crumpin' is the snaw;
Come bairnies gaither roun' aboot, for here nae snaw is seen,
An' I'll sing ye a heartsome sang in oor hoose at e'en.
In oor hoose at e'en, in oor hoose at e'en,
Sae bonnie is the lowein' fire in oor hoose at e'en.

There's nae big grate atween the jams to look sae black and grim,
But just a wee bit common "rib," sae cozie neat and trim,
Nae oven has't wi' brazen knobs, but oh how warm and clean—
Wi' joy I draw my chair fu' close in oor hoose at e'en.
In oor hoose at e'en, in oor hoose at e'en,
Nae lack o' bliss I fin' ava, in oor hoose at e'en.

There now, my pipe is doon again, I hear the bairns' uproar,
Puir things they ha'e forgotten clean that winter's at the door;
They're ca'in' for anither sang, sweet joy is in their een,
An' aft they jink aroun' my chair in oor hoose at e'en.
In oor hoose at e'en, in oor hoose at e'en,
We'll ne'er mak' sad their merry hearts in oor hoose at e'en.

And there's the wife fu' happy like an' weel; upon my aith
Like lichnin' flash the needle jumps, fast oot and in the claith;
She's mendin' up the bairnies' claes, an' makin' them look bien,
I like to see her eident han' in oor hoose at e'en.
In oor hoose at e'en, in oor hoose at e'en,
I ken in hains the coppers aft in oor hoose at e'en.

May ilka working man enjoy a warm fireside at hame,
A trig bit hoose an' bonnie bairns, a pleasant thrifty dame;
I wish it frae my very heart, when frosty win's blaw keen,
That ilka ane could sing in glee, "in oor hoose at e'en."
In oor hoose at e'en, in oor hoose at e'en,
There's nae place that I see ava like oor hoose at e'en.

MY GRANNIE'S HEARTHSTANE.

I think aft on days that are lang, lang syne gane,
When I aft fell asleep on my grannie's hearthstane;
The griefs and the hardships in manhood we hae,
The cares o' the morrow will drive them away.

The gibes ane may get when his back's at the wa',
A wee blink o' sunshine sen's sad thochts awa',
But the days o' my childhood aft soothes me again—
Oh, I ne'er can forget my auld grannie's hearthstane.

A canny auld bodie, yet hearty was she,
She liket a joke maist as weel's her drap tea;
She leev't in a garret sae snug-like an' bien—
Ilk thing was in order sae trig an' sae clean;
The dresser sae white-like, the broth plates in raws,
The tin things a' shinin' that hung on the wa's;
The place was but sma', but it aye maks me fain
When I think on the nichts roun' my grannie's hearthstane.

I hae heard tell o' paintin's an' panels sae grand
That decket the ha's o' the great in the land—
Sic things I ne'er dream'd o', what were they to me?
For aft through the nicht yet the auld place I see,
Whaur I ran wi' my joys, my sorrows, an' a',
For she cleaned up my claes if I happen'd to fa',
And ne'er tauld my mither when droukit wi' rain,
That my claes were a' dried at my grannie's hearthstane.

Fu' weel do I mind when I whiles tore my claes,
Or on some sharp stane would hae daudit my taes,
My grannie would spread wi' her thoom a lump cake,
An' nane on this yirth sican cakes could e'er bake.
She mended my claes, an' she buckl'd my sair,
She dried up my tears, an' she smooth'd doon my hair,
Sic kindness I'll ne'er on this yirth see again,
An' I'll never forget my auld grannie's hearthstane.

I mind weel wi' what joy she would ay speak to me,
An' aft the big Buke she would tak on her knee,
And tell me to mind that whate'er would befa',
That Christ oor Redeemer had died for us a';
That works ne'er would save me unless I had faith,
And if I had Christ that I needna fear death,
Wi' heaven before me that death would he gain,
Ah! grand was the counsel at grannie's hearthstane.

But changes will come—that nane here can avert—
Wi' changes whiles sorrow that maist break the heart.
Ae day at the gloamin', when autumn was past,
And the leaves o' the summer were borne on the blast,
My auld grannie bliss't me, an' slippit awa
For a land whaur nae sorrow is e'er kenn'd ava.
I sabbit an' grat till awa I was tane,
And the beauty a' fled frae my grannie's hearthstane.

WILLIAM LAING THOMSON

WAS born at Cupar, Fife, in 1864. After receiving a good education he entered the office of a writer, where he remained until he was appointed clerk and bookkeeper in the local branch of the *Dundee Advertiser*. He writes occasional verses to the *Fifeshire Journal* and other newspapers, under the *nom-de-plume* "Olympus." These are mostly lyrical productions, and possess considerable thought and pathos.

TO A DESERT FLOWER.

In vain thou was't not made
With graceful form, so beautifully fair,
And fragrance sweet, embalming desert air,—
I would not thee evade.

Nor by mere chance didst find
Thy place of lonely quiet there,—
Freed from earth's corroding care,
Thou'rt kissed by passing wind.

By no rude mortal's hand
Didst thou thy desert home receive,
Nor doth the tyrant thee aggrieve
For thy sweet home of land.

In quiet of eventide,
While soothing zephyr breezes blow,
And while the western sun sinks low,
I would be by thy side.

Not in the shady den,
Or leafy forest hid from view,
Thy canopy is of azure hue,
Thy drink the dews of heaven.

Alone, too, with our God,
In deserts quiet with thee I'd be,
And worship Him who watcheth thee,
Where few before have trod.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Ah, truly yes, the scenes have changed ;
But do mine eyes now dimmed with years
Me truly show my place of birth,
The place of many hopes and fears ?

Ah, yes, even yet can I discern
The home of many years ago,
From which in youth's fair morn I went
This world to traverse to and fro.

In many climes I've been since then,
And roamed o'er many a distant land ;
On many an ocean's breast I've sailed,
And trudged o'er tracts of shifting sand.

Oh ! joy of earth. At home once more,
Though now the homestead ruined stands ;
Come, Sol, and grace it with thy smile,
I'll welcome thee with outstretched hands.

And there, too, is the old beech tree,
And 'neath it my old favourite seat,
Where oft in summer eve I've sat
All sheltered from the burning heat.

There, too, I see the hawthorn bush,
Though tall and wild since then it seems ;
The rivulet still gently flows,
Reflecting clear the sunny beams.

The water-wheel which used to turn
The honest miller's busy mill,
No more its daily task pursues,
But there it is, as we see still.

That little spot of earth which I
My garden was so proud to call,
Is trimmed no more by human hands,
For now by weeds 'tis covered all.

But when from scenes like these below,
My tearful eyes I upward raise,
There all the same is as when I
In youth to heaven did love to gaze.

ROBERT FISHER,

AUTHOR of a very interesting volume, entitled "Poetical Sparks," which has reached a second edition, was born at Prestwick, near Ayr, in 1840. His father was an industrious handloom weaver, and his mother having died when he was five years of age he was placed under the care of his grandfather, who resided at Maybole. Robert attended school at that town, and afterwards at his native place. When little more than eleven years of age we find him plying the shuttle with great alacrity, and his limited spare time was spent in reading every description of books he could lay his hands on. When quite a youth he would take long solitary rambles in some wild romantic glen, and we have specimens of his precocious skill in word-painting, giving evidence of his poetic powers when only about fourteen years of age. At this time he left the weaving trade, hired himself to a farmer, and followed agricultural pursuits for three years, after which he was apprenticed to a shipwright, went out to Africa, returned home, and worked for some time in Govan and Renfrew, and at present he follows the calling of a bookseller in Dumfries.

Mr Fisher is an antiquarian of some repute, and is a member of the Antiquarian and Natural History Society of Dumfries and Galloway, before which he recently read an exhaustive paper entitled "Personal Observations on Nature, and Sketches of Travel in Western Africa," which he is about to enlarge and publish in book form. As a poet, his versification is smooth, his thoughts natural, and many of his verses show the tender side of the poet's nature. This is seen in many of his English compositions—in

his volume, and at intervals in "the poet's corner"—in which he expresses his thoughts on various notable events and incidental occurrences. But when he adopts the Scotch vernacular, and writes with simple homeliness on the subject of domestic joys and cares, and with fine quiet humour paints the peculiarities of village characters, he is unusually felicitous. In his own words, his

> "Hame-spun thochts are best expressed
> In mither tongue—they're aye the best."

Altogether, Mr Fisher is a poet who has written much that is tender, musical, and refined, and he has evidently a warm sympathy with all that is good and true.

I'VE LOST MY MITHER'S WEAN.

Off through the busy crowded street,
Behind the big drum's merry beat,
  A little girl of seven,
Her father's house had wandered from,
But ere she left that happy home
  A charge to her was given.

The music charmed her youthful ear,
She pressed behind its notes to hear,
  And catch each rolling strain.
A darling wandered from her side,
When, lo! she turned and wildly cried
  "I've lost my mither's wean."

She stood and cried and firmly pressed
The youngest darling to her breast,
  Her heart was rent with pain,
And still the burden of her cry
Was to each careless passer by
  "I've lost my mither's wean."

With joy her aching heart was crowned,
For soon her little one was found.
  She could not well retain
The joy she felt as through the crowd
She homeward ran, so pleas'd and proud
  She'd found her mither's wean.

A lesson's here for young and old,
To watch the lambs within the fold—
They may from us be riven :
But cheering for us all to know,
That though we lose them here below—
There's "nae weans" lost in heaven.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

The dread hollow moan of the deep surging sea,
Has music more pleasant and sweeter to me
Than all human instruments, sweet though they be,
For it's tuned by the finger of God.

The weird and sad sigh of the wintry wind
Leave lasting impressions more deep on my mind
Than all works of art in the world I can find ;
It issues from regions untrod.

The rumbling roll of the great thunder's crash,
And the wonders wrought by the lightning's flash,
Makes man's puny works but a nutshell of trash—
It's awfully grand and sublime.

And the searching rays of the brilliant sun—
The guide of the earth since Nature began,
And so will remain till Nature is done—
The vast denoter of time.

The musical tone of the wee winding rill,
Rising far on the peak of some heathery hill,
Flowing gently aside and supplying the mill,
Then pursuing its course to the sea.

The erie sound of the tall mountain trees
Scattering their leaves on the sad autumn breeze ;
And the plaintive notes of the busy bees
Has a world of pleasure for me.

TO A SNOWDROP.

Hail ! lovely unassuming gem,
Again I see thy slender stem
Appear above the earth.
Oh, let me muse but one brief hour,
In some sequestered lonely bower,
To celebrate thy birth.

Although no fragrance thou dost shed,
Around thy little snow-girt bed,
Earth's breast thou dost adorn.
I love to see thy face so fair,
For thee I look with anxious care,
And long till thou art born.

How short thy time on earth below,
Sweet emblem of the ermine snow
That melts 'neath sunny rays ;
The strongest link in Nature's chain
Must break—thou can'st not here remain—
Fair emblem of our days.

Although of stature thou art mean,
Yet Nature's wide and varied scene
Holds not a purer thing
Than thy snow-tinted, spotless form,
That bears the blast of rain and storm—
First messenger of Spring.

AULD GRANNIE'S TAEN AWA.

When the corn was waving yellow, and the days were lang and clear,
And the leaves were gently fa'in' in the autumn o' the year,
Auld Grannie took an ill turn, and freens and neighbours a'
Gather'd round about her bedside to see her taen awa.

For Grannie was a favourite wi' baith the auld and young,
She was a clinker wi' the hands, and a glib ane wi' the tongue ;
A clean thrifty body, wi' a mutch as white as snaw,
Her equal will be hard to fin' since noo she's taen awa.

She was troubled wi' rheumatics for mony a lang year,
They took sae firm a grip o' her that whiles she couldna steer,
And though she had her crutches she was often like to fa' ;
But they're a' left ahint her noo, and Grannie's taen awa.

We can scarcely think her gane, though we see her vacant chair,
When we step into her tidy hoose we think she should be there,
And a tear starts frae oor e'e, and a heavy sigh we draw,
We ken we ne'er shall see her mair, for noo she's taen awa.

She had mony ups and doons in her three score and ten,
Though fechtin' tae get en's tae meet, she managed aye to fen ;
She gather'd up her bawbees, and bocht a coo or twa,
For Grannie was a saving ane, but noo she's taen awa.

The women folks will miss her maist when trouble fa's their lot,
For when wanted as a sick nurse, she aye was on the spot ;
She needed nae instructions, nor made a great fracca',
For Grannie ken'd her wark sae weel, but noo she's taen awa.

The bits o' bairns will miss her sair, as ilka neebour says,
For Grannie was a perfect han' at tying broken taes ;
She could soothe their wee bit sorrows, was fond to see them braw,—
But we a' are sad an' lonely noo that Grannie's taen awa.

OLD REMEMBRANCES.

O weel I mind the borough, the auld sea-girt borough,
Where first I saw the clear licht o' day;
As mem'ry wanders back o'er time's trodden track,
What strange things it finds by the way.

O weel I mind the kirk, the auld roofless kirk,
Surrounded by memorials of the dead,
Many wild wintry blasts o'er its bare walls have passed
And have struck against its consecrated head.

O weel I mind the burn, the wee wimpling burn,
Meandering its way to the sea,
Where minnows swam in shoals, I guddled in the holes
Wi' my breeks buckled up o'er my knee.

O weel I mind the braes, the bonnie heather braes,
Where I chased the wild butterfly and bee,
Till, warm on simmer days, I stripped off my claes,
And heedlessly ran into the sea.

O weel I mind the shore, the bright shelvy shore,
Its gowden sand glistening in the sun;
Freedom reigned supreme, time sped on like a dream,
Though wi' me it was only then begun.

O weel I mind the whins, the yellow tappit whins,
Whaur the linties built their cosy nests wi' care,
And the blossoms o' the broom sent its delicate perfume
In zephyrs floating sweetly through the air.

Oh! where are all my playmates, my kind and hardy playmates,
Ah! time hath wrought her changes very fast;
Then let it be my theme through the ever changing dream
To prepare for a brighter home at last.

DAVID BUCHANAN

WAS born at Dundee in 1844. His parents died when he was four years of age, and he was brought up at Blackwater, Glenshee, and attended school till he was nearly fourteen. He worked with farmers in the neighbourhood of Glenshee for

seven years, then became a van-driver, and for the last eight years he has been employed as lodge and storekeeper in a large shipbuilding yard at Dundee. Our poet was for nearly three years precentor in Cray Church, and on resigning the office when leaving the district he was handsomely rewarded by the congregation, by which he was much esteemed. He has written poetry since he was twenty years of age, and many of his productions have appeared in newspapers and religious periodicals. It is interesting to note the peculiar circumstances under which he first began to court the muse. He had been long confined to the house through an accident, and having read all the books he could procure from friends, he, as a pleasing exercise, and to pass a weary hour, tried his hand at rhyme. That he has done so to good purpose, the samples we give will prove. They are full of neatly expressed sentiment, depth of thought, and purity of feeling, and highly creditable to the head and heart of one in very humble circumstances. He has written numerous poems suitable for reading at temperance meetings—a subject in which he has taken a very deep interest, and his intelligent study of nature and of books is shown in an ambitious and well thought out poem entitled "Creative Wisdom," which opens as follows :—

Struck by the truth reflective minds observe
All things were made their proper ends to serve,
An ardent wish within me did arise
To note Creation's works so good and wise,
In measured rhyme, for such a form seemed best
To fix the memory, or to move the breast,
And that the mind perchance may better know
The pleasures which those studies can bestow.
Wide was the subject, and I oft would ask
Can I presume to undertake the task?
Creative Wisdom! Ah! a theme so high
Should be essayed by worthier bards than I,
Strains so magnificent and so divine
Require a nobler, sweeter harp than mine.
Earth's brightest poets would find ample scope
To sing of beauty from the airiest top

Of Mount *Parnassus.* Yea, enraptured soar
To realms of science never reached before.
To weigh it well, why, it would take an age,
A lifetime of a scientific sage.
Thousands of years this topic would embrace
The highest talents of the human race,
And still its mighty treasury would be
As unexhausted as the deep blue sea.
Yet such as I some golden grains might earn,
And studying this a lofty lesson learn;
Resolved I try, some line or word may come
To cause reflection and do good to some.

David Buchanan's poetry is refined and chaste both in thought and expression. Although his Doric lyrics are pleasing and musical, they are not equal to his reflective compositions, which, in a fair degree, possess some of the susceptibilities and inherent appreciation of the beautiful and the pure that are ever the characteristics of the poet.

KINDNESS.

May kindness attend us, whaurever we gang,
Sae, let it commend us to sing a kind sang.
Be kind to ilk ither, for kindness is sweet,
Be kind as a brither to a' that you meet.

Be kind to auld grey fouk, their time is but short.
Be kind to young gay fouk, destroy not their sport.
Be kind to a' classes, whether puir fouk or braw,
For kindness surpasses guid sentiments a'.

'Tis life to the cheerful, the sullen, or grave,
'Tis hope to the fearful, an' strength to the brave.
'Tis oil to the billow whaur passions arise,
'Tis down to the pillow whaur sufferin' lies.

A kindly word spoken, a kindly deed dune,
May lift the heart-broken their sorrows abune.
'Tis a source o' great pleasure, a sun in life's sky,
'Tis a well oot o' measure that never runs dry.

FAREWELL.

Farewell to old Scotia, my dear native land;
Farewell to her wild woods and mountains so grand;
Farewell to the glen where I've spent my young days;
Farewell to its heather-clad moorland and braes;

Farewell to the cot which has long been my home;
It will bring sweet reflections wherever I roam;
Farewell, little warblers of every green dale;
Farewell, limpid streamlet that winds thro' the vale;

With you I can sunder; but, ah, it is sore
To part with my Nelly, and see her no more.
Farewell, loving brothers; to me you are dear;
Farewell, all companions and friendships sincere;
Soon, soon the wild ocean between us shall roar,
And my dear lovely Nelly I may not see more.

Farewell! this sad parting may yet prove a boon,
And the bark that will bear you will follow me soon;
Despair not, my darling, and when you come o'er
We will live in sweet union, and part nevermore.

A RUINED LIFE.

In the far, far West, in the prairie dell,
Where the "Settler Whites" 'mong the Indians dwell,
Was a native chief, "Swift Runner" by name,
For he was as swift as the prairie game,
And as swiftly life's path he trod;
And his fame grew dark and his features grim;
For the white man s whisky was ruining him,
And he could not belive in his God.

Yet still more fierce his aspect grew,
His foes increased, and his friends were few;
His brain was fired, and his heart was hard,
And for God or man he had no regard
As he sped on his downward road;
And his sense of right waxed weak and dim;
For the white man's whisky had ruined him,
And he would not believe in his God.

And still the drink-fiend goaded him on,
Till human feeling was almost gone,
Till his darkened spirit knew no rest;
While he cherished a hatred in his breast,
And a thirst for the white man's blood,
Till his murderous cup was full to the brim;
For the white man's whisky had ruined him,
And he would not believe in his God.

A dagger he drew as the drink he quaffed,
His reason had fled, for he wildly laughed,
As he sprang on a white, and his life he took,
And laved his hands in the crimson brook,
As it moistened the prairie sod;
And he swore as he severed each quivering limb,
That the white man's whisky had ruined him,
And he would not believe in his God.

But Justice caught him and bound him fast,
And demanded its due, and his die was cast
When the white man erected a gibbet high,
Where the fearless culprit was led to die—
To relinquish life's weighty load ;
But he cared not to sever life's thread so slim ;
For the white man's whisky had ruined him,
And he would not believe in his God.

And a priest drew near to pray for his soul,
Ere it winged its flight to its final goal,
But he bade him begone for a base hypocrite,
For whom he cared less than the dust of his feet,
Or a loathsome, crawling toad ;
But give him an Indian death-dance grim ;
For the white man's whisky had ruined him,
And he would not believe in his God.

FAITH.

Faith is a precious diamond,
Set in the crown of grace,
Its origin is lofty,
Heaven is its native place.

But its abode is lowly,
It dwells upon the earth ;
With poor and sinful creatures
It makes its humble berth.

It gives the Christian warrior
A sword and shield to fight,
Cheers him in every conflict,
And puts his foes to flight.

The lips of prayer it opens,
Each want on high doth raise ;
The stream of life it turneth
To one of active praise.

The mind of God the Father
It readeth with delight,
As on the cross 'tis written
In golden letters bright.

It crowns the lovely Jesus,
As king of every land ;
It sees the heavenly kingdom,
That evermore shall stand.

It breaks through clouds of darkness,
Dispels all doubts and fears ;
It views the coming glory.
When Christ, its life, appears.

And here we find the secret—
It leaves all in God's hand;
The times, the means, the method,
Are all at His command.

ALEXANDER STEWART,

A POET of pure thought and fine feeling, was born at Dunfermline, in 1821. His father came from Inverness-shire when a young man, and his mother was born within three miles of Dunfermline. Mr Stewart was an officer of Her Majesty's Customs for some years in a small port on the Firth of Forth, and was promoted in 1855 to the Liverpool Customhouse, where he officiated for nearly thirty years, and retired on superannuation in 1883. For many years our poet has taken a deep interest in various public and social questions, and has frequently contributed prose and verse to the periodical literature of the day. Though living so long across the Border, he has ever felt a loving attachment to his native place, and a keen interest in all that concerned its welfare and prosperity. He has written numerous poems on the subject of early scenes and memories of the happy days of childhood, and has contributed to the *Scotsman* and other newspapers a number of poems, full of noble and patriotic sentiments and of much historical interest, illustrative of Dunfermline and its Abbey in the olden time—Scotland's ancient capital, where dwelt and were buried for centuries the kings, queens, and nobles of the land. These poems were frequently written after weary hours, or when Mr Stewart was engaged in the hurry and monotony of a busy life, and as a recreation and change to the mind after the labours of the day.

Traces of deepest feeling, with the expressions of loftiest aim, and a subdued well regulated spirit run like a silver thread through his miscellaneous pieces, and all evince in no small degree noble and generous sentiments, tenderness of feeling, and felicity of expression.

THE ABBEY CHURCH BELLS.

At eventide, when in the west,
The gates of night are glowing,
When wearied labour seeks for rest,
And when the young moon's rising crest
Her softest beams are showing ;

And when through midnight's gloom profound
Dark ghostly shades are looming,
O'er slumbering homesteads all around,
And o'er each silent graveyard mound,
Break forth thine echoes booming !

By day and night, through sun and shower,
Thy warning voice is falling,
Touching the heart with solemn power,
And telling that each passing hour
Is one that's past recalling !

In varying moods thine echoes seem
Like night winds dark communing,
Now like the rolling of a stream,
Or strains of music in a dream
While choirs their songs are tuning.

And bygone times again appear,
Bright vanished dreams revealing,
When broke on childhood's wondering ear
Thy startling music, deep and clear,
And distant echoes pealing.

From thy grey tower long may'st thou toll
In tones harmonious blending,
Swelling, like ocean's solemn roll,
A spirit song to reach the soul,
While men are churchward wending.

Ages have come and gone since thou
First pealed in Sabbath chorus,
Inviting men the knee to bow ;
The refrain of thy song is "*Now,*"
In tones deep and sonorous.

Ring Sabbath bells ! with rousing chime,
Thy deep and solemn greeting,
Call with thy thrilling notes sublime
The living to "redeem" the "time,"
For life is short and fleeting !

TO AN AUTUMN FLOWER.

Fair flower ! in robes of beauty dress'd,
Alight with glittering gold,
Who studded so thy jewelled crest
With charms so manifold ?

Who gave to thee such matchless grace ?
Who formed each tiny stem ?
A gleam of heaven illumes thy face,
Thou winsome little gem !

Whence have such lustrous tints their birth ?
Whence comes thy rich perfume ?
Thou'rt rooted in the clods of earth—
Whence then thy fairy bloom ?

How can a thing with charms like thine,
Sprung from damp soil and cold,
Look so ethereal and divine—
So framed in heavenly mould ?

With timid grace thou ope'st thine eye,
To greet the dewy morn ;
The pearly drops that on thee lie
Thy glistening leaves adorn.

When shines high noon, thou hold'st levee
'Midst hum and song birds' lay ;
The winged tribe—the wandering bee,
Their fluttering homage pay.

Thou know'st the time to seek repose
When sinks the glowing sun ;
'Tis then thy tender petals close,
Thy daily duty done.

When all is hushed o'er hill and dale,
To screen thee from the night
Thou gather'st close thy leafy veil,
Till breaks the morning light.

And thus beneath heaven's starry dome,
No dream of care or sorrow,
Thou slumberest in thy perfumed home,
With no thought for the morrow.

Thanks to thee, lovely, modest flower,
Sent like a sunbeam's ray,
To gild with hope man's fleeting hour,
And brighten life's highway.

Oh ! pretty, stainless thing so rare—
Emblem of purity ;
If thou'rt so perfect and so fair,
What must thy Maker be?

WAITING.

Wandering by the lonely shore,
With a heart that's aching,
I hear the waves moan, evermore
While at my feet they're breaking,
The mighty waters ebb and flow,
Rolling, surging, to and fro ;
Now wailing deep, now sobbing low,
While I am weary waiting !

Wand'ring by the lonely shore,
Sad and weary waiting ;
But my love comes nevermore
To the heart that's breaking.
When stars begem the vault of night,
And Luna sheds her silver light,
In pity, from their heavenly height,
They view my weary waiting.

Listening by the lonely shore
I hear, while weary waiting,
"*He'll come no more—he'll come no more*"
To the heart that's breaking !
Spring and summer come and go,
Autumn with its golden glow,
Winter draped in shroud of snow,
He comes not for my waiting.

"Why wait ye by the lonely shore?
In vain is all thy waiting,
Alas ! the heart beats nevermore
For whom thine own is breaking.
He sleeps beneath the wand'ring wave,
O'er his breast dark waters lave,
But know, true love outlives the grave,
Then cease thy weary waiting."

"Safe has he reached the golden shore,
And for thee now is waiting ;
Earth's 'fitful fever,' all is o'er,
The dawn of life is breaking !

Beyond the flood whose shores divide
Thee from thy love on yonder side,
As bridegroom waits the coming bride,
For thee—for thee he's waiting !"

THE LIFEBOAT.

Hark ! amid the darkness falling,
And the thund'ring winds appalling,
Comes an urgent signal calling
Help from o'er the seas !
Rouse, ye heroes, brave and daring,
Ye of life and limb unsparing,
Oft with death before you staring,
Face the dreadful breeze !

Though the night be frowning,
On to save the drowning,
Forward all !
At mercy's call,
Your noblest actions crowning !
Man the lifeboat—this is glory,
Rather to be famed in story
Than the field of battle gory
Nations hold so dear.

Soon the boat through billows tow'ring
And the blinding deluge show'ring,
Nears the wreck where all are cow'ring,
From a yawning grave ;
Now, amid the thunder pealing,
And the hungry billows reeling,
In the lifeboat safe they're kneeling—
Rescued from the wave.

Hearts and eyes o'erflowing,
Grateful thanks bestowing,
To the brave
Who came to save,
When death's pale face was showing.
The welcome haven gained at last,
And now are sheltered from the blast ;
While kindness dims the dreary past
And dries the bitter tear.

ANDREW GLASS.

THE subject of this sketch is a native of Girvan, where he was born in 1820. The town itself has nothing about it calculated to strike the young poetic mind, but in its neighbourhood there are scenes of much romantic and historic interest, and also of soft enchanting beauty. Not far away, too, an extensive and magnificent view is obtained of the Frith of Clyde, the waters of which wash the coast of Ayrshire for many a mile, and away to the west the huge and rocky Ailsa rears it bald head defiantly above the foaming billows at its base. Such scenes began early to affect the young soul of the poet, and their influence is still to be found in his writings.

The parents of Mr Glass were poor but industrious people, who followed the calling of handloom weaving, and he, after a very brief elementary education, was put to the same trade, at which, however, he never gained much proficiency, as the bias of his mind lay in another and more ambitious direction. He early manifested an insatiable thirst for knowledge, but money was scarce, and books hard to procure. A kindly magistrate, however, noticing not only the bent of his mind, but being convinced of his latent talent, paid his subscription to the circulating library; and his desire for knowledge and love of literature have grown upon him through life. At this period (and at an earlier age than Chatterton or Scott) Mr Glass began "to give his soul to song," but he was induced to leave the faculty to rust, owing to the jeers of those who sneered at the idea of a poor lad like him writing verses or possessing any literary talent, of which they themselves were void. After sometime, however, he strung his harp anew, and

for years contributed poems to the local newspapers. Some of his efforts came under the eye of Hugh M'Donald, the genial and talented author of "Rambles Round Glasgow" and "Days at the Coast," who was then editing one of the Glasgow newspapers. He took kindly notice of Mr Glass, and spoke highly of his verses. Shortly after this, our poet was attached to the staff of the *Ayr Observer*, and during his long connection with it he wrote a number of exceedingly interesting traditionary tales and sketches, several of which have been published in book form. At present Mr Glass is engaged on one of the Glasgow *weeklies*.

In 1869 Mr Glass published a volume of "Poems and Songs," which is now in a fourth edition. He has a fine eye for nature, which he describes truthfully, but at the same time with the fine setting and the graceful touches of fancy and imagination. His verse is at all times musical and smooth, with a slight inclination towards melancholy, though not of an unpleasant tone. The sweet-flowing Girvan, with the lesser streams which flow into it, seem ever present to his mind. There is a quiet grace, as well as a melodious cadence, with occasional vigour and spirit, in the language in which his poetry is couched, which indicate the possession of no mean literary skill, and fine imaginative powers.

THE SEA.

Suggested by the Wreck of "The London."

Sea! beautiful sea, how sweet to stray
O'er the sunlit beach, on a summer day!
When the rippling waves on the golden shore
Are singing such dream-like music o'er,
That echo is silent within the cave,
And the sea-gull sleeps on the azure wave,
While the sailor boy longs for the breeze to come
That shall waft him back to his old loved home.

Sea! stormy sea, how dread the roar
Of thy wintry waves on the rocky shore!

When the foam of their fury is flung on high,
O'er the beetling crags which their wrath defy ;
When the mermaids, dripping within their caves,
Look with affright on the yeasty waves,
And the hurricane's voice, in the rock-bound bay
Is heard o'er the mountains far away.

Sea ! boisterous sea, when thy waves run high,
And lightnings dart from the murky sky,
When cloud o'er cloud in confusion is hurled,
Like the massive wreck of a mighty world—
Then the stately ship and her gallant crew
Shudder to try their strength with you ;
For there's death to those who dare to brave
The might that rests in thy crested wave.

Sea ! pitiless sea, could'st thou not spare
"The London," with her freight so fair
Of women and children, and men as brave
As ere in thy waters found a grave ?
Could their lofty courage not melt thy mood,
As serene on the storm-swept deck they stood ?
And while friends in the air were ringing their knell,
Replied with a prayer and a calm farewell !

Sea ! terrible sea, retain you may
Such trophies won till the final day ;
But when earth is ended, and time is fled,
And thou art commanded to yield thy dead,
Then issuing forth from thy depths far down,
They shall rise to receive their immortal crown,
And cast a last radiant look on thee,
As they pass to where "there is no more sea."

BEAUTIFUL MAY.

Vocal as ever with music and mirth,
May has returned to beautify earth—
Joyously tripping o'er moorland and green,
Scattering gifts like a beautiful queen.
Breathing her fragrance through wildwood and dell,
Shedding rich sunshine on mountain and fell ;
How the green hedgerows their rich robes display,
Fresh from the fingers of beautiful May.

Shaking the bright dews of earth from his wings,
The laverock with ecstacy heavenward springs ;
Over the streamlet the swift swallows skim,
Trying to twitter, like others, a hymn.
Humming and working, the bees are abroad,
Where the bright blossoms in myriads nod ;
Meadows appear like the sky's milky way,
Garnished with gowans by beautiful May.

Into the ravine the sun sends his beams,
Drying the beds of the dark mountain streams;
Making the rivers that none dared to ford
Shallow and bright as a silvery cord.
Beautiful flowers in festoons are hung
O'er the bleak rocks where the fleet waters sung;
Lowly the cataract now seems to say—
"Thrice are ye welcome back, beautiful May."

Come from the city, and share the soft breeze,
Sighing and dying among the green trees;
Sweet is the music that rings through the grove,
Breathing of harmony, innocence, love.
Come to the shade of the fern-fringèd rock,
Where the blithe shepherd is tending his flock,
And sadness will flee from your heart far away,
When breathing the incense of beautiful May.

THE BONNIE STREAMS O' AYRSHIRE.

The bonnie streams o' Ayrshire,
As on their course they run,
Like siller belts around the hills
They sparkle in the sun.
And Simmer spreads the fairest flow'rs
Upon the classic braes,
Whaur linger still the echoes sweet
O' Burns's deathless lays.

The beauties o' the Doon and Ayr
Resound in many a land,
Whaur music floats through myrtle bowers,
Far frae famed Carrick's strand;
But the Girvan hides its unsung worth
Amongst its leafy shaws,
An' jinks an' jouks by broomy knowes,
An' ancient lordly ha's.

There let me stray one hour or sae
Upon the braes and dream,
Whaur fair Killochan's stately trees
Are mirrored in the stream.
Oh, haunts o' youth! oh, hame o' love!
Yet through the mist o' years
They rush unbidden on my sicht,
An' blind my een wi' tears.

The world has only left me this—
The memory o' the past;
It cannot take what Time has spared
Unclouded to the last.
The fairy stream, the flowery dells,
Dear—though unkent to fame—

The hallowed haunts, forever fair
Around my youthful hame.

THE SUN'S GANE TO REST.

The sun's gane to rest, love, behind yon great mountain,
That looms in wild grandeur across the deep sea;
The stars beam in beauty upon the clear fountain,
The gowans are sleeping upon the green lea.
The voices are mute o' the birds in the wildwood;
The bat, like the swallow, now winnows the air;
Oh! come to the burn where we paidled in childhood,
Like thy bonnie sel', Jean, its face is aye fair.

The wild rose nods there to the bright water's singing,
Awa to its hame in the wide spreading sea;
While o'er it the woodbine its fragrance is flinging,
And hushed is the hum o' the wild mountain bee.
Years, lang years hae fled since we pu'd the red heather,
To theek the wee houses we bigg'd on its braes;
An' wove 'neath the hazel our wee heads thegether,
Those visions as bright as the sun's setting rays.

When far, far awà', love, I ever was dreaming
Upon the fair face that I loved mair than fame;
It cheered me whaur war's gory banner was streaming,
Afar frae my country, my kindred, an' hame.
Afar frae this burnie, its heath-bells, an' gowans,
I dreamed o' my Jeanie across the deep sea;
I dreamed o' the spot whaur we pu'd the red rowans,
An' shook the brown nit frae the auld hazel tree.

Sweet haunts, ever dear, whaur in life's sunny morning
We followed the minnows that played in the stream;
While o'er us the midges their dances were forming,
Whaur we danced, too, like them on the daisy-clad green.
Here, blest wi' your love, in the lowliest shieling,
The sun o' enjoyment wad ne'er set again:
She sunk on his bosom—her blushes concealing—
An' murmur'd, "Dear laddie, my heart's a' yer ain."

WILLIAM ALLAN,

BOOKBINDER, was born at Footdee, Aberdeen, in 1844. He is presently in the employment of Messrs Pirie & Sons, Stoneywood Paper Works,

near Aberdeen, and is a valued contributor of poems and songs to the local newspapers. Mr Allan writes with a realism and simplicity and directness of purpose that better-known poets might well feel proud of. He has an intimate acquaintance with the Doric, and can make effective use of it, while much of his poetry shows warm home affection, love of nature, with touches of genial humour pleasingly and musically expressed.

THE AULD HOOSE.

O the auld hoose, the auld hoose, fair fa' thy couthie beild,
Its winnocks o' the bygane days, its riggin' marked wi' eild,
What though the hoosie be na braw, leal hearts are aye within,
An' far as craws' flicht keep fell care frae tirlin' at the kin.

O the auld hoose, the auld hoose, wi' glee its wa's hae rung,
When couthie greetings welcomed a', and cheerie sangs were sung,
Nae ingle blinked on blyther hearts, nae happier could they be,
The kind guidwife gied scouth to a' aneth the auld roof-tree.

O the auld hoose, the auld hoose, fond memories roun' thee cling,
Though mony a mile o' sea an' lan' hae broke the ingle's ring.
The bairns' bairnies a' met there whan Sabbath eve cam' roon',
Wi' hallowed strains frae guileless hearts their Maker's praise wad croon.

The heathery peak on Brimmon's brow is purplin' in the west,
The peace o' Scotia's Sabbath eve will close the day o' rest,
I see across the weary wave a beam o' slantin' licht
That lingers on the dear auld hoose now hidden frae my sicht.

Sae fades the scenes o' childhood's morn frae a' but fancy's e'e,
But rosy tints o' sunset born aye gild their memorie;
Amang the treasures o' the heart the hoose will hand its ain,
Whan bairnies' bairns wi' haffits grey, at e'en are hirplin hame.

WE'VE AYE HELD OOR AIN.

Ance mair the bard of Coila my feeble harp inspires,
And tunes it to the heather land o' free men of our sires;
Nae dullsome strains o' wae be mine, nor gloomy the refrain,
For in days bygane, we will maintain, we've aye held oor ain.

Is there a page in history through whilk a man micht keek
But meddlers get frae Scottish hearts their kail through the reek?

The "Nemo me" has blazed afar on mony a bloudy plain,
For in days bygane, we will maintain, we've aye held our ain.

The Scottish heid is hard to crack, yet often in the van;
There's mair than what the spoon pits in within the harnpan.
Lang may the hamely tartan wave aboot their shanks sae bare,
And their fireside still be guarded by the challenge "Touch who dare."

High o'er yon misty mountain the sun is keekin' through,
Nae place whaur despots' feet can tread will open to the view;
The foreign cocks may loodly craw on midden heids at hame,
We'll this maintain, wi' micht and main, and aye haud oor ain.

FRANCIS HARPER

WAS born in "bonnie Feughs Glen," twenty-eight miles west from Aberdeen, in 1865. The second son of a family of nine, he received a fair "country" education, and when he left school at the age of fourteen, he had made considerable advancement in the higher branches. About this time his father, who was tenant of the farm of Balnaboth, had, on account of bad seasons and serious losses, to give up his lease, and those of the family who were old enough had to leave the parental roof, and engage in work. We find the subject of our notice apprenticed to a general merchant in the village of Banchory, about eighteen miles from the "Granite City"; but after having served three years of his time, his health gave way, and his master seeing that the lad's heart was not in his work allowed him to leave. He was sick of being

Pent up in a shop from morn till nicht,
Debarr'd o' nature's glorious licht,
Wi' ne'er a sprig o' green.

His fondness for out-door labour was such that even

his school holidays were gladly spent in working in the fields; and at present we find him engaged as a farm servant not far from the home of his boyhood, thoroughly contented with his lot, and, as he says, "always happy to work alongside Nature."

From his early years our poet manifested a strong love for Scottish poetry; and the poems and songs of Burns, and the writings of Scott, have been to him exhaustless sources of mental pleasure. For several years his effusions have appeared in the poet's corner of the Aberdeen *Weekly Herald* and *Free Press*. The following specimens of his writings evince considerable felicity of expression, and much natural sweetness and freshness:—

THE AULD PLOUGH.

There tak' thy rest, for rest thou must,
Sad prey to rottenness and rust!
Auld Time's gien thee a fatal thrust,
Thy stilts an' rung
Are mould'rin' doonward into dust
From whence they sprung!

Twice forty years an' mair, nae doot,
Has passed awa' sin' "Airchie Scott"
First fixed thy ribs, an' waulled thy snoot,
An' clinched thy broo;
An' stiltit thee, an' turned thee oot
A noble ploo!

Since then thou'st gotten mony a scoor,
On bleak hillside an' barren moor;
Yet thou wast never dull nor dour
To do thy wark;
But sent the "red lan'" up like stoor
Frae morn till mark.

Methinks I yet behold, serene,
That cooter, pointed sharp an' keen,
Go tearin' thro' the foggage green
On yonder lea;
While doon below the sock, unseen,
Raired oot for glee.

Ah, sock! ah, sock! thy days are o'er,
Nae mair aneath the grun' thou'lt bore;

Nae mair I'll hear thee grunt an' snore
At skreech o' day ;
Or snotter lood as on ye tore
Thro' stanes an' clay.

Fu' mony a daisy hae ye tummel'd,
An' mony a big prood thrissle hummel'd,
An' mony a " carl doddie " rummel'd,
Clean heelster heid ;
An' mony a mousie's nest sair jummel'd
Beyond remeid.

When nyatterin' on aneath the yird,
Whiles 'gainst a rock ye wad come dird ;
Auld Bloss back stottit at the " gird,"
A fit an' mair,
As Willie's ribs, first, second, third,
Were chatter'd sair !

Atween thae stilts for mony a year
Has Willie sparr'd an' gripp'd severe,
An' faced the wintry win's an' sheer
Fell bitin' cauld ;
Though noo he's grown " waur o' th' weer,"
He's auld ; fu' auld.

Yet every mortal has his day ;
For manhood's strength must sure decay,
A' things on earth return to clay
By Heaven's decree ;
And even this warld shall pass away
An' cease to be.

Then while it still fulfils His plan,
May Scotia's vigour never wan ;
Lang may her sons o'erturn the lan'
Once Wallace trod !
The plough's the noblest work of man ;
And he of God.

MY LOVELY LASSIE.

Whaur birches scent the balmy air,
Whaur heather blooms sae fresh an' fair,
Whaur wild flowers wave in clusters, there
Dwells my lovely lassie.

Whaur cushets coo, whaur linties sing,
Whaur laverocks, carolling, upward spring,
Whaur mountain echoes loodly ring,
Dwells my lovely lassie.

Whaur bonnie Feugh in simmer days,
Amang the rocks sae cheerfu' plays,
By Fingan's shady woods and braes,
Dwells my lovely lassie.

Pure as the dew upon the thorn,
All radiant like a simmer morn,
Sweet as the floo'r by nature born,
Blooms my lovely lassie.

Begone dull care! awa wi' haste!
Why daur ye lurk within my breast?
For, when the sun sinks in the west,
I'm aff to woo my lassie.

EMILY SUTHERLAND,

A YOUNG poetess of much promise, is a native of Auchterarder, and presently resides in Crieff. She is an occasional contributor to the *People's Friend*, and frequently appears in the Poet's Corner of several newspapers. She has written a number of lively verses, showing originality of conception, and an ear well attuned to rhythm and the harmony of numbers, but we think she is most successful when she adopts a subdued and reflective vein.

LIFT ME AGAIN TO MY CHAIR.

Oh, lift me again to my chair, mither,
Surely this canna be death,
An' open the window for air, mither,
For I feel as if chokin' for breath.

But, mither, dinna greet sae sair,
Although I'm gaun to dee;
Ye ken we'll meet to pairt nae mair
In the bonnie countrie.

Now saft blaws the win' on my broo, mither
Sae come an' sit doon by my side,

For I fain wid say something to you, mither;
An' I hae but a wee while to bide.

When Jamie comes hame frae the sea, mither,
Ye'll tell him I loved him sae true,
An' say that I wish him to be, mither,
In my stead, a bairn to you.

An' gie him the Book that I lo'e, mither—
Ah, yes I hae lo'ed it weel,
For it showed me the way sae true, mither—
The way to the Land o' the Leal.

Whatna music is that I hear, mither,
Soundin' sae low an' sweet?
Oh, come closer yet to my ear, mither,
For I canna hear ye speak.

Its the song o' the angels I hear, mither,
An' I think it's for me they sing.
Yes, yes, they are comin' sae near, mither,
I hear the flap o' their wing.

Sae mither dinna greet sae sair,
Although I'm gaun to dee;
Ye ken we'll meet to pairt nae mair
In the bonnie countrie.

MY MITHER.

Cauld, cauld seems the world noo, an' caulder the hame,
Since my mither to the land o' the leal gaed awa';
Mither! ah, mither! hoo I like to hear that name,
E'en tho' the soond o't gars the saut tears fa'.

I'll ne'er forget the day when the angel of death
Wi' his icy hand cam' an' tirled at the door;
When my mither's e'e grew dim, an' feeble her breath,
My heart felt a pang it had ne'er felt afore.

Ah, yes, it was a pang that was sair, sair to bide,
An' aft did I wish I could lie doon an' dee,
That in death I micht be by my dear mither's side,
But, ah! he didna lay his cauld hand on me.

A wee while langer in this weary vale o' tears,
That my rebellious soul may be chastened an' refined,
But patiently I'll wait, e'en though it may be years,
Ere the croon o' glory roond my broo be entwined.

THOMAS TOD STODDART.

THE son of a rear Admiral in the British Navy, Thomas Tod Stoddart chose to turn aside early in life into the peaceable by-paths of literature, and possibly much of that gentleness of disposition which he manifested through life was largely owing to his being educated at a Moravian establishment in or near Manchester. He was born in Edinburgh in 1810. Intending to follow law as a profession, he entered the University of his native city at a very early age, and when only sixteen he carried off the prize for poetry in the Moral Philosophy Class, the chair of which was then filled by the brilliant John Wilson.

Studying for the bar, Mr Stoddart passed as advocate at the age of twenty-three, but, like many of our most celebrated literary men, he disliked the profession, and soon abandoned it altogether, and settled down for life at Kelso. Here, amid scenery the richest and loveliest of all the southern vales of Scotland, he wooed the muse, and secured the friendship of many of the most notable men of the time, chief among whom were Professor Wilson, the Ettrick Shepherd, Henry Glassford Bell, Professor Ferrier, and Thomas Aird. With these choice spirits he delighted to wander, and to commune by the river banks, the lonely mountain stream, and the broad blue lakes which gleam among the solitary hills. Leading a life of such healthful recreation, he, in 1835, produced "The Lunacy, or Death-Wake: a Necromaunt;" in 1839, "Songs and Poems;" in 1846, "Abel Massenger, or the Aeronaut, a Romance;" in 1866, "An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs;" and in 1873, "Songs of the Season, and other Poems," besides several pleasing works on angling in the intervals between these periods. Mr Stoddart died

in 1880, having only a few days previously contemplated his autobiography, which is said to be a work of great interest, and of a most pleasing nature, but which, as far as we know, has not yet been published, though doubtless it will be, for few authors ever wrote so much with hardly a line "which, dying, he could wish to blot."

Mr Stoddart's poetry is redolent of the heather, and has all the freshness of the summer winds which wanton among the unfrequented hills; while his numbers flow on as smoothly as the pellucid waters of his much-loved Tweed and Teviot at their sweetest windings, and when spring is wooing the birds to sing upon their banks. His songs are just such as a patient, happy angler might be expected to sing, and, like everything he has written, have a charm about them which never tires.

THE BRITISH OAK.

The oak is Britain's pride!
The lordliest of trees,
The glory of her forest-side,
The guardian of her seas!
Its hundred arms brandish'd wide
To brave the wintry breeze.

Our hearts shall never quail
Below the servile yoke,
Long as our seamen turn the sail,
And wake the battle-smoke—
Long as they stem the stormy gale
On planks of British oak!

Then in its native mead
The golden acorn lay,
And watch with care the bursting seed,
And guard the tender spray;
England will bless us for the deed
In some far future day!

Oh! plant the acorn tree
Upon each Briton's grave;
So shall our island ever be
The island of the brave—
The mother-nurse of liberty,
And empress of the wave!

LET ITHER ANGLERS.

Let ither anglers choose their ain,
An' ither waters tak' the lead ;
O' Hieland streams we covet nane,
But gie to us the bonnie Tweed ;
An' gie to us the cheerfu' burn
That steals into its valley fair—
The streamlets that at ilka turn
Sae saftly meet an' mingle there.

The lanesome Tala an' the Lyne,
An' Manor wi' its mountain rills,
An' Ettrick, whose waters twine
Wi' Yarrow, frae the forest hills ;
An' Gala, too, an' Teviot bright,
An' mony a stream o' playfu' speed ;
Their kindred valleys a' unite
Amang the braes o' bonnie Tweed.

There'e no a hole abune the Crook,
Nor stane nor gentle swirl aneath,
Nor drumlie rill, nor fairy brook,
That daunders through the flowery heath,
But ye may fin' a subtle trout,
A' gleamin' ower wi' starn an' bead ;
An' mony a salmon sooms aboot,
Below the bields o' bonnie Tweed.

Frae Holylee to Clovenford,
A chancier bit ye canna hae ;
So gin ye tak' an angler's word,
Ye'd through the whins an' ower the brae,
An' work awa' wi' cunnin' hand
Yer birzy hackles black an' reid ;
The saft sough o' a slender wand
Is meetest music for the Tweed.

THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth an' sing,
Meet the morn upon the lea ;
Are the emeralds of the spring
On the angler's trysting-tree ?
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me,
Are there buds on our willow-tree ?
Buds and birds on our trysting-tree ?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing,
Have you met the honey-bee,
Circling, upon rapid wing,

Round the angler's trysting tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, up and see,
Are there bees on our willow-tree,
Birds and bees at the trysting tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing,
Are the fountains gushing free?
Is the south wind wandering
Through the angler's trysting-tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me,
Is there wind up our willow tree,
Wind or calm at our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing,
Wile us with a merry glee;
To the flowery haunts of spring—
To the angler's trysting-tree.
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me,
Are there flowers 'neath our willow tree,
Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?

HUGH CLARK.

"HEONE."

IN 1881, a volume of "Poems for the Period," by "Heone," appeared from the Irvine press of Mr Charles Murchland, a gentleman of much enterprise and fine literary tastes. The work was edited by the Rev. Henry Reid, Irvine, and dedicated to the "Irvine Burns Club, which has ever been foremost in the recognition of merit, and the endeavour to encourage the inspiration of song." It was evident that the poet was a man of rare genius, high culture, and great refinement of feeling, for the poems bore evidence of natural ease and grace, while the lyrics were sweet and musical. Dr John White, author of "Jottings in Prose and Verse," himself a poet of deep feeling and imagination, says: "The phraseology is most choice, and the versification has all the ease

and freedom of a Byron. His knowledge of human nature is correct and extensive, and his descriptive pieces indicate his love for the beautiful, and his ability to describe it. Above all, his imagination—the happiest test of a poet—is lively, almost unbounded, and always used with the best effect." The mystery which hung around the authorship of the interesting volume was deepened by the statement made in the short preface, which, while it informed the reader that the poet was a native of North Ayrshire, and still living, stated that he was nevertheless unable to undertake the editing of his own work. The poems were said to have been written in the author's earlier years; and curiosity and wonder were still farther excited by the poet's own picture of himself prefixed to the volume, and contained in the following vigorous and impassioned lines:—

HEONE.

As mourns the eagle, exiled from his zone,
Spurning the sordid limits of his chain;
So thro' this dull, cold world he wandered lone,
Moaning wild music, like a god in pain.

Strong as a lion—softer than a dove—
His soul was wed to Beauty, and his dreams
Shone with the purple atmosphere of love,
Deep as the dawn-bloom dyes the upland streams.

His heart was strung to music and his ear
Thrill'd to the touch of all things true and tender;
All glorious to his eye this rolling sphere—
Its woods and waters, skies and sunset splendour.

Born in a wood-embossom'd rustic home,
That overlook'd the wide Atlantic shore;
His eye could see the wintry billows' foam,
His ear could hear the thunder of its roar.

A passion and a glory! And at even—
In youth's blest lapse of golden summer-time—
He watch'd the far, cloud-castled heights of Heaven,
And longed to tread those wonder-realms sublime!

His life was one long prayer for Love and Power—
For love lay captive in a giant hold;
O, for the might of Heaven for one brief hour,
To smite and save, as Samson smote of old!

The intrinsic excellence of the poetry, with the mystery in which the authorship still remained concealed, and the high praise bestowed upon the volume by the press, at once made the book popular; and it is now only that we, by the aid of the publisher, are enabled to let the world know who "Heone" is. Were space at our command to enable us to enlarge, a life-story could be told as painfully interesting as that of Edgar Allan Poe, to which, indeed, it bears a close resemblance.

Hugh Clark was born at the farm of New England, in the parish of Ardrossan, Ayrshire, in 1832. When quite a boy, he was much given to wandering alone, seemingly deep in the study of Nature's beauties, which, in hill and glen, sea and island, lay full within his view. Receiving an excellent commercial education, he worked for a year as farm boy, and then went to assist his brother in his shop at Saltcoats, removing from thence to Ardrossan in the same capacity. When sixteen years of age, he went to Glasgow, entering one of the great counting houses of the city as clerk. In this situation he continued for two years; but by this time he had been caught in that whirlpool of dissipation into which so many of our brightest youths are sucked, and perish miserably in their mad pursuit of pleasure. He lost many excellent and well-paid situations which, by his noble presence, fine address, and great ability, he had always been able to obtain in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other places, but unsteady habits had now taken firm possession of him. In his sober moments his remorse was terrible, and his written vows of amendment show their painful earnestness. Yet even then, his high powers of mind and poetic gifts were the wonder

and admiration of all who knew him, and one well capable of judging of these thus writes:—"My first acquaintance with Clark was when I was an apprentice printer. I was so enraptured with his verses that the idea often occurred to me that if ever I should become a publisher, it would be amongst my first volumes. That time did arrive." Yes, but in what melancholy circumstances! When the poet was unable to be conscious of the voice of popular applause, and regardless of the accents of pity or of blame. In a lonely garret he eked out many a weary day, till at length the brain gave way, and now he presents the painful picture of a helpless, hopeless inmate of the imbecile ward of the Irvine Poor House. "I have visited him several times," says his publisher, "and it is painful to witness such a tall, handsome-looking man, still in the prime of life, so gifted once, and who appeared to have such a great future before him, who might have been the noblest of mankind, now such a miserable wreck. The poem 'Heone' is a true picture of himself."

Although the volume gives us only fragments of the great things we might have had from the poor sufferer, still many of the poems are quite colossal in their melancholy grandeur, displaying lofty imagination and rich fancy. His poetic imagery is at all times vivid, and his pictures correct; while his ear has been able to delight itself with the many-toned melody of Nature. Our first quotation is selected from a lengthy poem containing many fine word pictures, entitled

AN ESSAY ON ICE.

. . . . .

Well to the road. Look at these youngsters there,
Sliding, and sliding too with all their *soles*,
As if it were the purpose of their lives.
Poor, happy, naked, ill-fed wretches, all;

Smeared faces, hair unkempt, some without shoes
As earnest as the rest, and one sly imp
Has stolen his father's well worn Wellingtons
That sheathe him to the thighs—lo, he is King !

And here, as o'er the Railway Bridge we pass,
Comes to our memory a stanza writ
By one who to the great world is unknown :

"Now swift along the line as lightning's gleam,
The burning wheels of fruitful commerce roll ;
While at the active head he sits supreme—
Directs, pervades, and animates the whole."

A man, poor, proud, true, tender as a child—
The foe of all hypocrisy and wrong.
A light, if lesser, not the less a light ;
If not much known, yet much to him is known,
Who knows to touch that spring of springs—the heart.
Long, long ago, I've heard my sister sing
His songs, and well I loved the warbled strain—
Their echoes linger in my memory still.
"O, music, music, music, power divine."

Still from the greed—the strife—the clangour
Of the Mammon-serving throng,
O, lap me in the lulling langour
Of some fine old Scottish song !

I'd rather heir the Heaven-dower'd Gift of Song
Than all the wealth rich England's coffers hold.
A wit as well was he : his rattle-rhymes
Like wild-fire round the rustic fireside ran—
Tickling till laughter brought glad showers of tears.
Ever to me was magic in his name,
Bringing bright thoughts of humour, mirth and song.
The snows of time among his locks have fall'n—
He was in manhood's prime ere I was born,—
Yet still upon his shoulders his fine head
Sits well,—the curls still cluster round his brow—
The poet's brow, high seat of lofty thoughts,—
His eye still lightens as of old,—his lips,
Charged with some noble utterance, ere they ope
To dazzle and delight with eloquence,
Assume a grand expression all their own—
Proud as the soul-rapt vision-seer of eld,—
Pausing a moment, like an eagle plumed
Ere soaring to the sun. I honour him
As Bard,—but as a man I love him more,—
For that my Mother he did reverence,
And her dear memory doth still revere.
He may have failings,—Heaven forgive those few !—
"*Faultless—Feckless,*" a proverb—Scotch—and true.

Oh, indeed, that is all very well as it goes,
Still I own it looks *rather—er—coleur de rose* ;
But most artists when young like to lay on the red,
So you need *not* mind blushing but please go—
a—head.

Ay, let us haste, for there upon our right
Reeks the vaporous source from which we light
Our homes and streets from sunset till sunrise—
Faugh ! how the vile fumes fill our nose and eyes.
Strange that from source so dark our light we draw,—
Contraries seem the universal law.
From darkest night breaks forth the rosiest morn ;
From deepest sorrows, highest joys are born ;
And—crown the idea with this truth divine—
The blackest sinner, brightest saint may shine.

. . . . . .

At length we reach the straight, wide, open road,
Traversed how oft in boyhood's days gone by ;
Each old familiar field, each tree, each wall
I recollect,—the very stones I know,
Like unforgotten faces of dear friends.

. . . . . .

Along this path on sunny afternoons,
Fed full, blowing their cutties black and old,
In cool shirt sleeves, their aprons loosely furled,
The Weavers walked ; and on yon low, rude wall,
Would sit for hours and hours in deep debate ;
But this was in the good old prosperous times,
The opulent Millenium of looms,
When weavers truly wove their webs of gold—
Not the lean ells their sons now beg to spin.
Here, at this point, four highways meet and part,—
One to the east, where wisdom dwelt of old ;
One to the west, the land of war and gold ;
One to the north, bleak realm of ice and snow ;
One to the south, whence soft-voiced breezes blow.
The first we choose, for wisdom's ways we love,
Since "all her paths are pleasantness and peace."
And, with Longfellow's fine mount climbing cry,
Eggs-sells-he-o'er ! we hope to make them buy and buy.

"Well have we speeded, and o'er bill and dale
Cut shorter many a league," and with our speed
Have crossed the Border, and already won
That region far, yet near—New England.
A sad-brow'd Youth my memory here recalls—
My fellow-traveller from the city—who
On passing this same spot thus murm'ring spake :—
" Here was I born, and here my boyhood's years,

The purest, happiest years of all my life,
Among those well-known woods and fields, were spent.
'Twas here my mother taught me first to pray.
My mother—at her name the blinding tears
Start to my eyes—to think that *that* dear name
Is now a hallowed memory and no more.
Much have I travelled, many homes have seen,
But never yet her equal have I found—
Nor hope to find. *Her* voice, in mild rebuke,
Could quell the raging devil in my heart;
Her touch could quench the fever of my brow;
Her soul was virtue, and diffused the dews
Of kindness that refreshed where'er they fell.
She was a Christian,—never from her door
Turned Hunger unappeased, nor Cold unwarmed,
Nor Nakedness unclothed, nor homeless head
Unlodged till morn, nor fainting heart uncheered.
Well could she feel, for she herself had felt
Affliction's heavy hand laid on her sore.
Her life-path lay 'midst thorns and sorrow's gloom,
Thro' which she, like an angel, passed unharmed,
Turning the very darkness into day.
My life has been a wayward, wild career,
But ever in Temptation's fiercest whirl,
In darkest depths of passion or remorse,
The precepts she had taught me at her knee
Like angel-whispers soothed my soul to rest;
She 'oved me well, would I had loved her more!

I THINK OF THEE.

When in the east the sun is glowing,
When morning airs are gently blowing,
When rosy day is slowly growing,
I think of thee.

When fragrant flow'rs are freshly springing,
When joyous birds are merry singing,
When early bees abroad are winging,
I think of thee.

When evening winds are softly sighing,
When birds and bees are homeward flying,
When weary day is calmly dying,
I think of thee.

When silently the stars were beaming,
When moonlight on the wave is gleaming,
When wrapt in slumbers, and a-dreaming,
I think of thee.

SHE WEEPS.

A castle stands on a rocky shore,—
A relic dim of the days of yore.—
And the waves beat round it evermore :
A lady weeps ;
In a chamber high of that castle hoar
A lady weeps ;
While the day is dying in his gore
She weeps.

The night has let drop her sable pall,
And tapers burn in that lofty hall ;
Yet still as she sits at its window'd wall,
The lady weeps !
Heeding not the midnight's silver call,
The lady weeps ;
Seeing not the shadows round her fall,
She weeps.

The hills are lit by the laughing morn,
And far o'er the sea her smile is borne,
But still at the window, sad and lorn,
The lady weeps ;
O like one whose bosom-hopes are torn,
The lady weeps ;
Like one who has loved and lives to mourn,
She weeps.

NIGHT.

Hush, hush !—a calm, unbroken silence reigns
O'er glittering lake, and lawn, and darkling wood ;
The landscape dim is steeped in quietude,
Through which there ever steal, like silver veins,
Soft fanning zephyrs, 'riched with odours fine,
Faint whispering 'mong the leaflets green
Of beech and aspen, shivering the woodbine,
As if with the thought of joys that once have been ;
Enthroned on heaven's cerulean dome, the Queen—
Peerless Queen—of night ! holds her court on high,
Thick, thronging with innumerable stars—
A brilliant multitude of worshippers—
Brought by the night from out the far blue sky,
And passing with her as she passeth by.

The earth is lying in a silver sleep—
But, ah ! what searing mis'ries are awake
Beneath this calm, and sleepless vigils keep,
Like fitful dreams that through pale slumber break :
Sad-hearted vice, with counterfeited smile—
Deadlier fascination than the serpent's wile—

Ill-clad orphans, and widows, who do make
The very winds to wail their sorrows, shake
Unpitied in the night ; in garret vile,
Care-wasted labour plies her midnight toil,
And sleep and tears her fevered eyes forsake ;
Lone wives and mothers watch and weep the while,
Listening each footfall ; with suspended breath,
Mute grief is gathered round the bed of death.

And 'neath the same pale melancholy moon,
Couched 'mong thick velvets, sleeping Beauty lies ;
Her ripe lips parted sweet, like rose in June,
Murmur a name enwreathed in tender sighs ;
Her breast heaves gently, like a summer sea
Yearning for the shore ; could we see her eyes,
They'd tell she dreams of love and bliss to be ;
The youth from kin and country parted—he
Dreams of his home, and climbs again those steeps
He knew of yore—and through the shady dells,
Where cowslips grow, and pinks, and rustling bells,
He roams, as o'er some strain the memory keeps ;
And she, for whom he gathered flowers, is there,
Her smile still brighter, and her cheek more fair.

SUNRISE IN SPRING.

Lo, the East is brightening grey,
Betokening the approach of day ;
Lingering mists are drawing off,
And earth begins her veil to doff.
Now the labourer takes his way,
To commence the toilsome day—
Whistling loud for want of care,
Happy he ! content his share.
Now steals forth the timid hare—
Fearful of the hound and snare—
Seeks the quiet sequestered glade
For the fresh and dewy blade.
Hark the Hunter's clanging horn,
Re-echoing in the stilly morn ;
And the cocks, proclaiming day,
Sound their pipes right cheerily.
See, the clouds with rosy tinge—
Like a golden-tassell'd fringe—
Hang the orient canopy
With a gorgeous drapery,
Fading as they sketch away,
Till they assume an azure grey.
Let's hasten to the mountain's brow,
For the sun's appearing now,—

Yonder in his flaming crest,
Next appears his burnished breast,
Glorious with his lustrous plumes
He the mountain top illumes,
And soaring up in golden pride
Shines around the mountain side,
Where the thick-dropp'd trembling dew
Sparkles with a varied hue.
Lightly from the dewy corn,
Springs the lark to greet the morn,
Trilling sweet his gladsome lay
As he mounts right merrily.
Soft the warbling of the thrush
Comes from yonder budding bush.
In yon shady woodland nook—
Where a deep pellucid brook
Mirrors clear the primrose pale—
Ring-doves coo their amorous tale.
Borne upon the morning gale
Plaintive comes the plover's wail.
The sun still mounts the Eastern height,
Gathering greater heat and might,
Kissing dew from off those flowers,
That load with perfume noonday hours,
Inviting forth to spend the day
'Mong virgin flowers young, fresh and gay,
The dainty waving butterfly,—
And all is joy ! around, on high !

ARDROSSAN: A RETROSPECT.

" In a Cottage I was cradled by the margin of the sea,"
And my feather-footed boyhood sped the silver-sanded shore ;
Ah, the broom in golden blossoms, and the daisy-jewelled lea,
I remember, I remember, tho' I see them nevermore.

'Mid the dim and solemn shadows, by my faintly glowing fire,
I sit and wake the memories of these golden days of yore ;
And my fancy, in the embers, rears a well-known church and spire,
By a hill with storied column, and a castle high and hoar.

And I see the loud-lipp'd cannon, and the grey time-hallowed tombs,
Where the kine are calmly browsing, and the light-limbed lambkin skips ;
Far below them lies a Crescent dropt in odour-breathing blooms
And a red town clasping in her arms a forest dim of ships.

Dark looming in the distance tower proud Arran's purple tops,
With the Holy Island lying like an emerald in the lee ;

O the glory and the gloom of gulfy glens and sunny slopes,
O'er the shimmer and the glimmer of the silver-glancing sea !

. . . . . .

Hark ! the wind howls at my lattice, and the swift-descending
snow
Is fluttering, like a wounded dove, against my window pane ;
Yes ! 'tis winter, and I only dream of summers long ago ;
Yet methinks I hear the music of the melancholy main.

JAMES LAUDER.

NOBODY thinks less lovingly of Homer because (as is generally believed) he sung his grand and immortal ballads for bread; and doubtless it is the mellow light of antiquity in which he now stands, and by which alone we get a glimpse of the hoary old bard, that makes us look without dislike on his abject condition. Let the genius of the *living* poet be ever so great, however, the case with him is altogether different, and his worldly necessities seem at once to wither the bays of the bard. If he has really possessed exalted genius, no sooner has the grave closed over him than, like the fabulous phœnix, his fame springs up afresh from his ashes, and men wax eloquent about his genius and worth. Although they would not perhaps stretch out a hand to raise him above his lowly lot, or aid him in adversity, yet no sooner has he gone down to the grave amid poverty and gloom than they subscribe to place a memorial stone above his dust.

James Lauder is peculiarly one of the poverty-stricken poets of the present. Born at Leith, in 1841, the son of a working blacksmith, he, after a

scanty education, was put to the same trade, but after the death of his mother, for whom he had a strong affection, he took a great dislike to the business. Not being able to endure the toil and confinement, and having previously acquired a good knowledge of music, and become a skilful player on the violin, he, for the last eight years, has been leading the wandering life of a street musician. In that capacity he has roamed the country far and wide.

About the age of eighteen, Lauder read the poems of Burns, and from that time he began to write poetry. After a while some of his pieces appeared in the *Scotsman*, and in several other newspapers and publications.

In 1863 he published a small collection of "Scotch Lyrics," of very considerable merit, and in 1870 a volume entitled "Warblings of a Caged Bird." His songs show fancy, studious observation, and, as might be expected, a fine ear for harmonious verse. From his high admiration of the writings of the two Roberts—Fergusson and Burns—the Doric in which he frequently writes, might have been expected to have been more pure and correct than it frequently is.

Our poet at present is engaged on a work, "the object of which is to reconcile God's Word and God's Work, the first volume of which is nearly finished." Should it ever see the light, the work is likely to prove a curiosity, and certainly it is a most ambitious one for a wandering minstrel to undertake.

A MITHERLESS BAIRN.

Wha'll tend the laddie noo,
Wha'll kaim his flaxen hair,
And shed it ower his broo?
Wha'll wipe his wee black bou'?
Mammy never mair.

Mammy's dead and gane,
Gane to the burial hole,
An' the wee, wee duddy wean
Toddles the stair alane,
Wi' a face as black as coal.

His daddie's at the sea,
For there his bite he earns;
And his little sisters three
Are just such like as he—
Wee thochtless, careless bairns.

Will nae ane kaim his hair,
And wash his dirty feet?
There's mothers in the stair,
But nae ane seems to care—
The bairnie just maun greet.

I'm sure that kind wee face
Micht melt a heart o' stane;
But ah! in a' the place
There doesna seem a trace
O' even siccan ane.

Come, guid Samaritan,
Speak wi' a kindly tongue
To the lanely little man,
Whase sorrows hae began
While yet he is sae young,

Oh pity the wee boy
Thus on the hard world starr'd;
Guid actions bring a joy
Unmingled wi' alloy—
Will nane claim the reward?

THE BAIRN'S PETITION.

Oh, come awa' hame, mither, dinna gang there;
Ye ken its the whisky that doubles your care,
My foot's awfu' sair, its beginning to beal,
Wi' yon piece o' glass I got into my heel.
Oh, come awa' hame, mither, bind up my tae,
Ye see that the nail o't is a' torn away;
The dirt's gettin' in, and is makin' it sair,
Oh, come awa' hame, mither, dinna gang there.

I gaed to the schule, whaur the braw bairnies gang,
And the gentleman tel'd us that drinkin' was wrang;
He said "their fine music is only a snare
To wile aff the witless," Oh, dinna gang there;
He said that "the devil lay hid in ilk room,
And ower a' your laughin' was crackin' his thoom,

Singin' aye 'here's another I've caught in my snare.'"
Oh, come awa' hame, mither, dinna gang there.

Ye kenʃit was whisky that made auntie dee,
An' banished my faither awa' ower the sea;
Ye ken it was whisky that made ye sae puir,
Oh, come awa' hame, mither, dinna gang there;
Oh, had ye been sober, hoo alter'd your case,
Wi' nae nasty scars to disfigure your face,
Ye had ne'er been sae ragged, forlorn, or sae puir,
Oh, come awa' hame, mither, dinna gang there.

TO A SKYLARK.

Sing away, wing away,
Bird of the dawn of day
Fluttering, twittering,
Up to the canopy.

Beautiful, dutiful,
Bird of the morrowing,
Hie aloft, fly aloft,
Thou hast no sorrowing.

Leaving still, grieving still,
Thy little brood awhile,
Sing above, wing above,
Up in the cloud a mile.

Slumberless, cumberless,
Welcome the sun again,
Preach to us, teach to us,
Day has begun again.

Sing thy way, wing thy way,
So may my soul ascend,
Life all gone, strife all gone,
To yon bright goal ascend.

Should they not, could they not,
Have called the chanticleer?
Morning bird, warning bird,
Rising the dawn to cheer.

Prettiest, pitiest
Thou the poor citizen,
Smok'd all day, chock'd alway,
'Mid the dull city's din,

Hammering, clamouring,
Round thee unceasingly;
Would'st thou then, could'st thou then,
Warble thus pleasingly?

Pretty one, pity one
Wretch of the weariest,
Lost among, toss'd among
Gloom of the veriest.

Warring off, scaring off
Sorrow with poesy;
Weaving songs, grieving wrongs,
'Mong engines noisy.

Winging yet, singing yet,
Mirthfully, pleasantly;
Chant away wantonly,
I'll lose thee presently.

Merry bird, cheery bird,
Sun's in the horizon;
Wing aloft, sing aloft,
Breathe out thy orison.

Bonnie bird, sunny bird,
Soaring so well's ye are;
Longer yet, stronger yet,
Sing thy *excelsior*.

JANE CLEGHORN.

A PERIOD of sore bereavement opened a well of poesy in the subject of this sketch. Born at Port-Glasgow in 1827, she was only four years of age when her father, a young ship-master, in his twenty-seventh year, was wrecked on the iron-bound coast of Wales. By his bravery he was the means of saving his entire crew, but was himself ultimately drowned—leaving a wife and two children. After receiving a scanty education, she had to take her share in providing for the wants of the little household— and, indeed, she has earned her bread since her tenth year. Many years ago she was suddenly left a young widow, with an aged

mother and a young child to provide for; and the effect of this sore bereavement, followed by others, was almost overwhelming. After a time she began business as a hairdresser in her native town. Her life has been a constant round of care and toil, yet though both her surroundings and her work are prosaic, she has only to go a few paces from her home when she can feast her eyes on the gorgeous scenery of the Firth of Clyde—one of the finest panoramas ever unrolled by our loving Father's hand. As the shadows of evening are gathering round her, each year she enjoys this feast with renewed pleasure and zest.

Mrs Cleghorn contributes frequently to the Glasgow and other newspapers, and as a poet she exhibits genuine feeling, striking thought, and considerable power of condensation. Her utterances are ever tender, and she at times rises to a real glow of fervour.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

The day advances on the wings of morning sure and fleet,
And from my couch I gladly spring, its rosy face to greet;
The trees have hung their banners out, see every leaf unfurl'd,
Rejoicing that another day is "born unto the world."
The birds their joyous anthems weave in ecstasy of song,
The woods catch up the melody, and trail the notes along;
Oh consecrate, Thou great High Priest! my heart and lips prepare,
E'er I enter through the portals of this wondrous house of prayer,
This temple grand; this minster vast, built by no human hand,
Which in its stately grandeur rose at Thy divine command.

And now from every bush and tree sweet odours hourly rise,
For Nature offers back to Thee a willing sacrifice;
The forests wave Thy majesty upon the mountain's breast;
To tell us of Thy mighty power the ocean lifts her crest.
The flowers proclaim Thy beauty forth in many a varied hue;
We taste Thy loving kindness in the sunshine and the dew.
The thunder's voice, the earthquake's throe, the swift volcanic fire,
Come forth to do Thy bidding, and at Thy command retire.

The birds, the beasts, the flowers, the stars, the orient orb of day,
All sinless lift their voices up and praise thee as they may.
To Thy behests all nature bows, and answers, "Lord I come."
Can this be so, and only man, poor sinful man be dumb?
Or shall we shake the langour off?—to noblest deeds aspire,
Until our lives harmonious blend with Nature's perfect choir.

THE AGED WIDOW TO HER WEDDING RING.

Only a tiny circlet small, a well-worn hoop of gold,
Yet, could it tell its story, what a tale it would unfold
Of hopes that budded, bloomed, and died, of anxious cares and fears,
Of purest joys that girt our lives for more than forty years.

My hands were small and soft and white upon my bridal day,
And my heart was sweetly crooning o'er a joyous roundelay;
For I dreamt not what lay hid for me in the folded hands of life,
Nor could I grasp the meaning of that mystic name, a wife.

We clasped each other's hands, and climbed the hills of self-denial,
And bore each other safely up through many a fiery trial;
For the sun of love shone clear and warm along the rugged road,
And shed his rays of brightness o'er the path our footsteps trod.

Ten lovely plants of human life around our table grew,
And blessings fell upon our heads, thick as the morning dew;
And we thought our bonnie bairns were ours to have and hold and keep,
And so with perfect confidence we lulled our hearts asleep.

But, ah! one morn, one winter morn, a dark-robed angel came—
At sight of him our slumb'ring fears burst forth into a flame;
He wrapped his sable robe round three, our fairest and our best,
And as he bore them from our sight we shuddered for the rest.

Again, and yet again, we heard the rustling of his wings,
Until his dreaded visits grew to us familiar things;
Until our hearts were drunk with grief, our eyes with tears were dim,
And when he took our last one, how we longed to go with him.

But, last of all, he came for thee, band of my home and heart,
And set his seal upon thy brow, and I knew that we must part;
And from that hour how heavily I've trod the vale of life,
Ah! now I know the meaning of those mystic words—"a wife."

And now with me 'tis eventide; but I see the blissful goal,
Which has been battled for and won by each enfranchised soul.
And, gazing thus, my spirit plumes her wings for instant flight,
And only waits her Lord's command to bid the world good night.

OOR AIN FIRESIDE.

There's a bonnie winsome queen at oor ain fireside,
Wi' merry lauchin' een at oor ain fireside;
It was her wee eident hand
That made bonnie Scotia grand,
Sae we bow to her command
At oor ain fireside.

Wha wadna struggle sair for their ain fireside,
An' fecht through foul or fair for their ain fireside?
There peace, the gentle dove,
Spreads her downy wings o' love
Like a spirit frae above,
Round oor ain fireside.

It is Thrift we ca' the queen at oor ain fireside,
She's the cheeriest e'er was seen at oor ain fireside,
Weel may oor hardy race
Bless her independent face,
An' gie her aye her place
At their ain fireside.

There freedom sits enthroned at oor ain fireside,
For which oor fathers groaned at their ain fireside,
As the birdie seeks its nest,
Sae I seek my haven o' rest
In the neuk I lo'e the best,
At oor ain fireside.

There the weary rest frae toil at their ain fireside,
Frae the sorrow and the soil at their ain fireside;
An' hope wi' smilin' eye,
Paints a brighter bye an' bye,
Whaur love can never die
Yont oor ain fireside.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

To wait man's entrance into life, and pay his passage here
With mortal pangs, and glowing hope and pale and ghastly fear;
Then quick forget the price we paid, and take the helpless thing
And wind it round and round with love as with a bridal ring.

Forgetting pains and weariness to find our earthly bliss
In tending him, full well repaid by his first infant kiss;
To train aright his wayward will, to sleep with heart awake,
And slay the potent idol, Self, forever for his sake.

To take his hand and lead him up the slippery steps of youth,
And teach him how to gird his soul with manliness and truth;
To follow still the purest aims and aspirations high,
And keep an open heart for claims of pure humanity.

'Tis man's to push through bush an' break amidst the darksome wood,
To trample down the tangling briars in quest of daily food ;
'Tis yours and mine to hold aloft the blazing torch of love
Above his path and light him on to a home of rest above.

WILLIAM HOGG

IS the first butcher we have come across in our galaxy of poets. It is a calling that many will doubtless think is altogether out of harmony with the true spirit of song-making ; nevertheless we have in all our work few more sweet and tenderly written productions than those of our present poet.

William Hogg was born in the parish of Cambusnethan, county of Lanark, in 1822, and attended school from his fifth to his ninth year, when he was employed as a cowherd. He discharged these rustic duties for about six months, and thereafter he became assistant or "drawer" to one among the many thousands of the human family who make their living by digging far down among the fossils of the earth. He continued at this calling until he reached his twenty-seventh year, when he began business as a butcher, in which trade he is at present engaged in the village of Bellshill, about ten miles to the east of Glasgow.

Mr Hogg is well known in and around Glasgow, is much esteemed in a wide circle, and is president of the local "Burns Club"—a very flourishing, intelligent, and warm-hearted society. Although often solicited, he has not as yet consented to publish his numerous poems and songs in book form. Many of his verses have appeared in the Glasgow newspapers, the *Hamilton* and the *Airdrie Advertiser*, as

well as in other weekly journals. His poems bear the mark of spontaneous thought, called forth by the particular subject of each, and thus conveying in them traces of the writer's individuality. His lyrics are set in smooth and musical words, graceful in their simplicity, and they possess a remarkable roundness and completeness of thought.

'TWEEN THE CRADLE AN' THE GRAVE.

In the town an' in the city,
An' in clachan's sma', my son,
There are places worth the seeing,
An' places ye maun shun.
An' this safe an' sober lesson
Ye mauna try to waive—
There is much that's worth the kenning
'Tween the cradle and the grave.

Ye may by sage experience
Be led the fact to ken,
What often mak's the difference
'Tween great an' little men.
The love o' power's been kent to mak'
A coward to look brave—
There is muckle made by watching
'Tween the cradle and the grave.

Dinna gauge your fellow being
By his coat or place in life,
An' be gentle aye in wielding
Dissection's deadly knife.
I hae kent the unsuspecting
Made the victim of a knave—
There are mony weary turnings
'Tween the cradle and the grave.

Dinna envy gaudy glitter,
Though aiblins braw to see;
What may to you be beautifu',
To ithers dark may be.
Some gie awa to finery
What they should maybe save—
There are mony queer requirements
'Tween the cradle and the grave.

Some hae started on the journey
O' life wi' prospects clear,
An' wha had to a' appearance
Nae evil hour to fear,

Yet were kent, thro' fickle fortune,
To be another's slave—
They are stout that never tumble
'Tween the cradle and the grave.

You will see some pets o' fortune
Wha couldna tell ye why
They've been landed an' been lifted
To seats o' honour high,
Wha a favour frae the fickle fates
Were never kent to crave—
Smooth's the road to some in wandering
'Tween the cradle an' the grave.

Be just in a' your dealings
Wherever ye may gang ;
A shilling gotten honestly
Is worth hundreds gotten wrang,
An' that line o' life in choosing
Will pangs o' conscience save,
An' will mak' ye aye respected
'Tween the cradle an the grave.

OUR LITTLE CHILD.

"Emblem of purity," sweet is thy smile,
Thou art a stranger to envy or guile ;
No cloud of sorrow has darkened thy brow,
"Emblem of purity," happy art thou.

Calmly and joyfully, half the day long
Drinking in eagerly mother's sweet song ;
Happiness greater to thee cannot be,
The song of thy mother's worth worlds to thee.

May thy life's morning glide gently away,
May thy life's gloaming be blameless and gay,
Till thy life's silver cord death shall divide ;
"Emblem of purity," God be thy guide.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF OTHER DAYS.

Soberly again I'm wandering
Where in youth I've often been,
Where I dreamed—ah, vain my dreaming,—
Suns would keep upon me beaming,
That no shadow dark would screen.

Years have on my memory painted
Pictures dark of human life,
Cheering hopes and prospects blighted,
Days of coming joys benighted,
Troubles, trials, cares, and strife.

Time has overspread with changes
Homes and haunts of days gone by ;
Places fair are fast decaying,
Are aside their beauty laying,
And will soon in ruins lie.

Of my early old companions
Faces few of them are seen ;
Some have crossed the dreary river
That will roll and roll for ever
Them and earthly homes between.

And the few and weary wand'rers
That are left behind them here,
Nature's voice to them's revealing
That decay's upon them stealing,
That their end with time is near.

Fleet and frail are earthly pleasures,
Joys that live but for a day ;
Quick are they in disappearing,
And are poor the heart in cheering
When the head with years is grey.

And the many pleasant places
Mem'ry loves to linger o'er,
He who loves round them to wander,
He who loves on them to ponder,
Shortly will be known no more.

SING ON, LITTLE WARBLER.

Sing on, little warbler, I love thy sweet lay,
Nae sweeter, nae purer's the breath o' the day ;
Nae cares e'er arise in thy breast to destroy
The day o' unbroken contentment an' joy.
Thy dark airy dwelling to thee is as fair
As yon dome to my lord, wi' its gold an' its glare,
An' thy slumber's as sweet in thy moss-enshrined bed
As he wha on pillows o' down lays his head.

Frae morning to e'ening thy wants that are few
Aye come unperceived like the fa' o' the dew :
While the blue arch o' heaven remains overhead
Kind nature will furnish its minstrels wi' bread.
Rejoice, little warbler, thy hame's wide and wild,
With beauties around it luxuriously coiled ;
But the grandeur that dazzles the love drinking e'e
Are lost to the vision in listening to thee.

Thy sweet voice has often when care o'er me hung,
When fears, doubts, and darkness my strength had unstrung,
Dispelled the wild dreams o' my heart an' my brain,
An' cheered my lone bosom in joys sweet again.

Sing on, little warbler, I love thy sweet lay,
Nae sweeter, nae purer's the breath o' the day ;
Nae cares e'er arise in thy breast to destroy
Thy day o' unbroken contentment an' joy.

ALEXANDER DONALDSON,

AUTHOR of a volume entitled "Rustic Lays," was born at Gifford, Haddingtonshire, in 1851. In his seventh year he was sent to the village school, which he attended four years, and was then apprenticed to his father, who was the village tailor. After having served three years the subject of our sketch, desiring a better knowledge of his trade, engaged himself to a firm in Haddington, with whom he completed his term of apprenticeship. While at Haddington, and when only sixteen years of age, he enlisted into an Artillery Regiment of Militia, with whom he served five years. At the completion of that period he obtained his discharge with a good character. During the time he served in the militia– that is "between trainings"—and for some time after, our poet followed his ordinary calling in various parts of Scotland. In 1872 he settled down in North Berwick, and it was about this time that the productions of his muse first saw the light. We are informed that when he first attempted versification, he had so far neglected the little education he possessed, that he knew nothing of grammar, and was ignorant of the fact that every line in verse should begin with a capital letter. Determined, however, to make amends for misspent years, he diligently set himself to the cultivation of his mental faculties ; and many an anxious and late hour was spent over his grammar and dictionary.

In 1880 our poet was appointed school board officer for the parishes of Gifford, Bolton, and part of Garvald. He is also precentor in the Yester Free Church, and is a well-known comic vocalist and Scottish humourist of some repute, in which capacity he frequently appears at concerts, &c. It is strange, however, that our bard seldom throws any of his drollery into his writings.

Mr Donaldson was for some years a constant contributor to the *Haddington Courier*, but since the publication of "Rustic Lays," in 1879, he has unfortunately seldom retained a copy of his productions; and thus many a fine little lyric has been lost. His verses have a pleasing and spontaneous ring, and they all display a considerable degree of poetic merit. His themes are varied, and many of them are touchingly pathetic. He has evidently a heart that can join in the joys and share the sorrows of others, and he is, as he tells us in the preface to his volume, "tenderly and reverently susceptible to the manifold beauties and abiding lessons of Nature." Our poet's "verses about the bairns" are sweet and tender—indeed his nursery lines are peculiarly simple and touching. The following poem was written on hearing a little girl say on behalf of another whose playmates were shunning her company, "Oh, lat her play wi' 's, she has nae faither:"

THE FAITHERLESS BAIRN.

Aye, aye, she is faitherless, dinna her spurn,
Lest her wee lip should hing, an' her young heart should mourn,
The lambs lo'e ilk ither, an' play on the lea;
Sae bairnies, dear bairnies, oh! why winna ye?

The wean craves yer love, oh, that love let her ha'e,
Let her share o' yer joys, an' join ye in play,
An' drive her na frae ye wi' skelp or ill mane—
Oor heart's deepest pity the faitherless claim.

Nae faither has she coming hame frae his toil,
To meet his bit lassie wi' kind word an' smile—
To kiss her sweet lippies sae bonnie an' red,
Or pat wi' affection her wee curly head.

'Twad nigh break the heart o' the mither in twain
To see ye despise sae her faitherless wean,
Thro' saut tears she e'es her wee love no sae braw,
As when he was wi' them, the faither awa'.

But tho' she's no busket sae braw like as you,
Her face is as fair, an' her heart is as true,
The sunshine o' artlessness gleams in her e'e,
Then shout blythesome bairnies, "Oor playmate she'll be."

An' ne'er wound her heart wi' the shafts o' disdain,
But aye mak' a frien' o' the faitherless wean,
Thus, sow in her bosom, where death has sown grief,
Sunny joys o' sweet childhood—sorrow's relief.

WELCOME, LITTLE BAIRNIE.

Welcome to oor ingle-en',
Little, rosy, dainty hen;
Sune ye'll toddle but an' ben—
Welcome, little bairnie.

Sune ye'll lisp the words sae fine,
Cheer my heart when I repine;
To oor hame a gift Divine—
Welcome, little bairnie.

When ye prattle on my knee,
Blythely will I sing to thee,
Saunter wi' ye ower the lea—
Welcome, little bairnie.

Hoo I'll cuddle ye at nicht,
Watch wi' care till mornin' licht,
When ye'll wauken blythe an' bricht—
Darlin' little bairnie.

Watchfu' angels ever guard,
Lift your young thochts heavenward;
An' the blessings o' the bard
Rest on thee, my bairnie.

THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

Oh! see ye yon cot where the douce shepherd's collie
Is friskin' aboot 'mang the bairnies at play?
An' see ye yon burnie that, snake-like and slowly,
Is creepin' alang by yon bracken-clad brae?

Weel, yon is the dear cot where ance lived my Nellie,
A sweeter young flooret ne'er hallow'd a dell—
Immaculate, too, as yon sweet droopin' lily,
That her ain fingers rear'd by yon bonnie wee well.

An' yon is the burnie where aft we'd be strayin'
Wi' han' claspin' han' on its margin sae green,
Fond e'ein' the guileless lambs sportively playin'
'Mang the juniper bushes, ilk spring nicht serene.

We'd watch the troot sport in the burnie's clear shallow,
Admire them when swift thro' the ripples they spring
To rob o' his dear prey the flat skimmerin' swallow
That tak's 'bune the stream's breast the gnat on the wing.

An' aft wad my love ken the biel o' my plaidie,
When snell blew the win' ower the heathery hill,
An' sweetly she'd sing o' her dear shepherd laddie
That tended his lammies beside the clear rill.

Oh! joys evanescent, alas! hoo ye vanish'd—
Ye cheer'd for awhile, then swift did depart,
An' wi' me left sorrow, whase cruel pangs hae banish'd
Ilk faint ray o' hope that illumined my heart.

For a'e Sunday e'enin' when roamin' thegither,
I saw a bricht tinge on my Nellie's fair cheek;
An' sadly I e'ed as we roam'd thro' the heather,
Her step ance sae lichtsome grow feeble an' weak.

The first seeds o' grief were then sown in my bosom,
The first marks o' sorrows were traced on my broo;
When I saw the sad change on that young virgin blossom,
An' view'd health's red streak fadin' fast frae her mou'.

When autumn was here, an' the dead leaves were tremblin'
An' fa'in' in gowden heaps fast frae the tree,
A few scatter'd mourners were sadly assemblin'
To bear Nell awa' frae her kindred an' me.

The trooties may loup noo, an' lammies may gambol,
An' frae the whin's dark crest the lintie may sing,
An', blythe, up yon hillside the lover may scramble,
But joy to this sad heart there's naething can bring.

MY BAIRNIE AN' THEE.

Ye're awa' noo, my wifie, awa' for a while,
An' sair, sair I miss noo thy sweet, winnin' smile;
An' lanely I sit wi' the tear in my e'e,
An' sigh for a hame wi' my bairnie an' thee.
My bairnie an' thee, O my bairnie an' thee;
I sigh for a hame wi' my bairnie an' thee.

Ilk sweet little flow'ret that blooms on the plain,
An' ilk little birdie that sings in the glen,
Ilk ewe an' her lammie, that frisks on the lea,
A' mind me o' hame an' my bairnie an' thee.
My bairnie an' thee, O my bairnie an' thee;
A' mind me o' hame an' my bairnie an' thee.

I'm wae, wae, an' weary—without thee I'm sad—
There's nocht here to cheer me, or mak' my heart glad ;
Yet, oh ! it is solace, sweet solace to me,
To ken that I'm lov'd wi' my bairnie an' thee.
My bairnie an' thee, O my bairnie an' thee ;
My life's brightest sunbeams, my bairnie an' thee.

Dear wife o' my bosom, belov'd o' my heart,
Ah, sweet is the joy that thy love did impart ;
Sure, break wad this leal heart, an' dim grow the e'e,
Gin I were bereft o' my bairnie an' thee.
My bairnie an' thee, O my bairnie an' thee ;
May God blessings send to my bairnie an' thee.

MAY MORNING.

Mornin' has broken, the sun's shinin' bricht,
The swallows are twitt'rin', my heart's loupin' licht ;
The young buds are burstin' on bush an' on tree,
An' sweet blaw the gowans on knowe an' on lea ;
Thick hang the dewdraps on ilka green blade,
Sweet sing the birdies in glen an' in glade ;
Sae wake ye that slumber, drive dull sleep away,
Arise noo an' welcome the advent o' May.

The wren's in the bush, an' the lark's in the sky,
The hind wi' his braw team jogs cannily by ;
An' see, 'mang the young grass, the fleet boundin' hare
Is scatterin' the dewdraps like diamonds rare.
The midges are dancin' abune the clear stream,
While the wee waves aneath them dae ripple an' gleam ;
The woods are inviting—the meadows are gay—
Oh, wha wadna bathe in the dews o' the May.

NOVEMBER IN THE WOOD.

When last aneath this tree I stood, the sweet wild floo'rs o' June
Bloom'd bonnily, the birdies sang, an' a' were merry roun' ;
Noo floo'rs hae fled an' birdies' sangs, while wild win's whistle lood,
An' Nature whispers in my ear, "November in the wood."

The burn that by its floo'ry marge row'd smoothly, saft, an' clear,
Noo tears alang wi' eerie din that's gruesome aye to hear ;
It bounds an' birkers on apace in bitter, angry mood,
At ilka bound methinks it cries, "November in the wood."

The feather'd brackens, ance sae green, assume the russet hue,
An' winter's snawflakes hang where ance hung draps o' simmer dew ;
The leafy trees look desolate, tho' deck'd in snawy hood,
Their bleak dismantled frames declare, November in the wood.

The wee bird fin's in yonder bush nae cosey biel ava,
To shield it frae the wintry blast, or hap it frae the snaw ;
Its waefu' cheep fa's on my ear. Oh, birdie, gin I could,
I'd shield ye sae that ye'd defy November in the wood.

The squirrel on yon leafless bough, wi' pryin', little e'e,
Surveys the ruefu' scene below, an' feels dung doon awee ;
Dootless, aneath some spreadin' tree, he's stored his winter's food,
But's tint the spot, an' noo deplores November in the wood.

In yon'er thicket, unconcern'd, the reynard tak's his rest,
Yestreen he socht the hen wife's store, an' dined upon the best ;
But when the huntsman's horn cheers on his pack so fierce and rude,
Then he amang the lave regrets November in the wood.

In yon'er copse, sae shelterless, sae dowie-like an' bare,
After a lang nicht's scamper, the maukin fin's a lair ;
An' thro't the gowden pheasant stalks fu' gracefully an' prood,
Waes me 'twill sune be made to feel November in the wood.

For even noo, wi' cover nigh, the sportsman's shot is heard—
There's nocht but flight will save thee noo, thou puir, ill-fated bird ;
When sportsmen ance the stillness breaks o' this thy solitude,
Wi' bleedin' breast ye then will mourn November in the wood.

Auld faither Adam tint his wits, an' played a foolish part,
When he like tender saplin' bow'd aneath auld Satan's art ;
Oh, had he but his treach'rous wiles a' manfully withstood,
Nor bird nor beast wad e'er hae mourn'd November in the wood.

MARGARET ELLIOTT.

MARGARET ELLIOT was born, and still resides, at the pleasant pastoral farm of Cotterscleuch, Teviothead, Roxburghshire. Miss Elliott never knew any other home, and rents the farm which belongs to his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch. Her father and mother were descended from good old border families, and the traditions in which the district is so rich, and the objects of great natural beauty and historic interest around her, form the theme of her

muse, which, while following her rural pursuits, she cultivates in a pleasing manner. "The Branxholm Ash," forming the subject of the following poem, was the "hanging tree" in the olden time, and when blown down in 1882 was said to be four hundred years old. A cabinet was made from the wood for the Duke of Buccleuch.

TO THE VENERABLE ASH AT BRANXHOLM.

Thou aged ash, why linger here?
Alone thou stand'st, no comrade near;
All, all is changed, since first thy leaves
A puny plant played on the breeze.

Age rolls on age, yet still each spring
Triumphant back thy glories bring;
The tempest thou hast laughed to scorn,
Defied the spirit of the storm.

Dost stand to tell of the minstrel grey,
Who in Branxholm's hall attuned his lay,
Swelled on the breeze his harp wild rang,
And how the last of the minstrels sang?

Did Teviot's Flower glide under your shade
To meet her true knight in the hawthorn glade?
Or stayed she with dread as the night bird flew,
And her rustling robe, from the turf, swept the dew?

Methinks your branches groaned and swung,
The owl screeched high as the castle gate rung;
When forth sped the knight on his errand bent,
To rob the dead, to the wizard's grave went.

Did thy timber re-echo that fatal blow
That stretched the brave English champion low?
The shouts that rang when his bride was won,
And the victor led to the Ladye her son?

From Lord David's tower at the magic hour,
When the Ladye communed in her secret bower;
Weird forms may have skimmed, and strange lights gleamed
O'er thy head till day dawned, and the bright sun beamed.

THE SCOTCH FIR.

The boasted oak let England claim,
Extol its worth and sing its fame;
To Scotia's sons, the brave, the free,
Give them their own, their native tree.

Thy awe-inspiring, steadfast mien,
Unchanging garb of ever-green ;
Our patriotic feelings claim,
Fit emblem of thy noble name.

Our sailor, when he reefs the sail,
When calmed, or driven by the gale,
With joy relates his dream of sea,
When first he climbed the old fir tree.

When wearied, sick of snow's pale face,
When earth seems locked in death's embrace ;
Like rainbow promise thou art seen
Rearing aloft thy cloud of green.

When tempests wild against thee blow,
Thy leafless co-mates bending low,
Erect you stand, strive for the field,
To do or die, but never yield.

Thy noble, haughty, stately stem,
Aspiring, grave, fantastic gem ;
Majestic, grand, heavenward thy aim—
King of our woods, I thee proclaim.

FRANCIS BENNOCH,

AUTHOR of a large, very handsome, and interesting volume, entitled "Poems, Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets," is one of the many sons of Scotland who, at an early age, have crossed the Border in quest of, and have attained, fame and fortune. The land of their adoption, endeared by life's struggles and triumphs, becomes the home of their choice. There they have lived, toiled, suffered, and won; there they have formed all the attachments of love and friendship, and from it and its associations they have no wish to be severed. England becomes the home of their manhood and old age; while Scotland, as the land of their birth, becomes more and

more the golden memory of their youth. The habits and attachments of a lifetime cover over without weakening the ties of patriotism.

Francis Bennoch was born at Drumeruil, parish of Durrisdeer, Dumfriesshire, in 1812. By both parents he was connected with Nithsdale. His father was a farmer on the Drumlanrig estate of the Duke of Buccleuch, and his mother belonged to a family who had been two centuries tenants on the same property. He shared to some extent in the work of the farm, and in reference to his poem "The Storm," tells how it was his delight to assist the shepherd for a long winter night in a terrible storm, the object being to keep the sheep on the windward side of the fold in case they should be smothered in the drift. A farmer's life, however, offered in his sight little for the gratification of his ambition, and we find him in London at the age of scarcely sixteen. At the end of nine years (in 1837) he started in business for himself, and after nearly forty years of active business life he retired, having realized an independency, and enjoyed the esteem of his associates and a wide circle of fellow-citizens.

While engaged in business, and now in his retirement, Mr Bennoch has proved himself a public-spirited man, and he has ever taken an active and substantial interest in promoting the welfare of the humbler classes. He was successively chosen common councilman and deputy of his ward in the Corporation, and approved by the Queen as a Commissioner of Lieutenancy of the City of London. As a friend of improvement, his schemes for bridging and embanking the Thames may be cited as two of many examples. Bold, independent, and disinterested, he thoroughly gained the trust and respect of both friends and opponents. He was the prime mover of early closing in wholesale houses, and after personally negotiating with the

principals of the leading firms, his views were adopted, securing a reduction of three hours daily in the hours of labour. In gratitude, the employees, by a shilling subscription, presented Mr Bennoch, at a meeting presided over by Grote the historian, with silver plate to the value of one hundred guineas. Our poet is even now one of the busiest men in London. He is either chairman or director of several financial and industrial organisations, a conservator of the river Thames, one of the most active members of the incorporation of Foreign Bondholders, a Fellow of the Society of Arts and several other scientific and antiquarian associations, and as honorary secretary of the Female School of Art, he has done much valuable work.

Turning now to his literary career, Mr Bennoch began at the early age of eighteen to contribute verses to the press of his native district, and nearly forty-five years ago made his first appearance as author of a volume of poems. This work was very highly spoken of by the press and in literary circles. It gained him many friends, including Wordsworth, Southey, Landor, Kingsley, Dickens, Ruskin, the Howits, Hawthorn, Longfellow, Bryant, De Quincey, Charles Swain, Mary Russell, Allan Cunningham, Mitford, and others eminent in literature and art—names not to be found on the list of personal friends of many business men of Mr Bennoch's day. He speaks warmly of Allan Cunningham's kindness to him on his first arrival in London. It is, besides, to our poet that we mainly owe the collected edition of Miss Mitford's tales, and he also collected and arranged for publication her dramatic works, which were dedicated to him. When in England, Nathaniel Hawthorne and he were as brothers, and to Mr Bennoch more than to any living man, it is said, the great American disclosed the inner workings of his genius. Space will not permit us to refer to many interest-

ing episodes that lend an unusual variety to the career of a man whose life has been thus divided between business, poesy, and the congenial society of the leading literary men and women of the age. The influence of birth and manner of life is seen in his verse and choice of themes. Mr Pinnington has happily likened his muse to one of the pure, warm-hearted daughters of the north—"the April of the fair cycle. Her laughter ripples sweetly in alternation with the silent flow of tears from the depth of her loving heart. Life among the Southrons has only sharpened her relish of the accents of her native land. . . . . She remains the same frank, transparent creature, sweet as the mountain heather, pure as the dew of Tynron, musical as Shinnel. Under her natural brightness lie feelings deep and strong as the Nith in spate. Sympathetic, loving, and reverent, with a keen eye to beauty, a heart open to sorrow, and a warm appreciation of the bright and beautiful, she stands before us one of the most fascinating of beings who was ever enticed by a son of the Muses away from the bonnie glens and hills of Scotland to the peopled waste of London."

Having "slacked the cords and eased the collar of labour," Mr Bennoch, in 1877, collected his scattered verses, and they were published in a large, beautiful, and quite unique volume by Hardwicke & Bogue—just forty years after his previous book has seen the light. As already hinted, when his first work was issued he was advised to adopt literature as a profession, but Wordsworth, in one of several letters couched in friendliest language, whilst urging him to continue the study of poetry as a pleasure, quoted the opinion of Walter Scott, that "poetry as a staff was a pleasant companion to walk with, but perilous as a crutch to lean upon." He therefore remained a man of business; and in the preface to his later

volumes he says—"though, like many others, I have enjoyed the blessings of prosperity, and, like them too, suffered from adversity; yet, whether lifted high by popular applause, or cast down by public forgetfulness, I have always found my sweetest consolation and dearest pleasure in my passion for poetry and in the practice of verse."

Regarding his affection for Scotland, as shown in his poetry, the man is perhaps more prominent than the Scotsman. He loves Scotland, but humanity more. His patriotism has lost none of its keenness by absence from the land which inspires it. His verse has lost none of its fervency, while it has gained in scope. Travel has done much to widen both his sympathies and his intellectual range. At thirty-six he visited America, and again at sixty-eight, and he has travelled much on the European continent. Wherever he went, he carried with him the poet's eye and the poet's heart. His musings leads him above the prejudices of class or race, he becomes reflective and moralises, he lets a song-flower expand into an unobtrusive teacher, he tones a ballad with the silvery atmosphere of reflection. Mr Bennoch has written poetical tales, songs, sonnets, and hymns, but we think he excels in lyrics, and he gives many evidences of the possession of a full share of Scottish humour. He possesses, too, a musical ear, and sings of Nature with a cadence as regular and sweet as her own. His love strains are begotten of the melody in his heart, and his songs of filial affection are tender to an unusual degree. Surely it is well to be able to say to a mother on her eighty-third birthday, when the son's hair was rapidly whitening—

> "'Tis a wearisome life at best, mother,
> But lessons of love and truth
> Are seldom forgotten in age, mother,
> When tenderly taught in youth."

WHO DARES TO SCORN?

Who dares to scorn the meanest thing,
The humblest weed that grows,
While pleasure spreads its joyous wing
On every breeze that blows.
The simplest flower that hidden blooms,
The lowliest on the ground,
Is lavish of its rare perfumes,
And scatters sweetness round.

The poorest friend upholds a part
Of life's harmonious plan;
The weakest hand may have the art
To serve the strongest man;
The bird that highest, clearest sings
To greet the morning's birth,
Falls down to drink, with folded wings,
Love's rapture on the earth.

From germs too small for mortal sight
Grow all things that are seen;
The floating particles of light
Weave nature's robe of green;
The motes that fill the sunny rays
Build ocean, earth and sky—
The wondrous orbs that round us blaze
Are motes to Deity.

Life, love, devotion closly twine
Like tree, and flower, and fruit—
They ripen by a power divine,
Are fed by leaf and root.
The man who would be truly great
Must venture to be small:
On airy columns rests the dome
That shining circles all.

Small duties grow to mighty deeds;
Small words to thoughts of power;
Great forests spring from tiny seeds,
As moments make the hour;
And life—howe'er it lowly grows,
The essence to it given;
Like odour from the breathing rose,
Floats evermore to heaven.

THE BONNIE BIRD.

Oh, where snared ye that bonnie, bonnie bird,
Oh, where wiled ye that winsome fairy?
I fear me it was where nae truth was heard,
And far frae the shrine o' the guid St. Mary?

I didna snare that bonnie, bonnie bird,
  Nor try ony wiles wi' the winsome fairy ;
But won her young heart where the angels heard,
  In the bowery glen o' Invercary !

An' what want ye wi' sic a bonnie bird ?
  I fear me its plumes ye will ruffle sairly ;
Or bring it low down to the lane kirkyard,
  Where blossoms o' grace are planted early !

As life I love my bonnie, bonnie bird,
  Its plumage I never will ruffle sairly ;
To the day o' doom I will keep my word,
  An' cherish my bonnie bird late an' early.

Oh, whence rings out that merry, merry peal ?
  The sang an' the laugh, they are chorused rarely ;
It is !—it is the bonnie, bonnie bird,
  Wi' twa sma' voices a' piping early.

For, he didna snare the bonnie, bonnie bird,
  Nor did he beguile the winsome fairy ;
He had made her his ain, where the angels heard,
  At the holy shrine o' the blest St Mary.

EVA.

Oh slumber my little one ;
  Sleep on my pretty one ;
Smiles dream-awakened—are tokens of bliss :
  Delight never ceasing,
  But hourly increasing, —
What earthly enjoyment is equal to this ?
  O Eva, sweet Eva, beautiful Eva,
My Eva, dear Eva, to fondle kiss !

With winter winds blowing,
  And winter clouds snowing,
There came to my arms a wee innocent dove ;
  My fever subduing,
  My rapture renewing,
The child of my grief is a well-spring of love :
  O Eva, sweet Eva, beautiful Eva,
My Eva, dear Eva, my joy from above !

Her open lips breathing,
  Sweet rosy smiles wreathing,—
Her cheek like the apple-bloom, pinky and fair ;
  Her bonny blue eyes,
  Are shreds filched from the skies ;
And dusky as night is her wavy brown hair,
  O Eva, sweet Eva, beautiful Eva,
Eva, dear Eva, my pride and my care.

What clasping and clutching—
Though aimless, how touching!
What fairy in whispering swells her young breast?
Come close to my bosom,
My blessing, my blossom;
Here! here's your home, darling, your refuge and rest.
O Eva, sweet Eva, beautiful Eva,
My Eva, dear Eva, this, this is your nest.

The trees gently waving,
The lapping tide laving,
The streamlets from Claragh as glancing they ran,
Had tongues to them given,
Like music from heaven,
Repeating rejoicings awoke at Drishane.
O Eva, sweet Eva, beautiful Eva,
My Eva, dear Eva, so pleasant to scan.

Unbounded in measure,
Sure Nature her treasure
Exhausted in moulding this baby of mine.
Ye spirits of goodness,
Defend her from rudeness!
Surround her, protect her, ye angels divine!
O Eva, sweet Eva, beautiful Eva,
On thee may the sun of all blessedness shine.

MAY-DAY.

The biting wintry winds are laid,
And spring comes carolling o'er the earth;
Mead, mountain, glen, and forest glade
Are ringing with melodious mirth.
The fields have doffed their sober brown,
And donned their robes of lovely green,
On level mead, and breezy down,
Are flowers in countless myriads seen.
Come forth, come forth, enjoy the day,
And welcome song-inspiring May!

Through bud and branch, and gnarled trunk,
To deepest root, when quickening light
Touches the torpid juices, sunk
In slumber by the winter's might,
Electric currents tingling rise,
Each circle swells with life anew;
Wide opening to the sunny skies,
Young grateful blossoms drink the dew.
Come forth, time-furrow'd age, and say
If anything feels old in May?

Step o'er the brook, climb up the bank,
And peep beneath those withered leaves—

Among the roots with wild weeds rank :
  See how the pregnant earth upheaves
With pulsing life ! How quiveringly
  The timid young flowers, blushing, bend
Their gentle heads, where modesty
  And all the graces sweetly blend.
    Come forth, come forth, ye young, and say
    What cheeks can vie with rosy May ?

From desk and 'Change come forth and range,
  From clanging forge, and shop, and mill ;
From crowded room, from board and loom,
  Come ! bid the rattling wheels be still.
Come, old and young, come, strong and weak,
  Indulge the limb and brain with rest ;
Come, gushing youth and wrinkled cheek,
  In leisure feel your labour blest.
    Come forth, come forth, and hail the day.
    Come, welcome in the glorious May !

Come, ere the dappled East has burned—
  Made molten gold the winding stream ;
Come, ere the fiery sun has turned
  The pearly dew to misty steam ;
Come, ere the lark has left his nest,
  Or lambkin bleated on the hill ;
Come, see how nature looks in rest,
  And learn the bliss of being still.
    Come forth, come forth, and hail the day,
    Come, welcome blossom-teeming May !

Æolian murmurs swell the breeze,
  Enchant the ear, and charm the brain ;
While merry bells and humming bees
  Fill up the burden of the strain.
On earth, in air, oh, everywhere,
  A brighter glory shines to-day ;
Old bards reveal how birds prepare
  New songs to herald joyous May.
    Come forth, come forth, nor lingering stay.
    Come, crown with flowers the matchless May !

Consummation.

No trumpet's thrilling call is heard
  To servile host or lordly crest,
But that mysterious, viceless word,
  By which the world is onward prest—
Which bids the grass in beauty grow,
  And stars their path of glory keep,
Makes winds and waves harmonious flow,
  And dreaming infants smile in sleep.

That voice, resistless in it sway,
Turns winter wild to flowery May.

From edges of the dusky shade,
That canopies the restless town,
Come trooping many a youth and maid,
With flushing face and tresses brown.
High hopes have they, their hearts to please,
They seek the wild wood's haunted dell;
They laughing come, by twos and threes,
But chiefly twos. I mark them well—
So trimly drest, so blithe and gay,
With them it seems 'tis always May.

They steep their kerchiefs in the dew;
Then follow wondrous wringings out;
As wingéd seeds were blown, they knew
What laggard lovers were about.
Some pluck the glowing leaves to learn
If love declared be love sincere;
Or in red ragged streaks discern
Love lost, and virtue's burning tear.
Oh, love is earnest though in play,
When comes the love-inciting May.

With hawthorn blooms and speckled shells,
Chaplets are twined for blushing brows;
While gipsies work their magic spells,
And lovers pledge their deathless vows.
Then round and round with many a bound,
They tread the mystic fairy ring.
The silent woods have voices found,
And echoing chorus while they sing:
"With shout and song, and dance and play,
We welcome in the peerless May!"

Linked hand in hand, their tripping feet
Keep time to mirth's inspiring voice;
They wheel and meet, advance, retreat,
Till happy hearts in love rejoice.
The ring is formed for kisses sly—
Leaping and racing o'er the plain;
The young wish time would quicker fly,
The old wish they were young again.
Away with care: no cares to-day!
Care slumbers on the lap of May!

The voice that bade them welcome forth,
Now gently, kindly whispers "Home!"
To-day has been a day of mirth,
To-morrow sterner duties come.
Such pleasures nerve the arm for strife,
Bring joyous thoughts and golden dreams,

To mingle with the web of life—
And memory store with woods and streams.
Such joys drive cankering care away;
Then ever welcome flowery May!

MY BONNIE WEE WIFIE.

My bonnie wee wifie, I'm waefu' to leave thee,
To leave thee sae lanely, and far frae me;
Come night and come morning, I'll soon be returning;
Then, oh, my dear wifie, how happy we'll be!
Oh, cauld is the night, and the way dreigh and dreary,
The snaw's drifting blindly o'er moorland and lea;
All nature looks eerie. How can she be cheery,
Since weel she maun ken I am parted frae thee?

Oh, wae is the lammie, that's lost its dear mammy,
An' waefu' the bird that sits chirping alane;
The plaints they are making, their wee bit hearts breaking,
Are throbbings o' pleasure compared wi' my pain.
The sun to the simmer, the bark to the timmer,
The sense to the soul, an' the light to the e'e,
The bud to the blossom, sae thou'rt to my bosom;
Oh, wae's my heart, wifie, when parted frae thee!

There's nae guid availing in weeping or wailing,
Should friendship be failing wi' fortune's decay;
Love in our hearts glowing, its riches bestowing,
Bequeaths us a treasure life takes not away.
Let nae anxious feeling creep o'er thy heart, stealing
The bloom frae thy cheek when thou'rt thinking of me;
Come night and come morning, I'll then be returning;
Nae mair, cosy wifie, we parted shall be.

MY JOHNNY.

O hae ye seen my auld gude man,
O hae ye seen my Johnny?
It's heaven to a woman's e'e
To look on sic as Johnny!

The daisies growin' on the lea,
Sae modestly an' bonny,
How sweetly aye they smile on me,
When I am wi' my Johnny.
In youth I buxom was an' braw,
Had wealthy wooers mony;
For honest lo'e I turned frae a',
An' buckled wi' my Johnny.
O hae ye seen my auld gude man,
O hae ye seen my Johnny?
It's heaven to a woman's e'e
To look on sic as Johnny!

Our bairns like blossoms round a tree
Hae grown about us thriving,
'Twould glad your heart could ye but see
How they for us are striving.
As hirpling doon the hill o' life,
What happiness it gies us,
To see our bairnies, young an' auld,
Sae eident strive to please us.
O hae ye seen my auld gude man,
O hae ye seen my Johnny?
It's heaven to a woman's e'e
To look on sic as Johnny!

O mony a joyous nicht an' day
I've shared wi' my auld crony;
Come weal, come wae, O come what may—
I'll ever bless my Johnny.
His look sae kind, sae clear his mind,
His brow sae high an' bonny;
Auld Nature vows she has na power
To mak' another Johnny.
O hae ye seen my auld gude man,
O hae ye seen my Johnny?
His lo'e is life an' mair to me,
My *life o' life* is Johnny!

HEY, MY BONNIE WEE LASSIE.

Hey, my bonnie wee lassie,
Blythe and cheery wee lassie,
Will ye wed a canty carle,
Bonnie, bonnie wee lassie?

I ha'e sheep, an' I ha'e kye,
I ha'e wheat, an' I hae rye,
An' heaps o' siller, lass, forbye,
That ye shall spend wi' me, lassie.
Hey, my bonnie wee lassie,
Blythe and cheerie wee lassie,
Will ye wed a canty carle,
Bonnie, bonnie wee lassie?

Ye shall dress in damask fine,
My gowd and gear shall a' be thine,
And I to ye be ever kin'.
Say,—will ye marry me, lassie?
Hey, my bonnie wee lassie,
Blythe and cheerie wee lassie,
Will ye wed a canty carle,
Bonnie, smiling wee lassie?

Gae hame, auld man, an' darn your hose,
Fill up your lanky sides wi' brose,

An' at the ingle warm your nose ;
But come na courtin' me, carle.
Oh, ye tottering auld carle,
Silly, clavering, auld carle,
The hawk and doo shall pair, I trow,
Before I pair wi' ye, carle.

I winna share your gowd wi' ye,
Your withering heart, an' watery e'e ;
In death I'd sooner shrouded be
Than wedded to ye, auld carle.
Oh, ye tottering auld carle,
Silly, clavering auld carle,
When roses blaw on wreaths o' snaw,
I'll bloom upon your breast, carle.

But there's a lad, an' I'm his ain,
May Heaven blessings on him rain ;
Though plackless, he is unco fain,
And he's the man for me, carle.
Oh, youth and age can ne'er agree ;
Though rich, you're no the man for me.
Gae hame, auld carle, prepare to dee ;
Pray Heaven to be your bride, carle.

HAST THOU A FRIEND?

Hast thou a friend? Oh hold him fast,
Fling not his hand away ;
Thou of a treasure art possessed
Thou'lt find not every day :
Oh let no hasty word or look,
Blot out his name from memory's book.

A Friend ! to man the noblest gift
That Heaven has in its power ;
Stronger than death, and yet, most strange,
More frail than feeblest flower :
For that which braved the storm severe,
May yet be blighted by a sneer !

He may have errors ; who has not ?
Who dares perfection claim ?
God gave thy friend some worthy parts,
Fix all thy heart on them.
His virtues rightly drawn—I ween
His faults in shade will not be seen.

If thou would'st keep thy friend thine own,
Be open, be sincere ;
What thou unto thyself art known,
Such to thy friend appear ;

'Twixt him and thee have no disguise;
In this true friendship's secret lies.

Thou *hast* a friend! oh hold him fast;
Fling not his hand away;
Thou of a treasure art possessed
That's found not every day;
Oh let no hasty word, or look,
Blot thy friend's name from thy heart's book!

SAMUEL M'FARLANE

IS a little over fifty years of age, and was born at Newley, in the parish of Auchtergaven, Perthshire. He is descended from a race of small but much-respected farmers, and our poet still occupies a few acres of land in the place of his birth. He received a good elementary education at the Bankfoot and the Parish Schools, and when quite a boy he was very fond of reading, and made good use of many of our classical writers from the Auchtergaven Subscription Library, which the poet Nicoll was so enthusiastic in starting. Mr M'Farlane is a keen and intelligent botanist, and many of his poems sweetly celebrate the beauty of flowers. He was a member of the Royal Perthshire Horticultural Society, and has long contributed both in prose and verse to the press. In his poems and songs Mr M'Farlane describes natural objects with ease and accuracy, and evinces an affectionate love of all the external forms of Nature.

SONG OF THE STORM SPIRIT.

My home is the North, my kingdom's the Earth,
Destruction I scatter abroad;
In the days of old, when the heathen ruled,
I was worshipped as a god.

To me then all bowed, and cried aloud
To withhold my destroying arm,
When from the wild north I in fury rode forth—
The Spirit of the Storm.

The sun is shining bright in his noonday height,
All nature seems to bask in his ray,
But a black cloud appears and hides him from sight,
Changing into darkness the day.
By the lightning's flash and the thunder's crash,
And the noble oak's shivered form,
O! then you may know I am riding in might—
The Spirit of the Storm.

The gallant ship as she ploughs through the deep,
And dashes o'er waves white with foam,
In the wind's fell swoop is heard my wild whoop,
Proclaiming she will never reach home.
By the rending sails and the piteous wails
Of crew and passengers forlorn,
O! then you may know that I ride at will—
The Spirit of the Storm.

In the sunny south where luxuriant growth
Of vegetative nature appears,
O! there I am known in the hurricane's breath—
That scourge which mankind fears.
Whole cities around I cast to the ground,
And fairest scenes waste and deform;
Full well I am known in the torrid zone—
The Spirit of the Storm.

In the wintry north where the skies send forth
Their streamers of lambent light,
Where the Esquimaux low in his cavern of snow
Is passing his long winter's night;
Where the growling bear, 'mid the icebergs there,
S'owly drags his unwieldy form,
O! there I am known in my northern home—
The Spirit of the Storm.

O'er all the wide earth I ride in my mirth,
The ruin and terror of man;
I say in my might, who with me dares fight?
In my strength and my fury who can?
Then to see how I gloat o'er havoc I've wrought,
And laugh in a hideous form;
No sweet pity enthralls, nor black ruin appals -
The Spirit of the Storm.

LILY O' THE GLEN.

O dinna doot but I wad woo ye
Gin I should meet ye in the glen,

An' dinna think but I wad lo'e ye—
I wish I had ye for my ain.

Ripplin' dark, like mountain streamlets,
The glossy braids o' Lily's hair,
Fa'in' roond her neck in ringlets,
Wi' grace an' beauty minglin' there.
O dinna doot, &c.

Her een are like the stars o' e'enin'
When glintin' through the shiftin' cluds;
Awhile wi' love-licht saftly beamin',
Syne hid beneath their droopin' lids.
O dinna doot, &c.

Her lips are like the scarlet rowan,
When bricht wi' pearly mornin' dew,
An' cheeks, wi' tints o' moss-rose glowin',
That flush an' pale, then blush anew.
O dinna doot, &c.

O! bricht an' fair the hawthorn blossom,
An' sweet the grace o' heather bell;
But fairer yet is Lily's bosom,
An' sweeter graces roond her dwell.

Then dootna Lily I wad woo ye,
Gin I should meet ye in the glen,
An' dinna think but I wad lo'e ye—
I wish that ye were a' my ain.

NIGHT.

High overhead in myriad numbers shine
Bright twinkling lights that stud night's sable brow,
Their place is there, we know not why or how,
Yet know their origin must be Divine!
Their various laws exhibit high design
And a Designer wise, omnipotent.
In them we see order with beauty blent,
And harmony and beauty both combine
To raise the soul from the dull cares of earth,
And from the hollow, rotten paths of sin.
To this our noblest feelings owe their birth,
And this the heaven that we strive to win
Under that shining dome pour forth a prayer
Into the silent night—for God is there.

ANNIE S. SWAN,

AUTHOR of several prose works of great excellence, and containing strikingly-portrayed sketches of Scottish character, is also a poet of much freshness of imagery, and easy, flowing style. Miss Swan was born at Leith in 1859—her father at that time being a merchant. She was educated in Edinburgh, partly in the Ladies' College, Queen Street. When she was fourteen years of age, and her father having taken the farm of Mountskip, near Gorebridge, she left school, and has resided there ever since. Her first venture in the field of literature was in the Christmas competition of the *People's Journal*, in which she gained a second prize in 1877. Since then she has written a number of prose works of much merit and abiding interest. In several of these we have graphic and vivid pictures of human nature, pathetic incident, and picturesque detail. The delicious breeze of the mountain and the heather stirs in many of their pages, and all bear the mark of fine literary grace and elegance. The most popular of these are "Shadowed Lives," "Bess: the Story of a Waif," "Grandmother's Child," "For Lucy's Sake," and "Aldersyde: a Border Story of Seventy years Ago." The latter is a very handsome volume, published by Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier, Edinburgh. This work has attracted the attention of Mr Gladstone, and has been characterised by him as "a beautiful work of art," and one which "it must be the fault of a reader if he does not profit by its perusal." All the characters are limned with much power and graphic skill. The leading character, Janet Nisbet, has all the qualities of true-heartedness, simple piety, and honest pride that is only to be found in the typical Scottish lady; and

the Prime Minister thinks that Miss Nisbet and Marget, daughters of the Laird of Aldersyde, will "long hold their places among the truly living sketches of Scottish character."

Miss Swan has thus, although only twenty-four years of age, accomplished much that is good and lasting. She steadily contributes leading tales and character sketches to the columns of the *Christian Leader*, the *People's Friend*, and several other literary and religious magazines. Although she frequently enriches the poets' corner of these and other periodicals, she has not yet published a volume of poetry. Her poems are almost entirely of a religious and reflective cast—tender, natural, and unrestrained. Many of her pieces, although sweet, harmonious, and full of pleasing fancy, have a gently melancholy tendency, which occasionally breaks out in a lofty and impassioned strain. They all show pure-souled religious feeling, a sound knowledge of poetic diction, and the following selection will be prized by all who love to contemplate the breathings and heart-communings of one whose thoughts will find a permanent place in the literature of her country.

"NAE REST TILL WE WIN HAME."

Oor life is but a pilgrimage—
A long an' dreary road;
Ower mony a stey an' staney brae
Ilk ane bears his ain load.

Through frosts, an' snaws, an' gatherin' clouds,
An' mony a rainy day,
Wi' whiles a blink o' simmer sun
To licht the dreary way—

An' feet grow weary aften whiles,
An' heids an' hearts the same;
But here there is nae sittin' doon—
"Nae rest till we win hame."

For we maun work while shines the day,
For nicht is comin' sune;

Or what a puir hairst field we'll hae
To show the Lord abune.

Dear hands slip daily frae oor grasp,
An' hearts are sundered sair,
An' een grow dim wi' bitter tears
For them we'll see nae mair.

There's mony a weary burden here
An' grief we daurna name;
We'll lay them doon in God's ain time,
"Syne rest when we win hame."

THE BELLS.

How fair the Sabbath morning
Dawns on the quiet town;
On hands from labour resting,
On week-day work laid down.

And weary hearts turn heavenward,
In gratitude and love;
And earth-bound aims soar upward,
Into the light above.

O bells, how sweet your voices
Ring through the Sabbath air;
How welcome your glad summons
Unto the house of prayer.

What mem'ries dear and tender
Ye waken, Sabbath bells;
What wealth of heartfelt praises
Your happy tune foretells.

Ye soothe like sweetest music,
Ye calm the restless will;
How drear the Sabbath morning
Were your sweet voices still.

When in your hearts, ye grumblers,
A selfish interest swells,
Go learn in quiet the lesson
Taught by the Sabbath bells.

FROM THE DEPTHS.

In this sad world of ours—
This dreary wilderness of care and pain,
This mystery, this turmoil of unrest,
This rough and stony pathway to the tomb,
Where many tears and blurring shadows fall—

How sweet, O Lord, to know that we are Thine;
That in Thy hand this mighty chaos lies;
That Thine the key of this great mystery—
We could not bear it else!

For as the years go by
One sorrow makes a strange, prepared way
For yet another; one by one our joys
Are wrested from us ere we call them ours;
And sweetest human ties are severed wide,
And sweetest human cares slip from our grasp;
And dear home nests are robbed of all the birds,
And family trees are stripped of flower and leaf;
And many graves lie greenly side by side,
And oceans roll between some we hold dear:—
Till with sad folded hands we sit and say,
How can God have it so?
For human hearts will cry out for their loves,
And human eyes seek dumbly for the smiles
Of angel faces gone.

God, pity us!
O wrap us in the fulness of Thy love!
In infinite compassion lay Thy hand
Upon our hearts, and make them very still.
And since the cross is Thine, O help us bear
It very patiently, until that blessed morn
When all the shades of night shall flee away,
When we shall clasp again the loved and lost,
And every severed bond shall join again;
Where in the light that circles round the throne
In all His beauty shall see the King.

ALL THINE.

My God, I do not know
What coming years may hold for me,
And what my future days may be;
Thou hast it so.

Some day now drawing near,
I may be called to bid farewell
To all that I have loved so well
And lived for here.

Or there may be for me
Long years which hold a cross of pain;
And I may prove all hopes in vain
Unless of Thee.

I cannot hope to have
A life entirely free from care:

Ah no, life's burden I must bear
Down to the grave.

I would not ask from Thee
That life should be a summer day;
That there should grow upon the way
No thorns for me;

But I would humbly pray
That I might labour on for Thee
With gladness till the shadows flee
At break of day.

I could not bear to sit
With folded hands upon the field,
And yet, my Father, I must yield
If Thou see'st fit.

I leave myself with Thee,
My life, my hopes, my *all* are Thine;
I would not seek to call them mine;
I love to be

All Thine. 'Tis passing sweet
To feel Thee nearer day by day,
Till *all* my cares and hopes I lay
At Thy dear feet.

HARVEST DAYS.

The leaves amang the birken shaws
Glint yellow in the sun,
An' gently whisper as they fa'
That summer days are dune.

Thick grow the bonnie clusters red
Upon the rowan tree,
An' to my een there creeps a mist
O' tearfu' memory.

An' far an' near in braid hairst-fields
The reapers are fu' thrang,
An' as they hook the gowden grain
They lilt a blythesome sang.

Oh, bonnie shines the mornin' sun,
Wi' dew draps in his beam;
An' bonnie shines the harvest mune
When gloamin' fa's at e'en.

'Twas in the gowden harvest time
The Reaper cam' at e'en,

To cut the sheaf o' stannin' corn
Wi' his dark sickle keen.

Oh ! 'twas in love the Master willed
To tak' His harvest hame,
To bind oor wanderin' hearts abune,
An' so we daurna blame.

To mind oor time is hastenin' on,
Sic sorrows here are gien ;
But when we've bound oor stent on earth
We'll meet at hame at e'en.

BASIL R. ANDERSON,

A YOUNG and very promising poet, was born in 1861 at Unst, the most northern of the Shetland Islands. His father, who was a fisherman, was drowned at sea when our poet was only five years of age, leaving a family of five sons and one daughter. The mother struggled bravely to enable her family to get a fair elementary education. Basil was an apt scholar, and acted as a pupil teacher in the parish school, till, in 1875, the family removed to Edinburgh. After attending school for a short time in "Modern Athens" he entered a lawyer's office, where he is at present employed. In an interesting series of articles in the *Weekly News*, entitled "The Poet's Album," the author, writing on the subject of our sketch, says : "Mr Anderson rhymes with no view to either fame or fortune, but simply to the call of passing fancies that tickle his imagination when his mind is withdrawn from the sterner duties of life. Like many another, he rhymes for his own amusement, and communicates the fact, even to a friend, almost with bated breath, not deeming himself worthy to be reckoned as the least among poets. Everyone will

appreciate the modesty of this, as it augurs well for the success and good sense of the possessor of it; still, we would say to all such—more especially since it is so common in our time to sneer at the efforts of fledgling and amateur poets—sing on, and sing out. As there is room for all the song-birds in the forest, so is there room in the world, and more than room, for all who have the divine gift of song. They do a noble and a God-pleasing work who make their fellows happier, either by didactic sentiment or 'weel-timed daffin',' and this, our present subject, is well fitted to do."

We have given examples of the effusions of several young lawyers, proving that though the love of law differs widely from the law of love, a man may be inspired by the former and at the same time obedient to the latter. Many lawyers have spoken and written with equal discretion and humour on the affairs of the heart. Popular satire has from time immemorial represented lawyers as slow to blush, and even slower to surrender themselves to the gentlest and most generous of the affections.

Mr Anderson's poetry is evidently the genuine offspring of a true singing heart. A tender play of fancy is quickened by the force of a strong yet chastened imagination. His sentiments are refined, and all of them give evidence of pure thought and feeling expressed in very graceful language. He contributes frequently to a number of newspapers and periodicals, and many of his poems have appeared in the *Christian Leader* and *People's Friend*. His grandfather, who removed with the family to Edinburgh, is the subject of the poem entitled "The Old Man." He is now in his eighty-eighth year, and the poem treats of him when the family were in their island home, and as little wonderers the children sat listening to his ever-new stories.

THE OLD MAN.

How I love to see the old man
  Sitting by the blazing fire!
When the nights grow darker, colder,
Winter winds wax wilder, bolder,
  And the fitful flames leap higher.

Planted in his favourite corner,
  Snug shored in his elbow chair,
Like a hero in his glory,
Giving forth some quaint, queer story,
  As his pipe-fumes cloud the air.

Who such yarns could spin and weave you—
  Warp and woof, you marvel how—
As this old romantic sailor,
And, to boot, bold Arctic whaler,
  Though his hulk is shattered now!

Pictures of the wondrous old time,
  Painted by a master-hand!
Scenes, sublime, burlesque, and tragic,
Lit with fancy's rays of magic,
  Glorious, grotesque, and grand!

How the children gather round him!
  Eyes, and ears, and mouth as well,
All attention, eager drinking,
While the little mind is thinking,
  And the soul is bound by spell.

Thus from first to last, untiring,
  Follow eyes with wild unrest;
As some flowerets, ever gazing
Sunward, while that orb is blazing,
  Mark his course from east to west.

And as glances of the sunbeams,
  Falling on cold winter's brow,
Make his frozen face to glisten;
So their glances, as they listen,
  Wake the sage's smile e'en now.

Till the pride of days departed,
  Fires anew the old man's breast;
As the glory, erst of morning,
Evening's deepening, dark shades scorning,
  Floods the bosom of the west.

Now, the wondrous tales suspended,
  Off to bed the children go;

While the old man's memory lingers,
As he spreads his frozen fingers,
To the kind, congenial glow.

On the long-lost friends of childhood,
Youth, and manhood, riper still;
And bright Fancy's pencil traces—
Portraits?—nay, the living faces;
Firebrands conjuring at will.

But his brow grows sad and thoughtful
As the spent fire sinketh low;
And, far in his soul's hid chambers,
As he poreth o'er the embers,
Spectral shadows come and go.

Visions happy, like the fire-light,
Faded with each fated brand,
Twofold darkness mantles o'er him;
But the hero looks before him
To that brighter, better land.

Hush! his spirit is transported!
'Tis no vision dark and dim—
In his heaven-lit visage read it—
Darkness reigns; he doth not heed it,
For it is not night to him.

Mar not sweet anticipation
Of re-union with the dead;
Leave him, leave him softly sleeping,
Bright the star-dreams vigil keeping—
Angels hover o'er his head.

TWILIGHT.

When the Sun-god's fiery chariot
Has attained the glowing west,
Wide are flung the golden portals—
Wondrous sight to eager mortals—
To receive him to his rest.

Short he pauseth on the threshold
Ere retiring for the night;
Then the great gates close behind him,
But still leaving to remind him
Crimson streaks of glorious light.

Ere descends the wings of darkness
To envelop all in gloom,

Comes the sweet, the shady grey-light,
With its lovely, dusky twilight,
Blushing like a rose in bloom.

Soft the sighing west wind whispers
Words of love among the trees,
While the wailing of the plover,
Like a sad desponding lover,
Plaintive answers to the breeze.

Mirthful music shouts the streamlet
As it babbles down the glade,
Thro' the mead and tangled wild-wood,
Happy as the days of childhood,
With its blue sky overhead.

Still the song comes from the branc es
Where the birds have gone to rest;
Homeward there a far-strayed bee flits,
But the flowers, with folded leaflets,
All maintain a drooping crest.

Rapt, I gaze in adoration
Of the beauties all around,
And I, pensive, musing, ponder,
As I ever onward wander,
On their teachings, high, profound.

O what lessons read we in them!
To the wounded here is balm;
Tho' ye see your day declining,
Never be your soul repining—
Twilight brings a holy calm.

Sweating Labour, faint and weary,
Sinks into the arms of Rest;
Hushed are fretting Care and Sorrow,
Hope portrays a glorious morrow—
Grief already deems her blest.

But now darker grow the shadows,
Deep and deeper round me close
Dusky, fleet-foot, shapeless forms,
Like a host of wild alarms,
Or a horde of swarthy foes.

Pale and wan the Queen of Evening
Dimly now her lantern holds,
Where the curtain of the dark night,
Studded o'er with many a spark-light,
Slowly in the east unfolds.

So, when life's soft twilight fadeth,
Still let foolish tears be dry;

Why should we be broken-hearted?—
'Tis the light of the departed
Sun that gilds the evening sky.

Thus the lamp of good men shineth
When their sun's sunk in the west;
And their thoughts and actions guide us,
As if they were still beside us
In this world of wild unrest.

Nor shall fade their hallowed star-light
Till the gladsome morn arise;
And their souls, more bright and glorious,
O'er the night of death victorious,
Burst upon our wondering eyes.

DAISIES.

How fair the homely daisies are
That deck the verdant lea,
More gorgeous hues would only mar
What seems to me more glorious far—
Their sweet simplicity.

I love their laughing, golden eyes,
Like summer sunlets smiling
From out bright, glistening, emerald skies,
Where vernal beauty weeping lies,
Unconsciously beguiling.

Tho' others shine with brighter blaze,
And stand with prouder mein,
I love the daisies' simpler phrase,
That speaks of childhood's artless ways
From every village green.

Enticing gilded beams to sip,
They stand in pure array,
Like innocents on light toe-tip,
With straining neck and parted lip,
To give a kiss away.

The infant claps his little hands
With joy to see them bloom;
And, when in distant foreign land,
The traveller still beside them stands,
They talk of childhood's home.

AN OLD SONG.

O sing again that song to me,
And I will list it o'er;

Its sweet and soothing melodie
I fain would hear once more;
For I to-night am sorrowful
As ne'er I've been before;
And nought can calm a troubled soul,
Like the sweet songs of yore—
Then sing again, &c.

It lulled my babyhood to sleep
Upon a rock-bound shore;
And now, like music of the deep,
It thrills me to the core.
It breathes like odours from the sea,
That soft winds ferry o'er;
And brings with it the memory
Of the dear days of yore—
Then sing again, &c.

The voices of departed friends,
That whisper now no more,
The sighing of the summer winds,
Old ocean's measured roar,
Come back across the tide of Time
To cheer my winter hoar,
As silver bells at Christmas chime
The happy peals of yore—
Then sing again, &c.

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